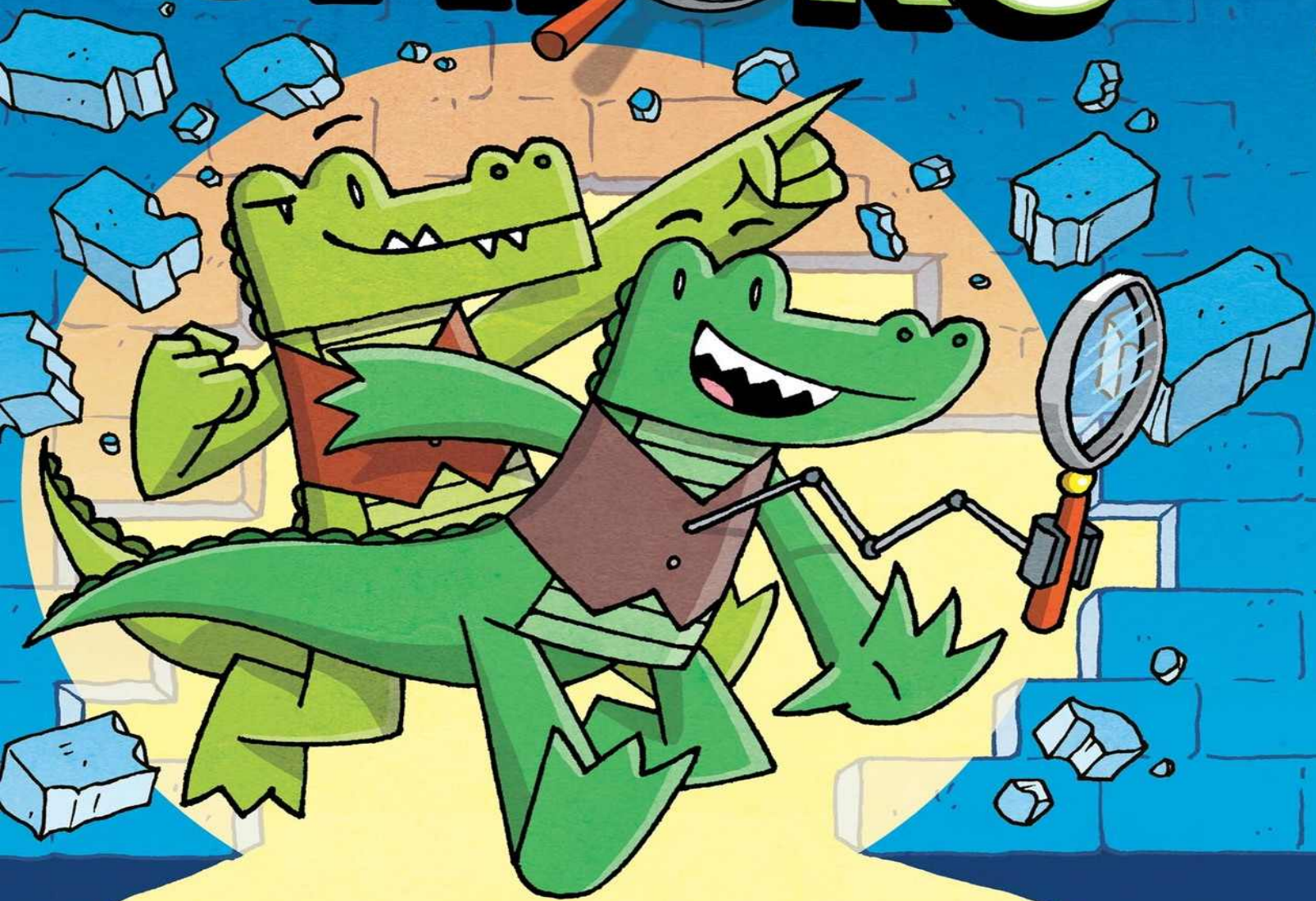


Investi GATORS



John Patrick Green

Investi GATORS

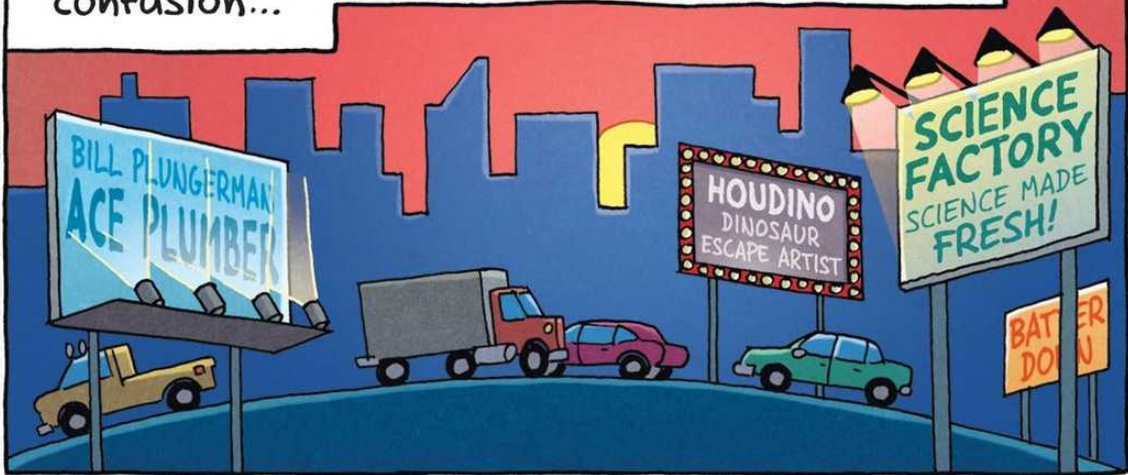
The logo consists of the word "Investi" in a bold, black, sans-serif font with a white outline, positioned above the word "GATORS". The word "GATORS" is in a larger, bold, black, sans-serif font with a white outline. A magnifying glass with a silver frame and a brown handle is positioned over the letter "O" in "GATORS". The magnifying glass is tilted slightly to the right, and its lens is focused on the letter "O". The entire logo is set against a light gray background.

:01
First Second



Chapter 1

"In a world plagued by crime, corruption, and confusion..."



"One organization works in the shadows to right these wrongs..."



"Sending its **TOP AGENTS** to solve any mysterious mystery..."

These are our stories!

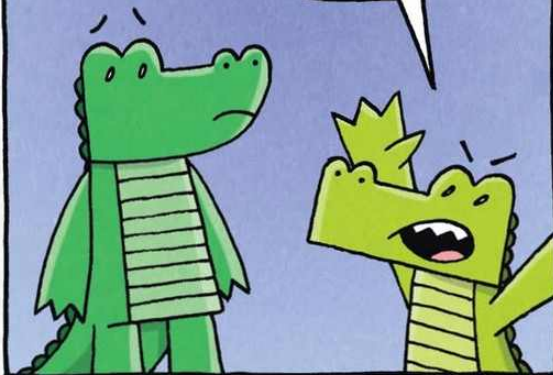


INVESTIGATORS

ARE
ON THE
CASE!



Mango! Get offa
my case!



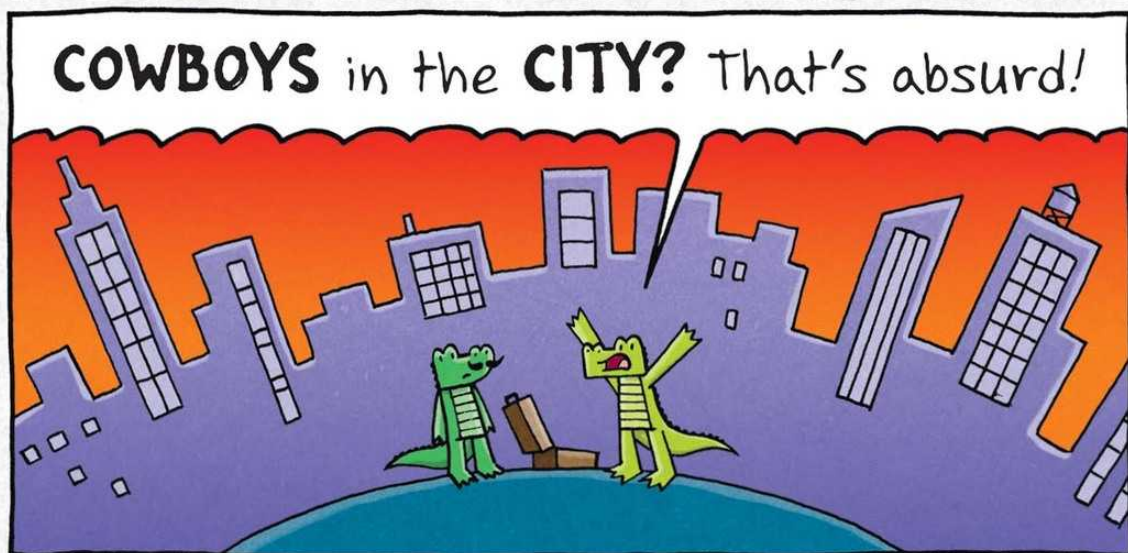
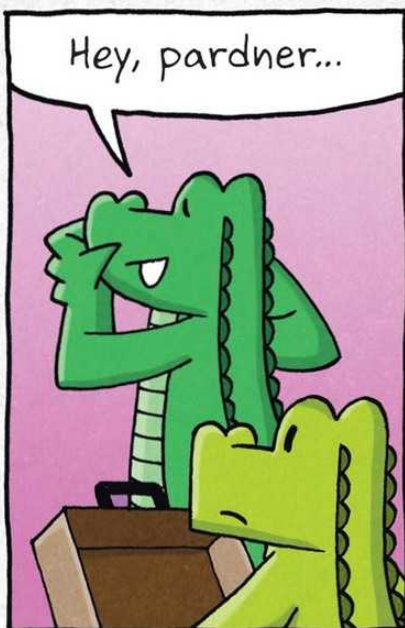
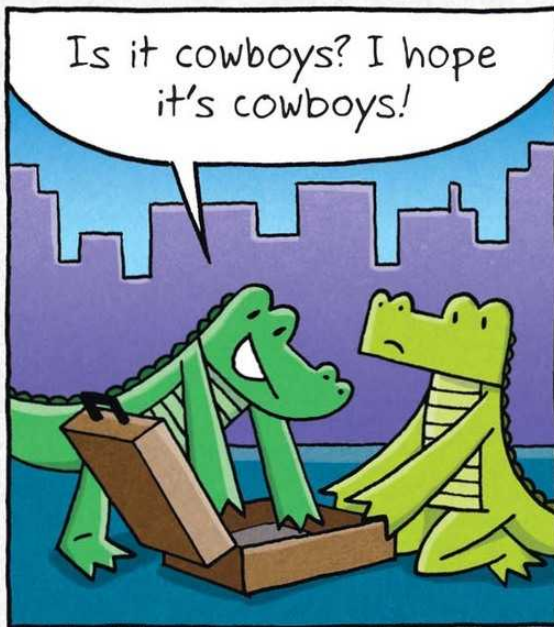
Oh. Sorry,
Brash.

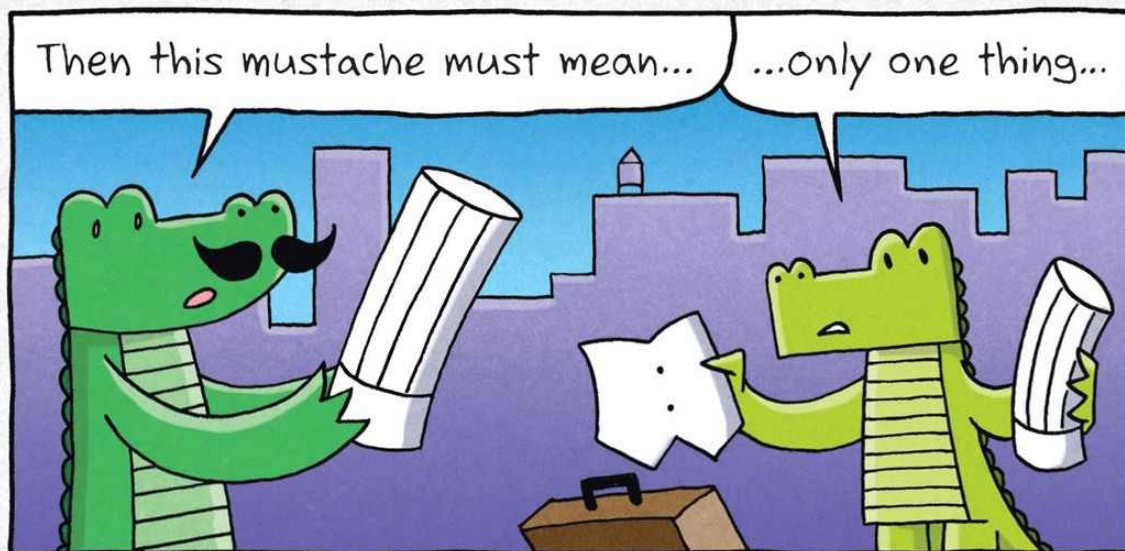


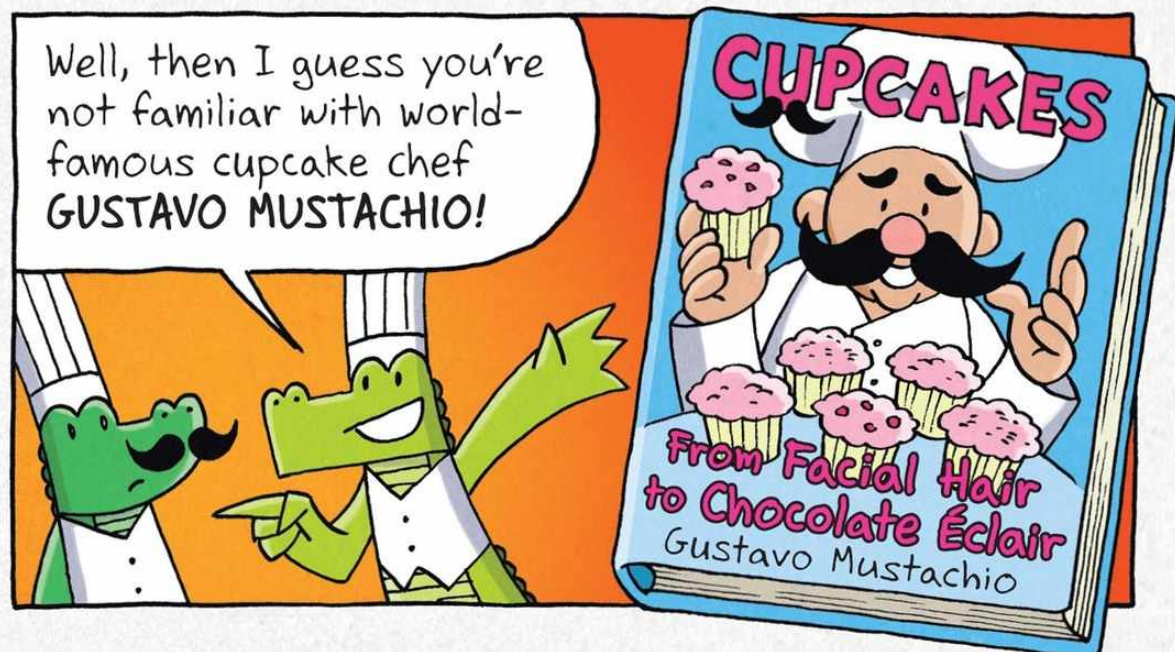
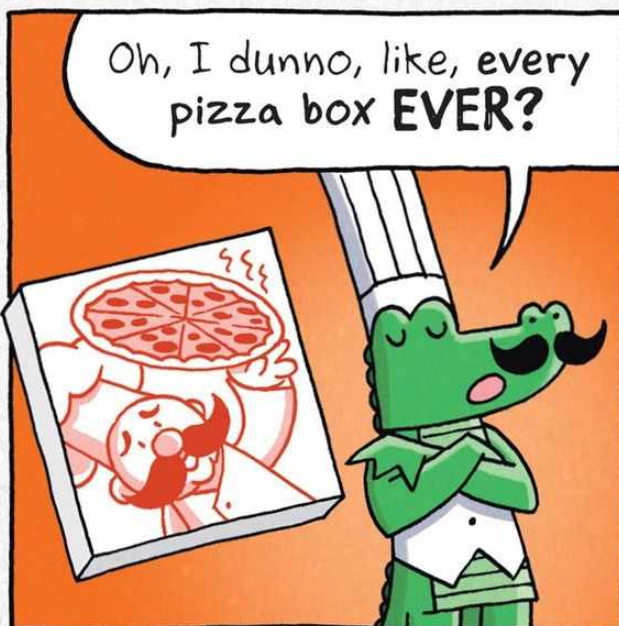
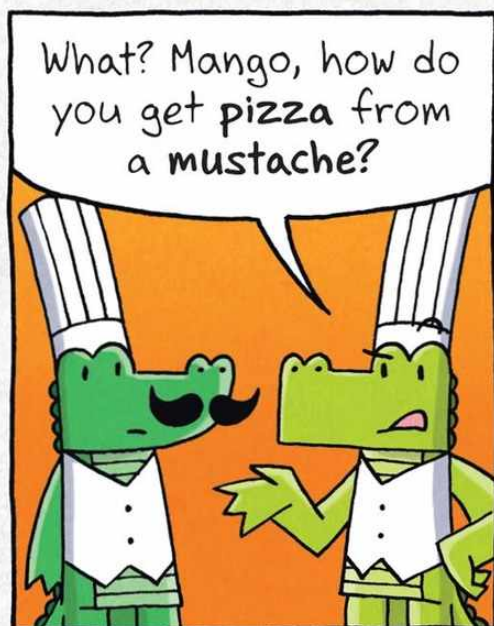
Our new V.E.S.T.*s are in this S.U.I.T.**case, along
with our next undercover assignment!

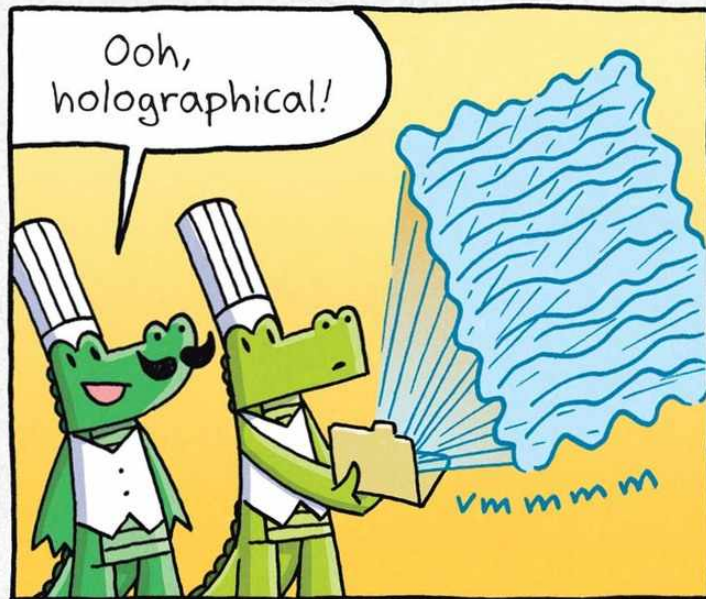
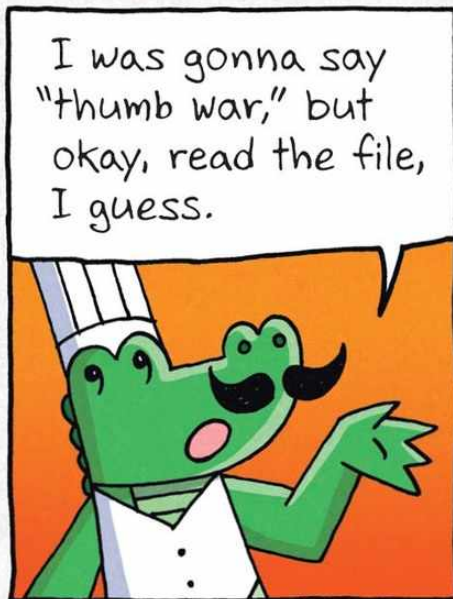


*Very Exciting Spy Technology **Special Undercover Investigation Teams











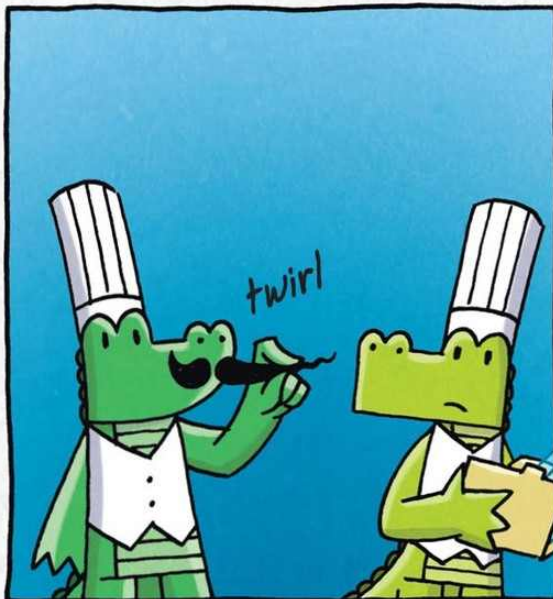
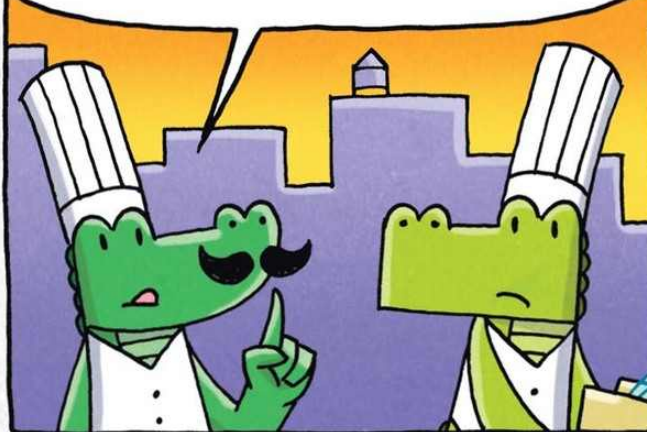
Mustachio hasn't been seen in **TWO WEEKS!** We suspect foul play. Batter Down was about to unveil his latest culinary masterpiece.



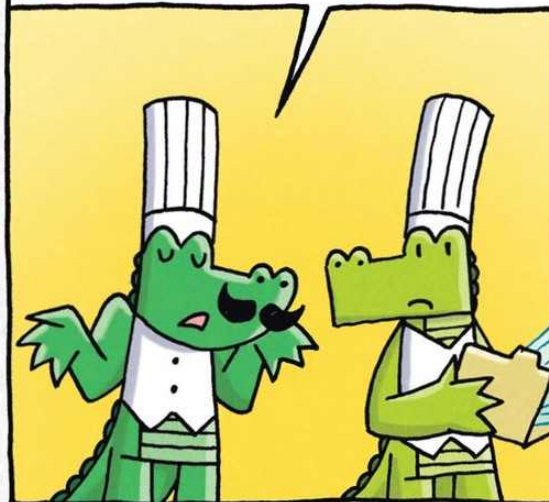
Someone must be after his secret recipes!

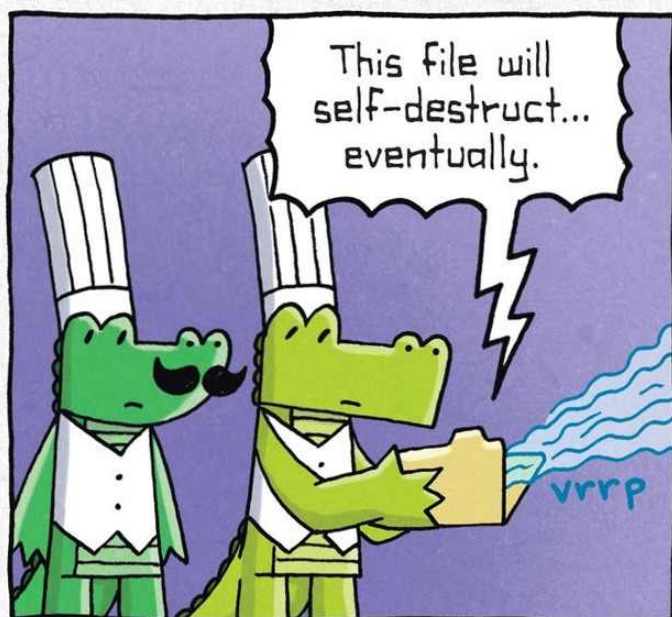


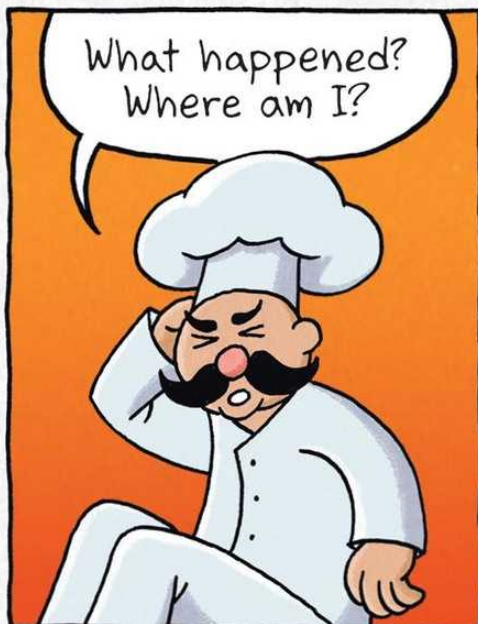
Or *maybe* some nefarious villain needs an expert baker and/or mustache model.



Hey, anything's possible.

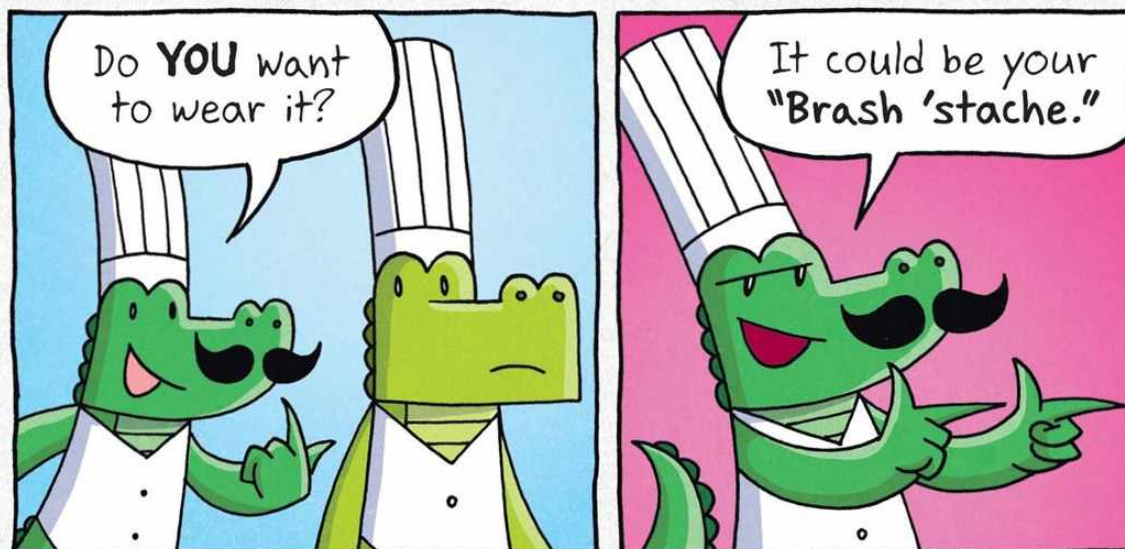
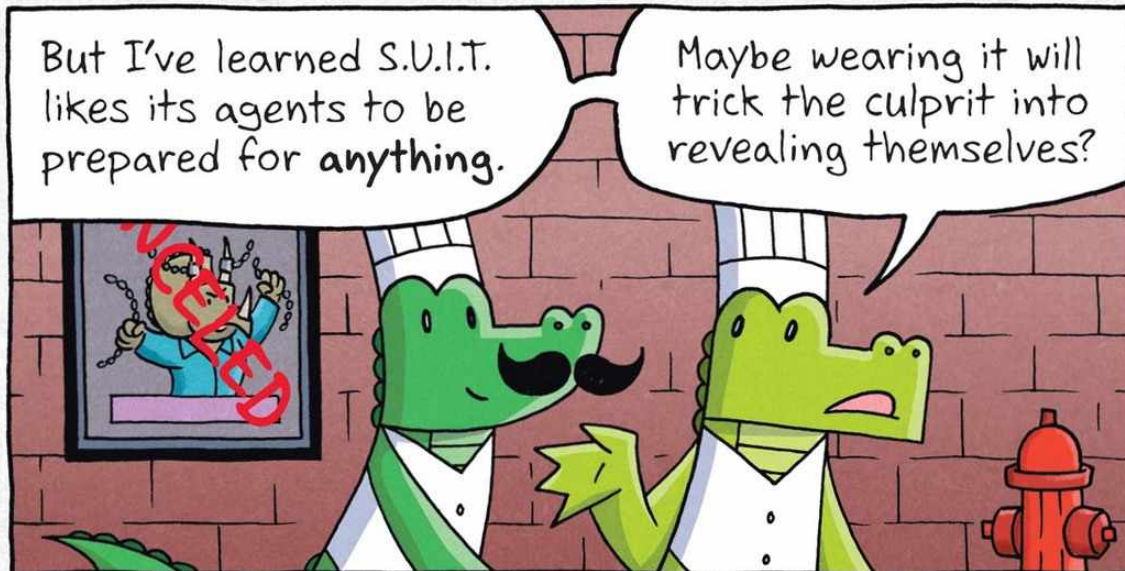








Chapter 2



That's okay, Mango.
I think the look has
grown on you.

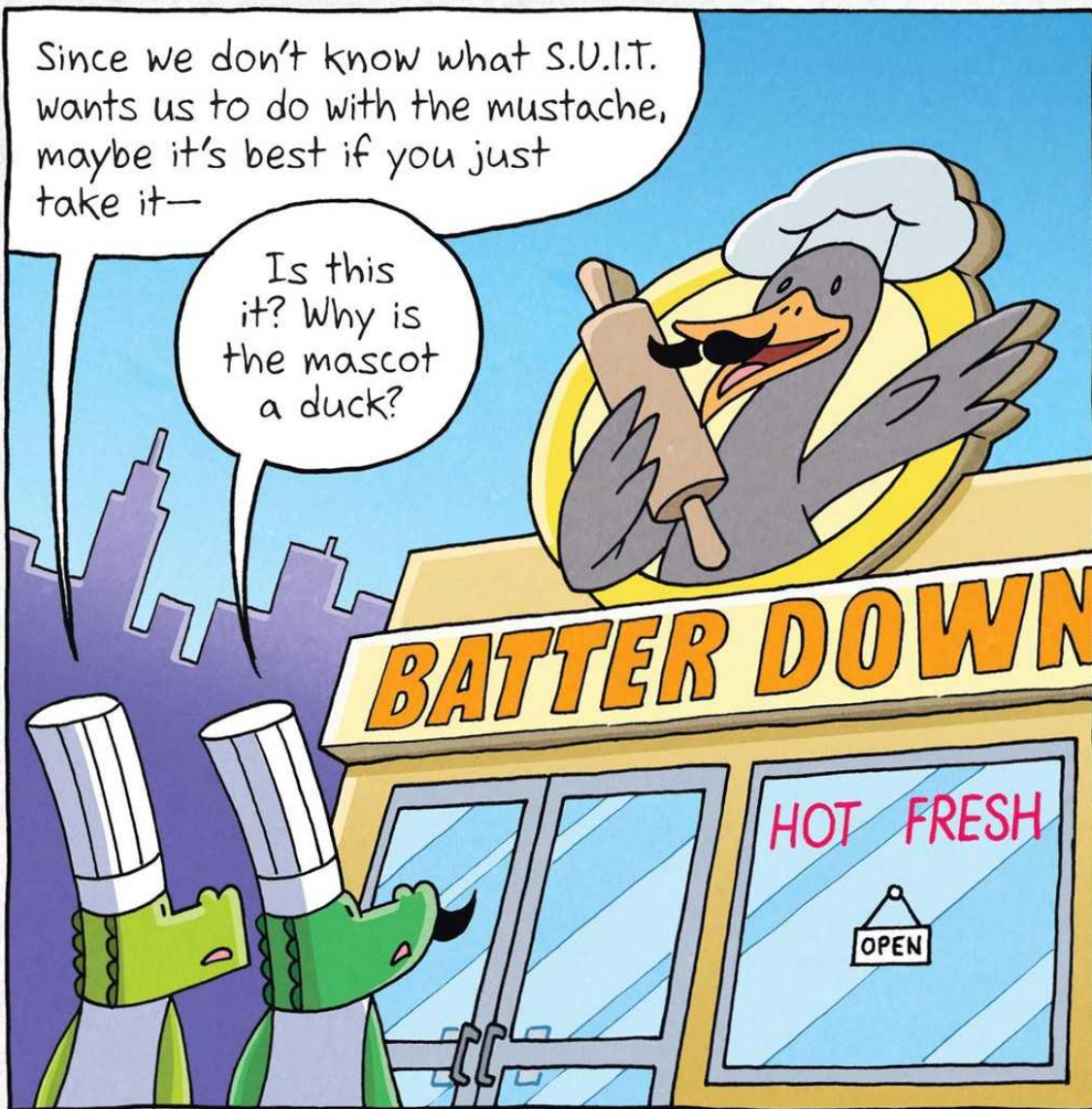


GROWN on me? Does this
mean I have to learn how
to *shave*?!

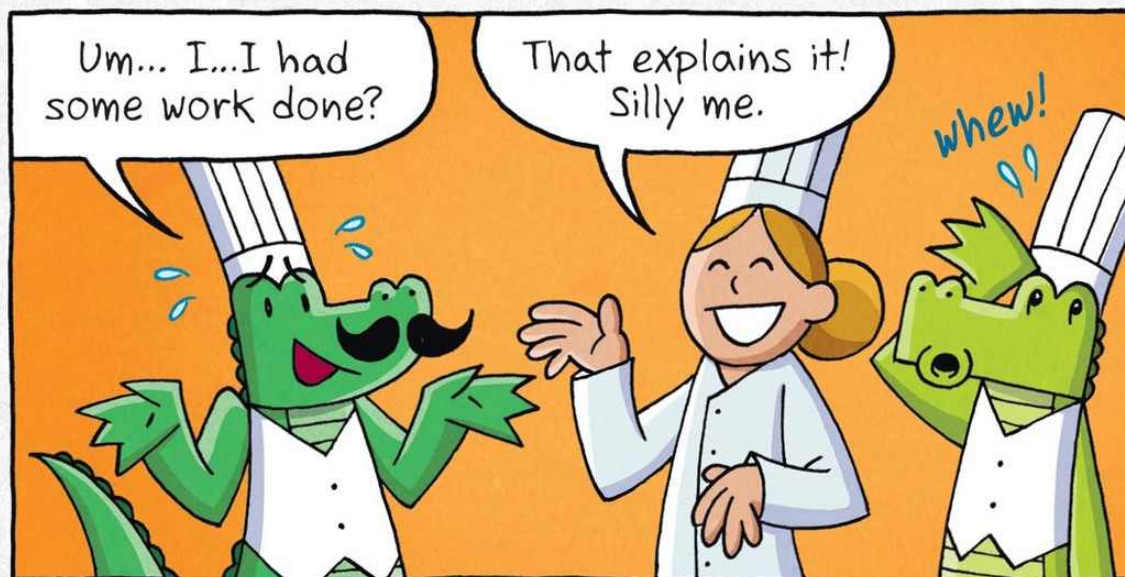


Since we don't know what S.U.I.T.
wants us to do with the mustache,
maybe it's best if you just
take it—

Is this
it? Why is
the mascot
a duck?



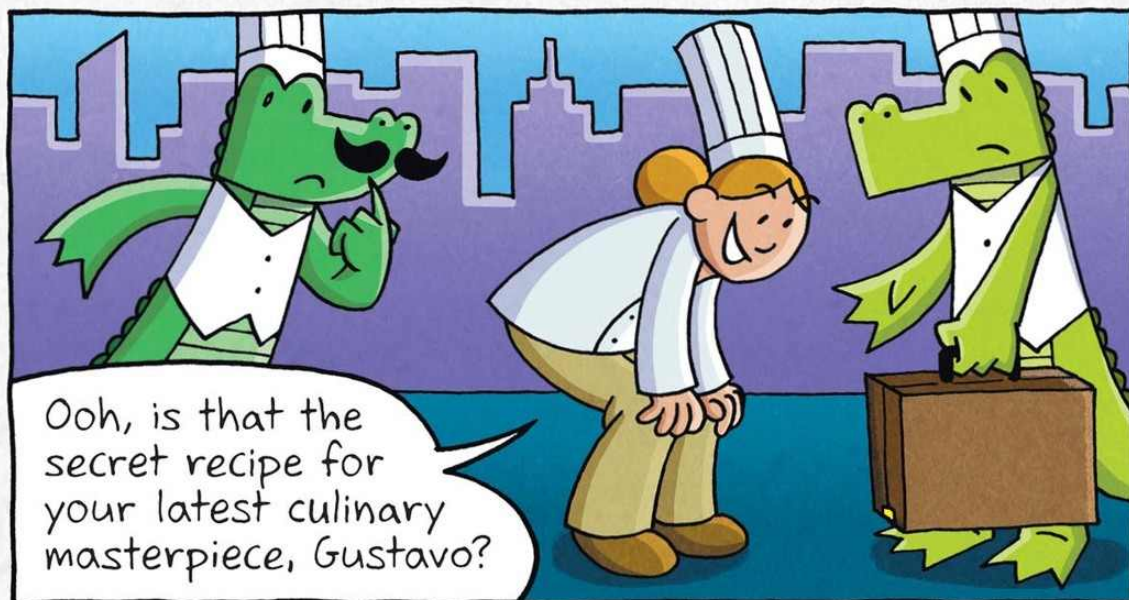
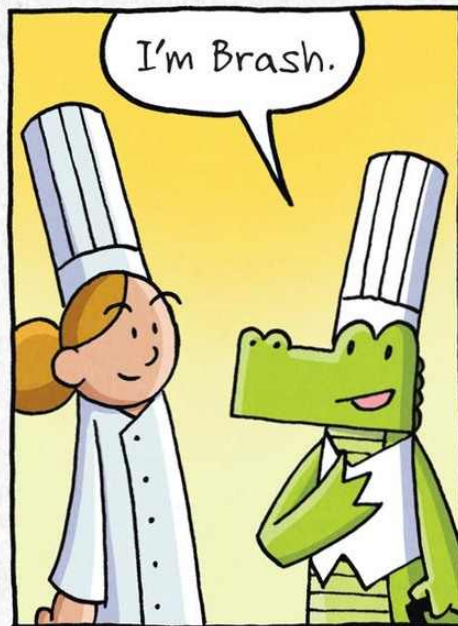
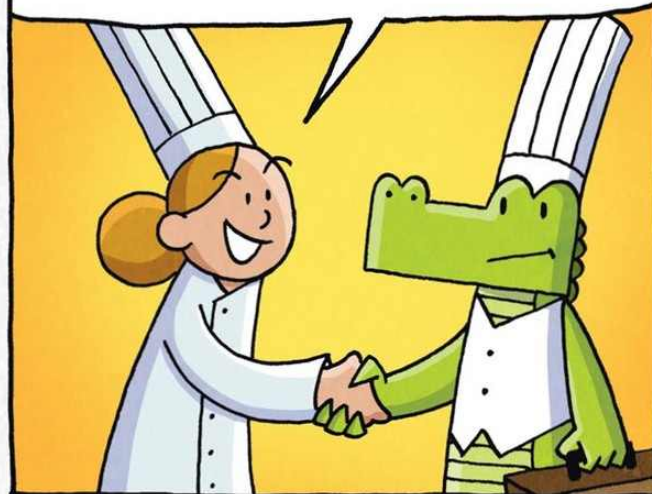


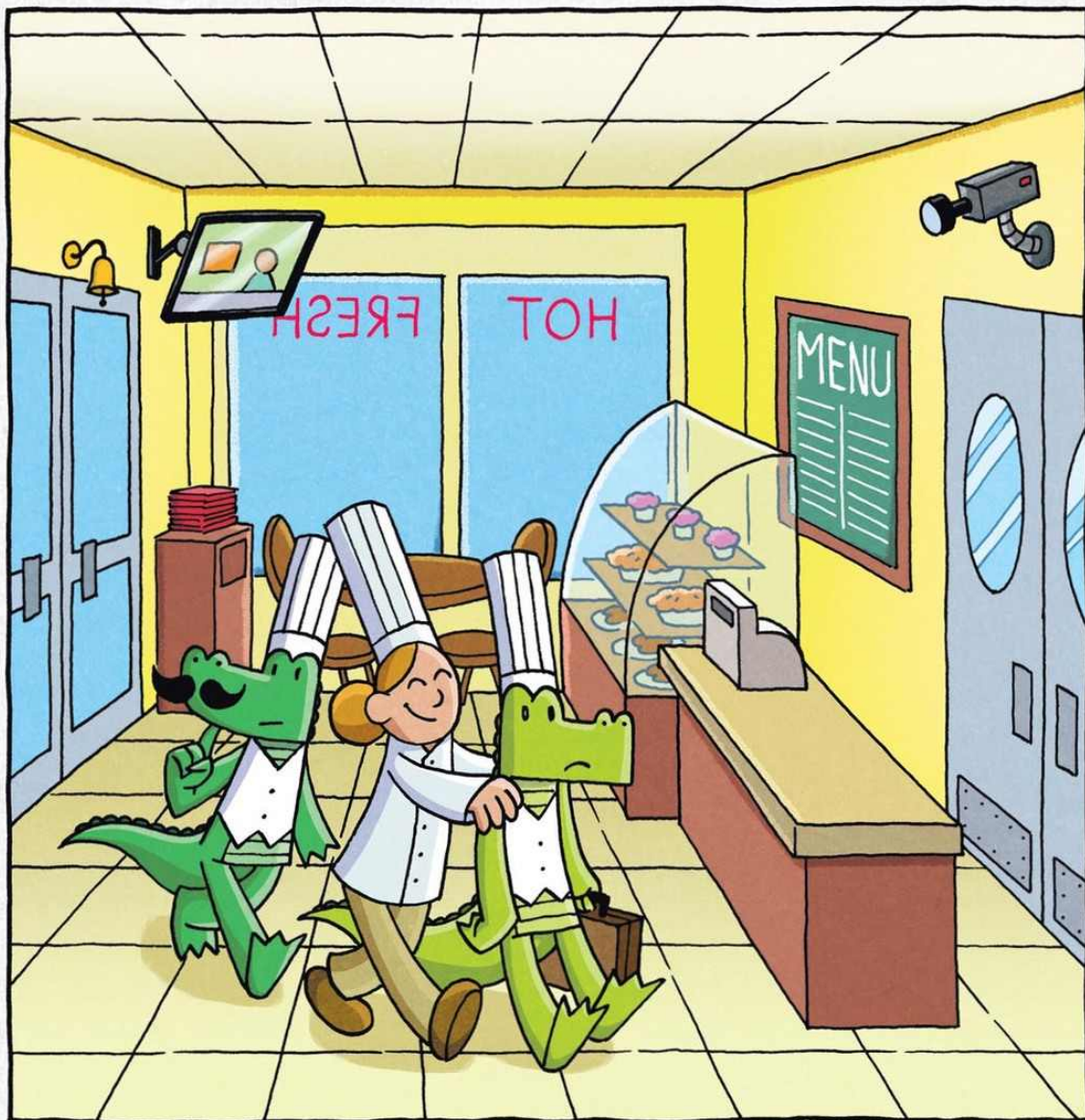


Huh. I thought everyone in accounting was a **SHARK**.

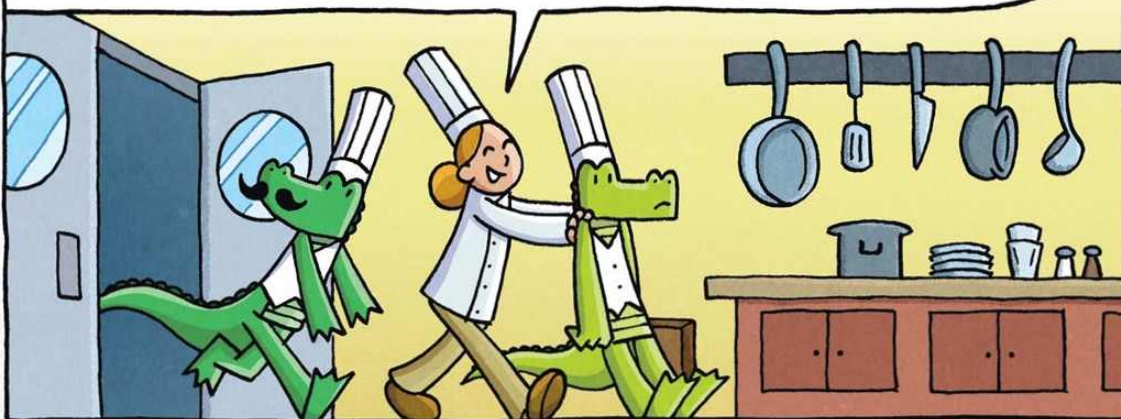


Oh well! What do I know? I'm Junior Assistant Baker Marie.

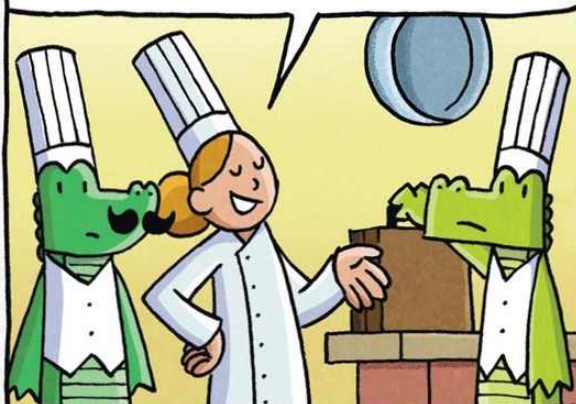




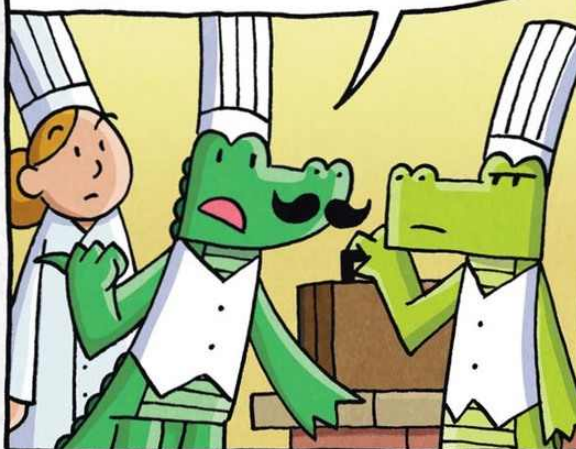
Right through here, to the Batter Down kitchen!



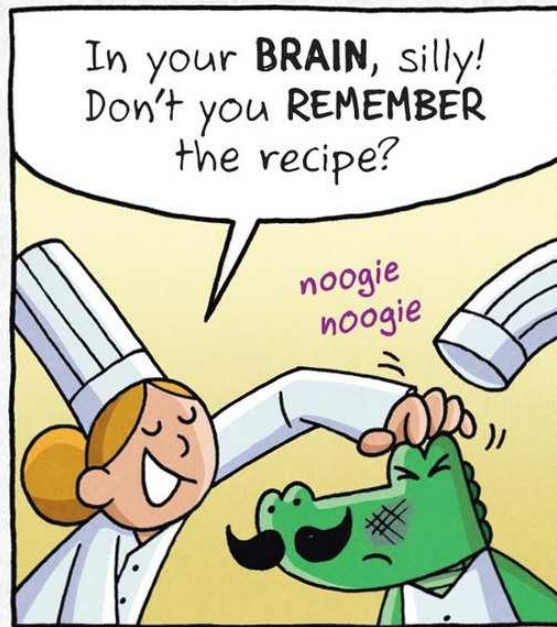
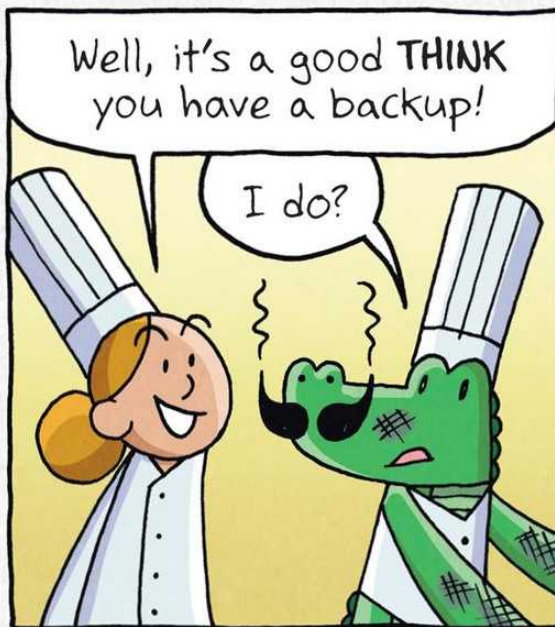
And now, if you'll get out the recipe, I can assemble the ingredients with the chef's permission.



You heard Junior Assistant Baker Marie. Hand over the recipe!

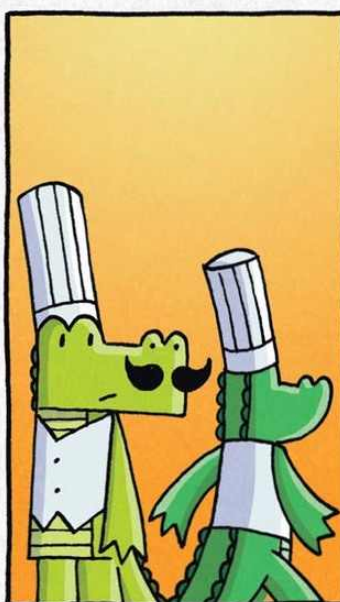
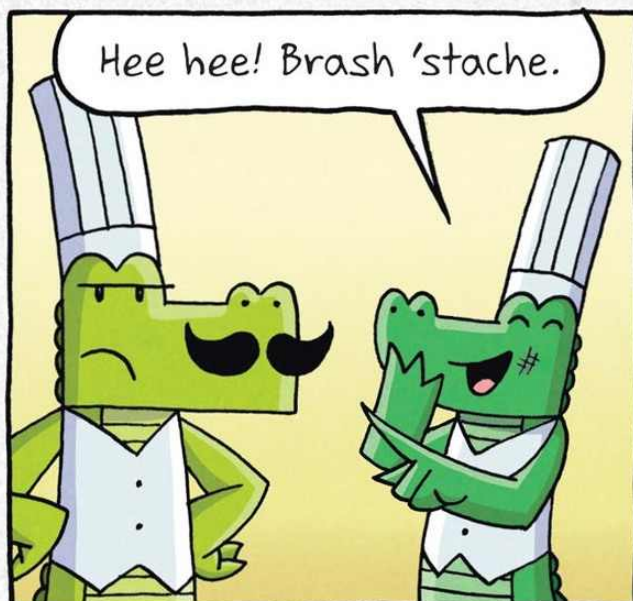
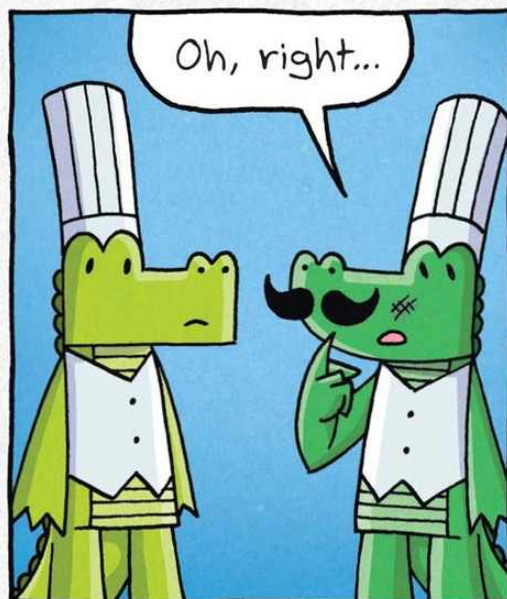


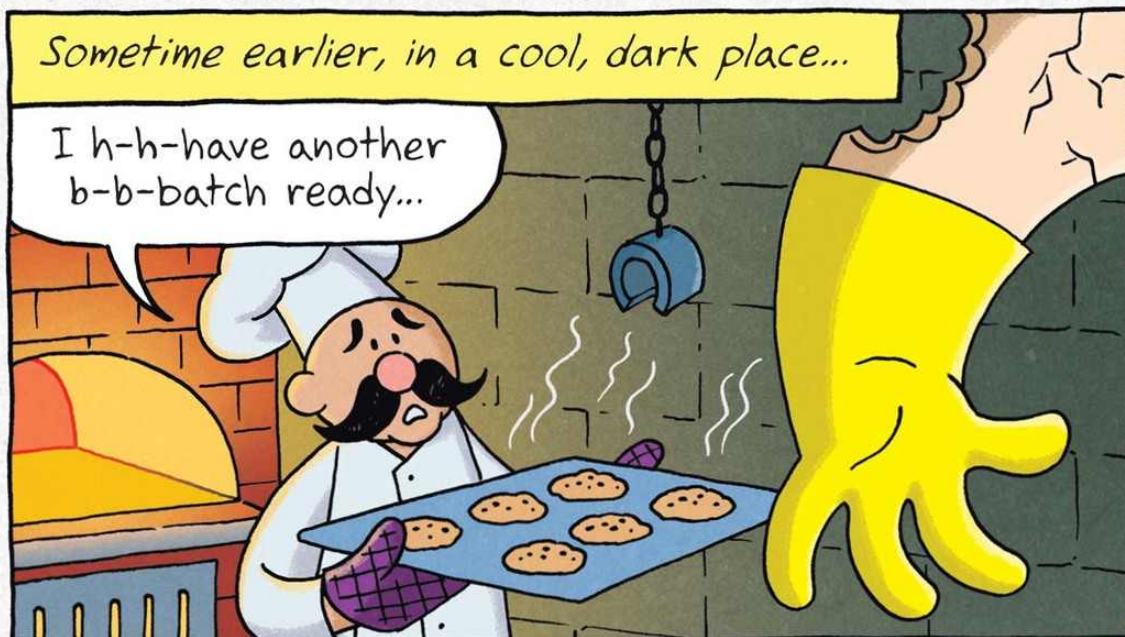


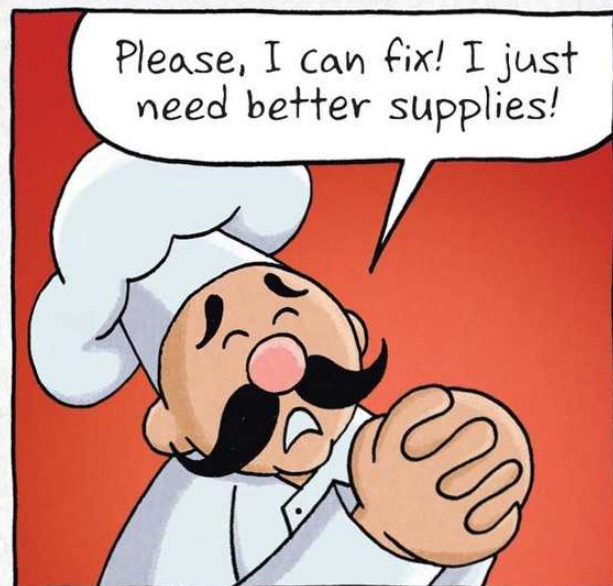
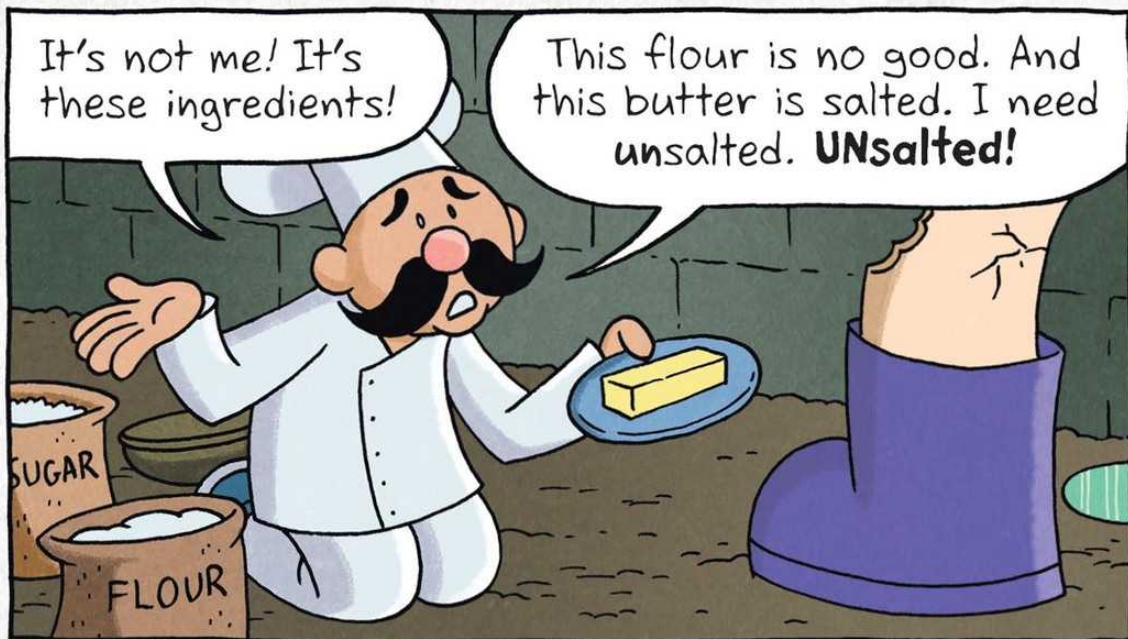


Yes! How right you are, Junior Assistant Baker Marie. Now, leave Chef Gustavo alone so the maestro can find his muse. I'll stay here for, um...legal purposes.

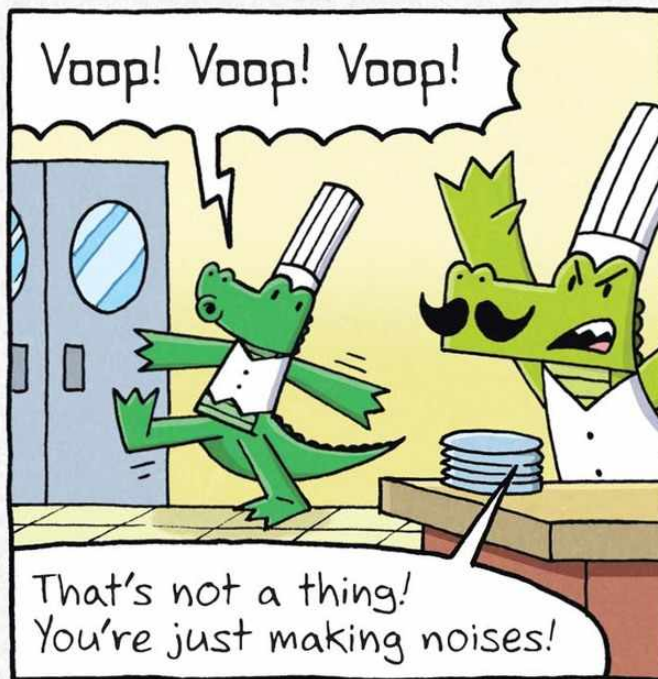
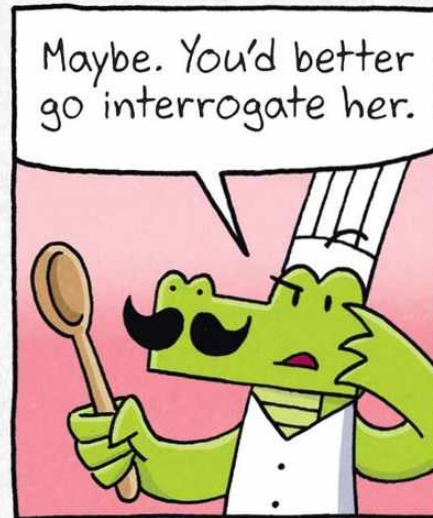


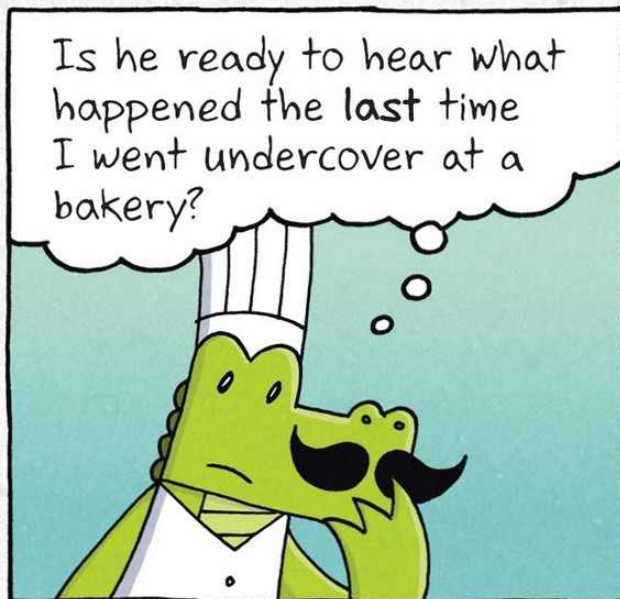


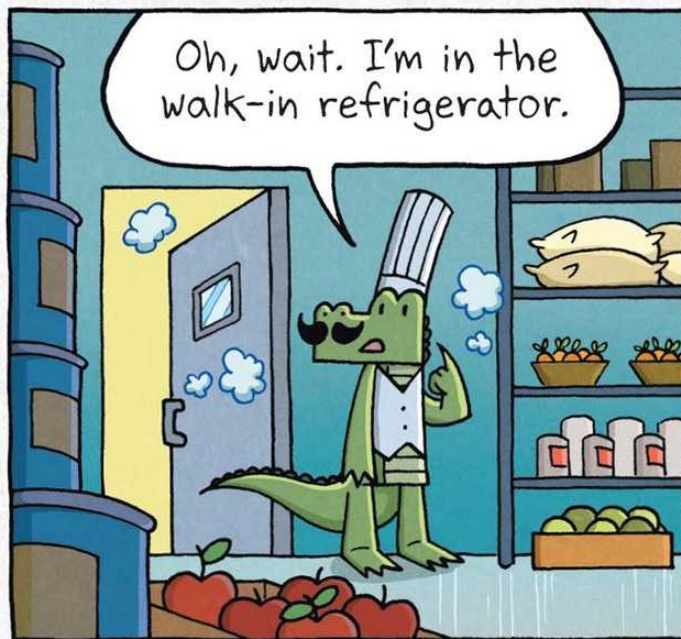
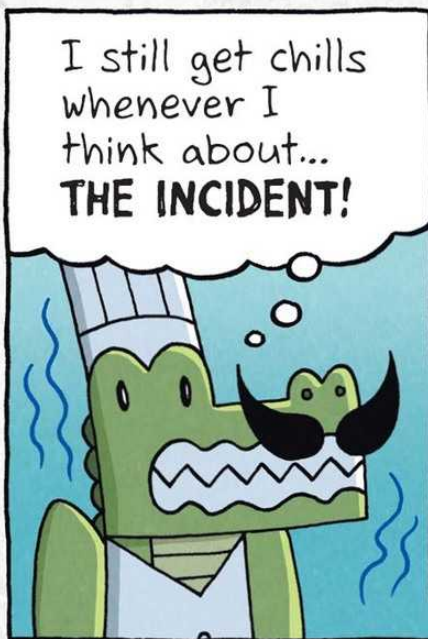




Chapter 3



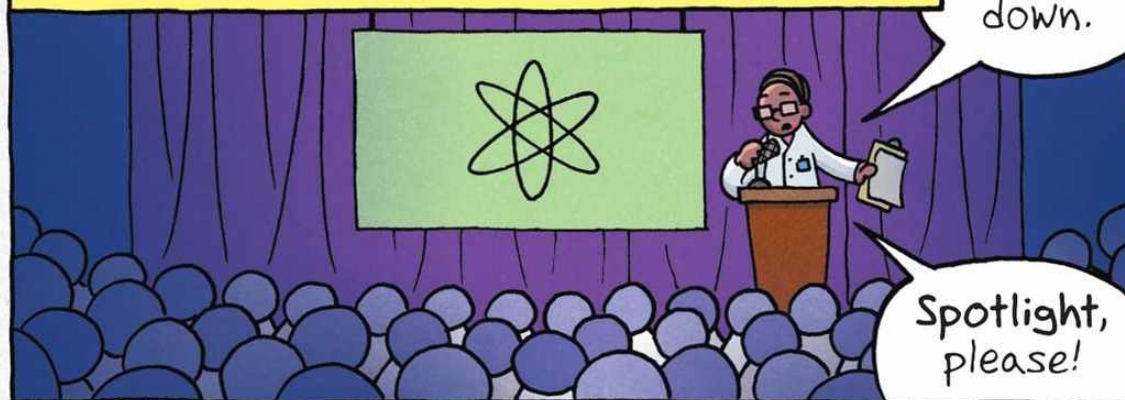




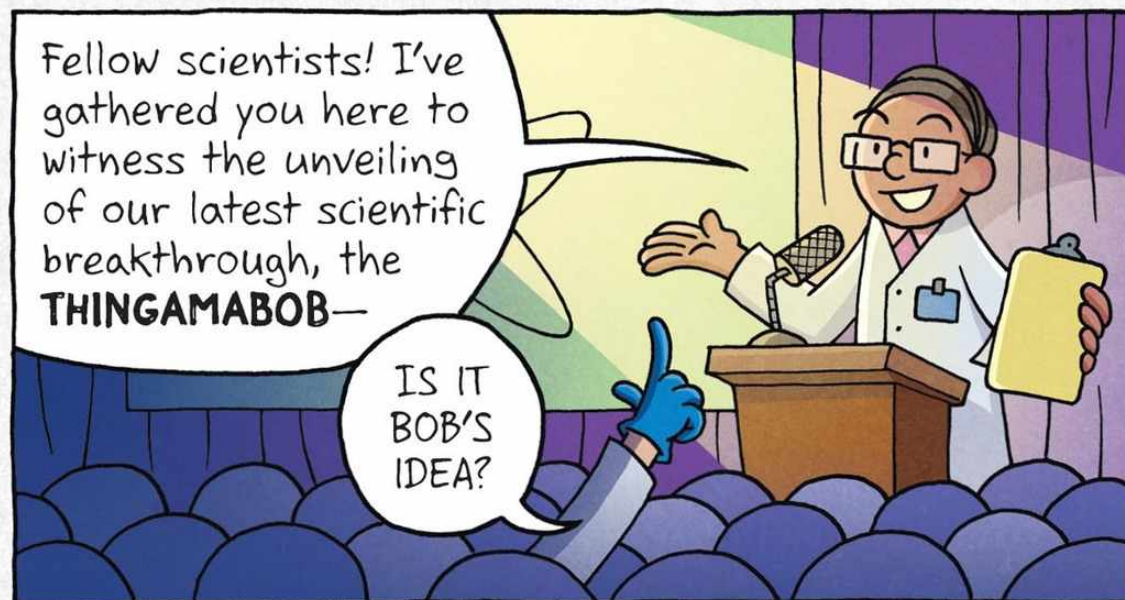
Meanwhile, across town, something totally unrelated is going down at the *Science Factory*!

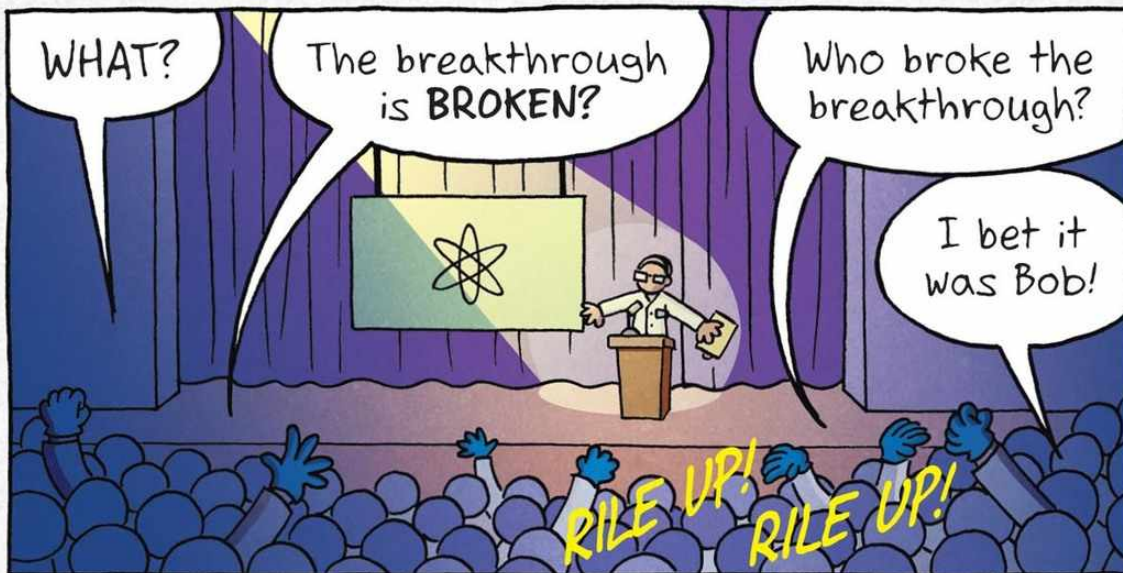
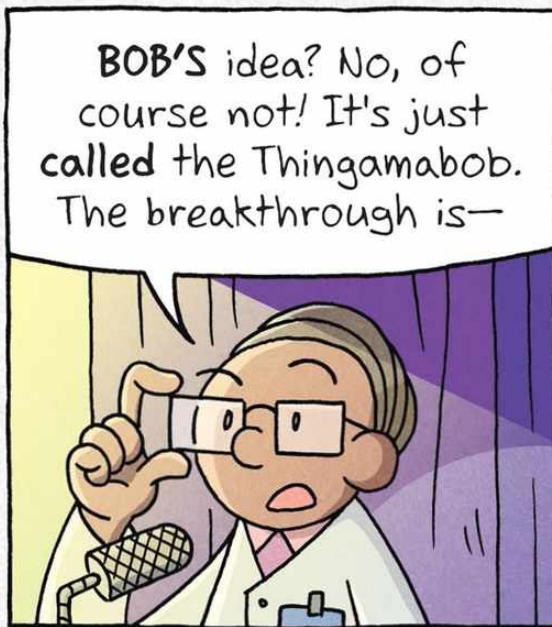


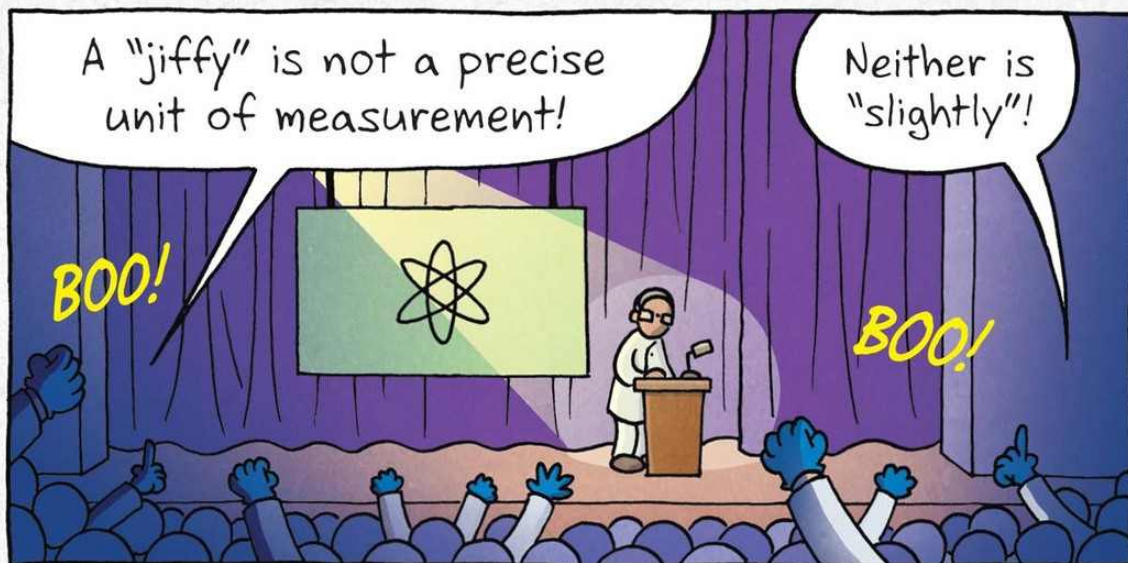
Inside, where all the science is made, the *Head Scientist* is about to reveal their latest scientific breakthrough to the world!

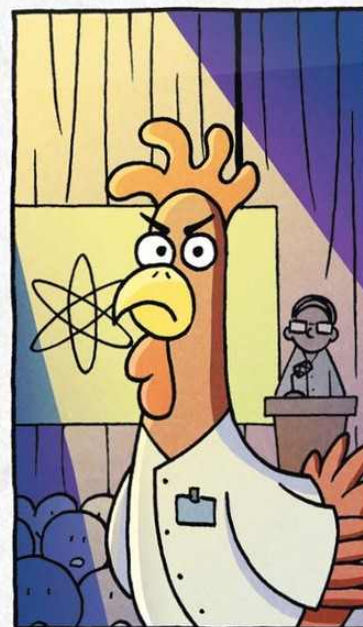
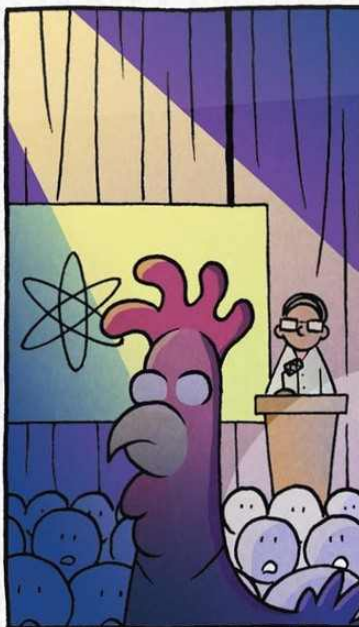
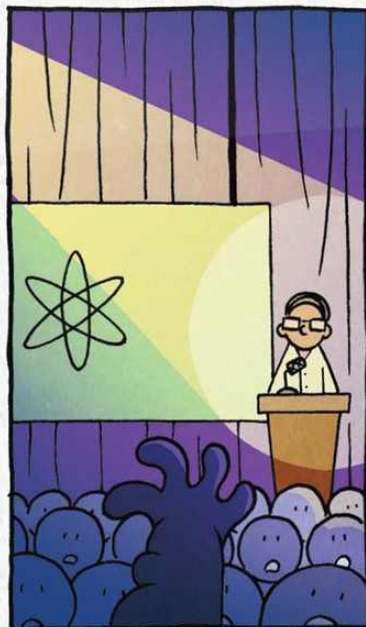
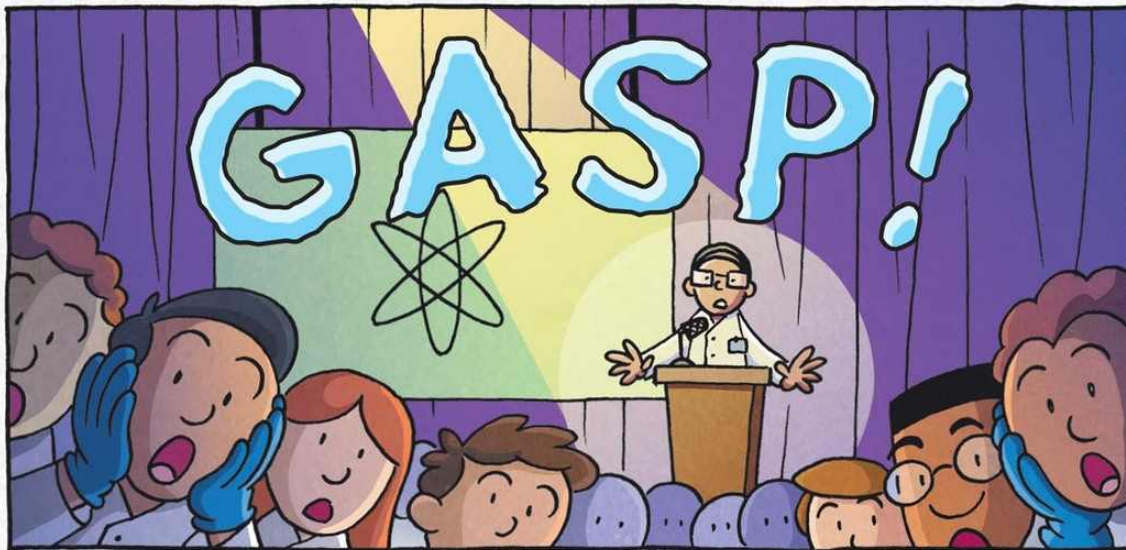
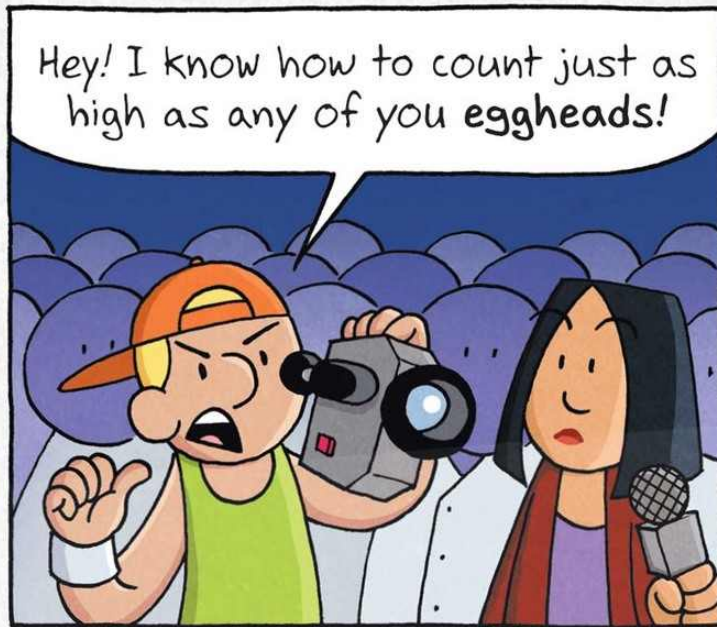


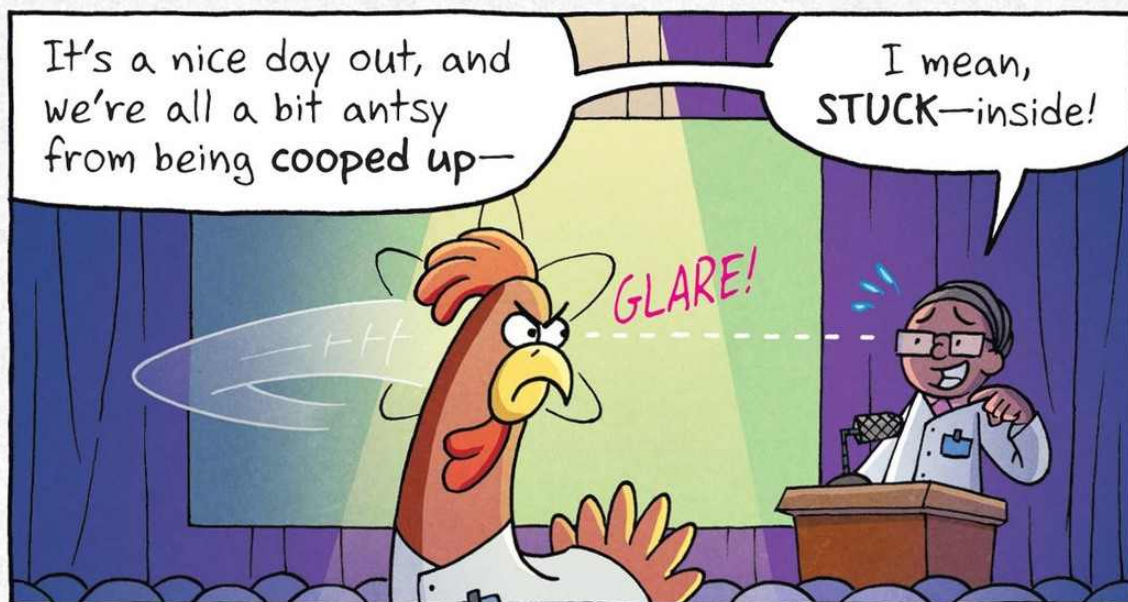
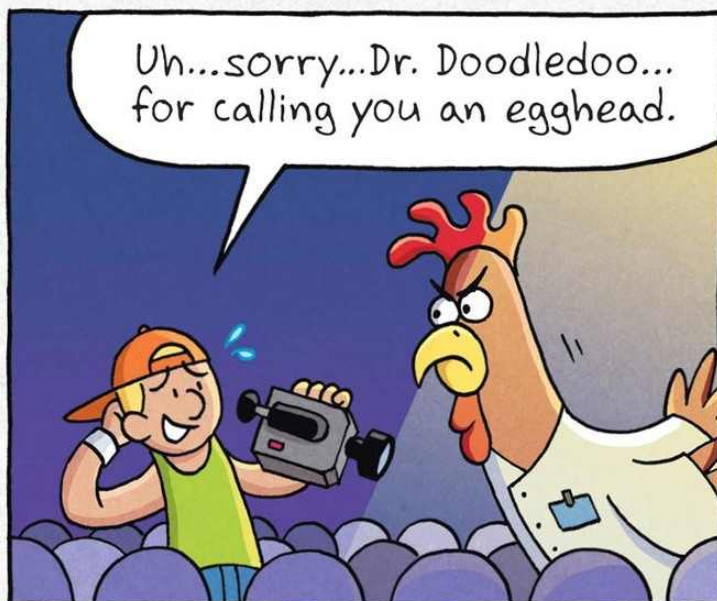
Fellow scientists! I've gathered you here to witness the unveiling of our latest scientific breakthrough, the **THINGAMABOB**—

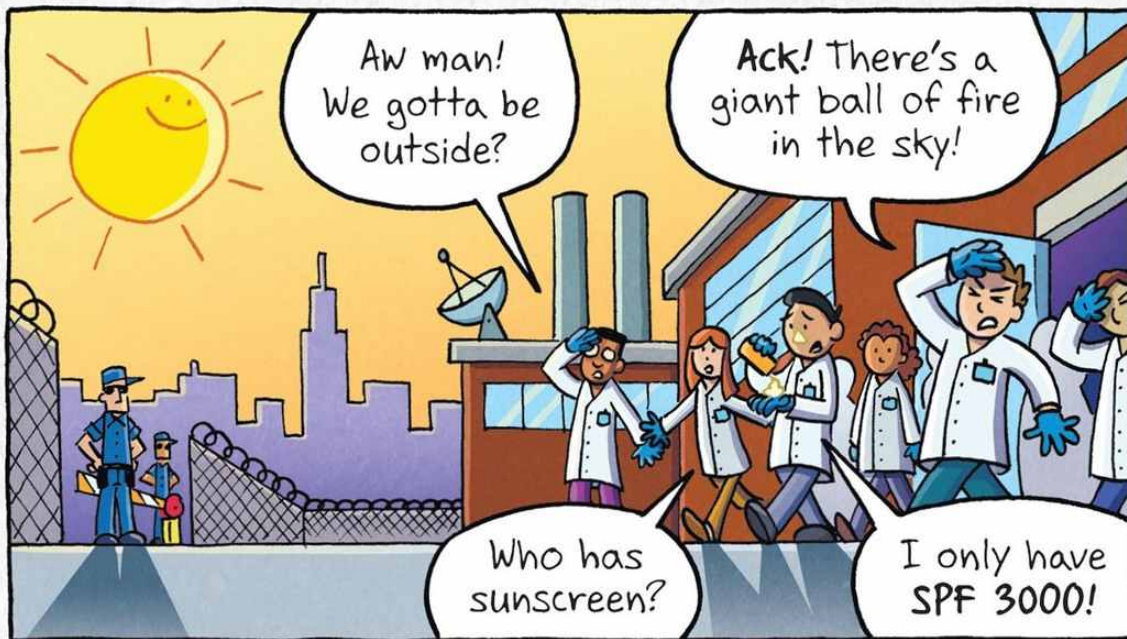


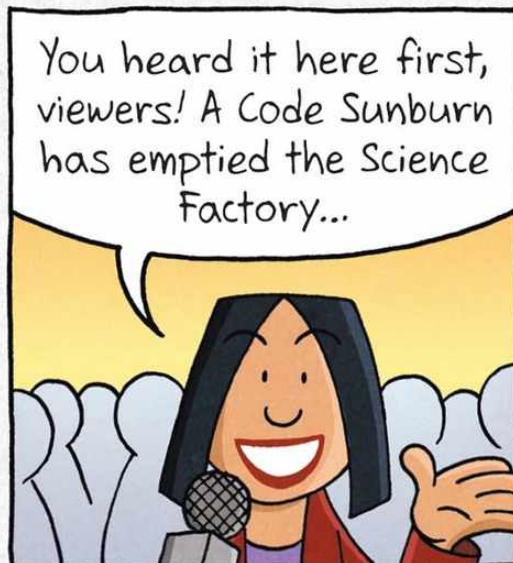










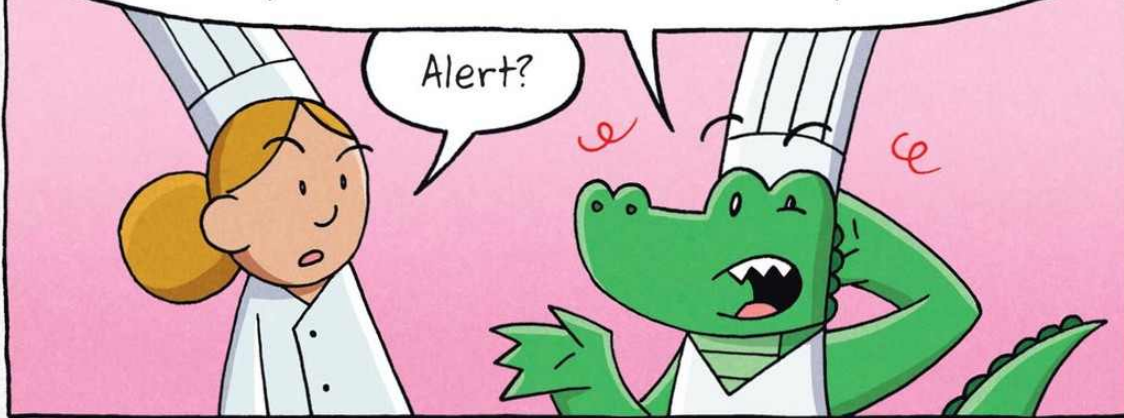


Chapter 4

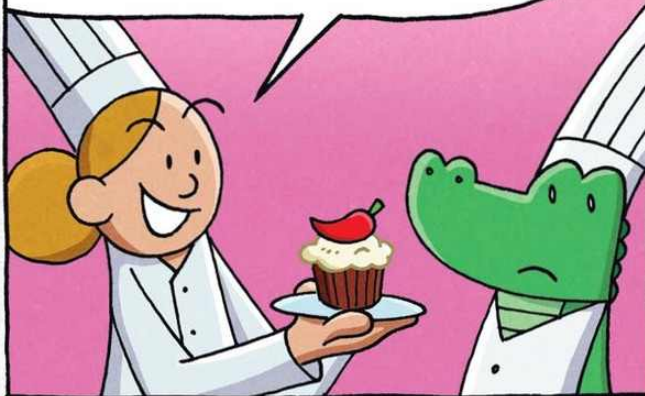




Now, then! when I, Brash—NO, Gustavo Brashstachio—NO, **GUSTAVO MUSTACHIO**—went missing for two weeks, did you, Marie, think to alert anyone?



Oh, the **Red Alert!** That's our red velvet cupcake topped with a jalapeño pepper.



It's like a five-alarm fire in your mouth!



Have a bite!



Aw, just one bite.

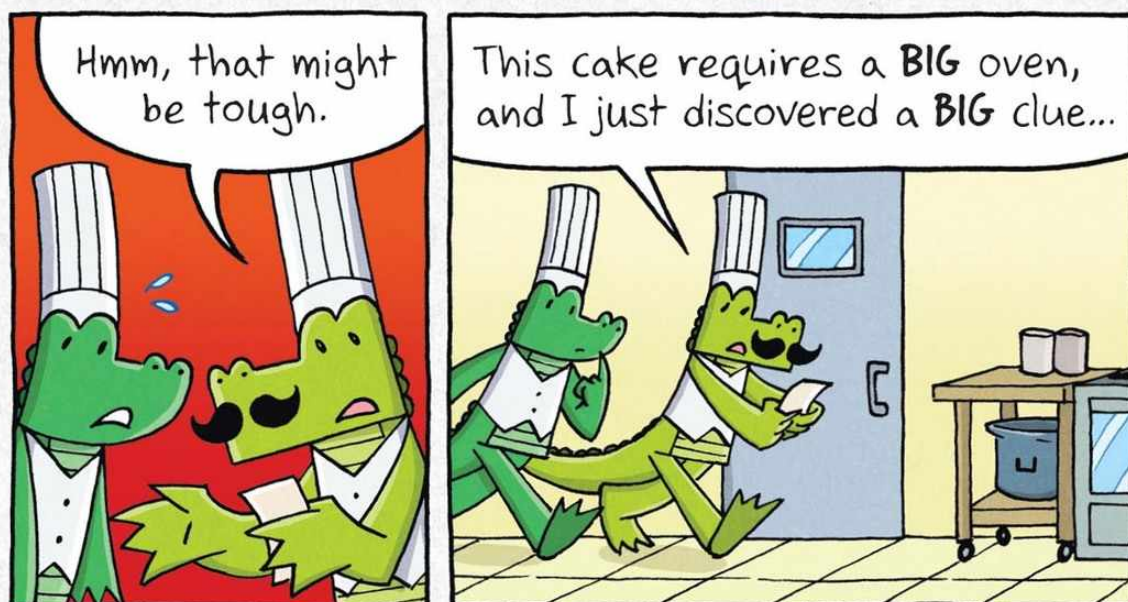


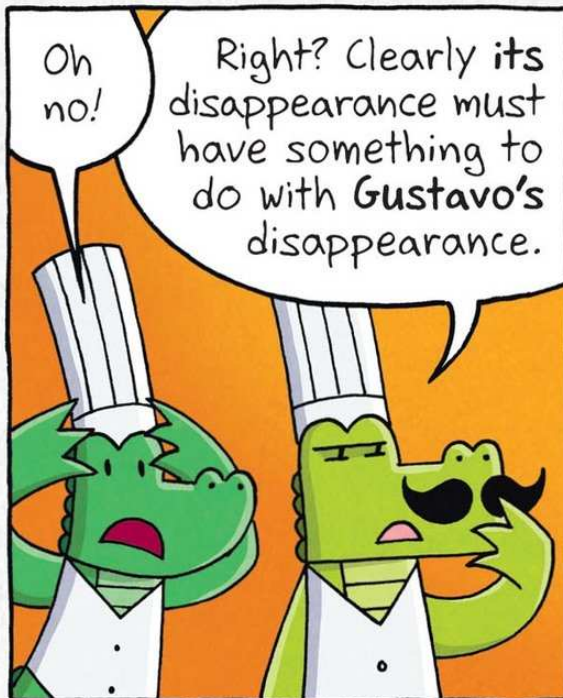
One. Little. Bite.

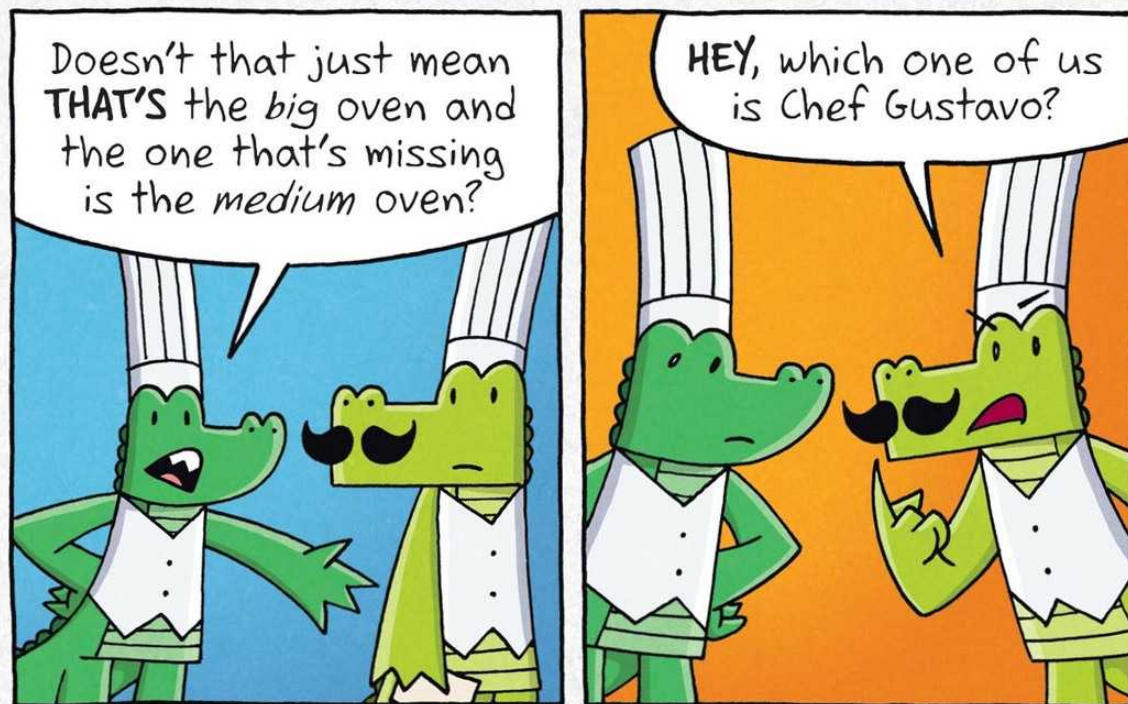
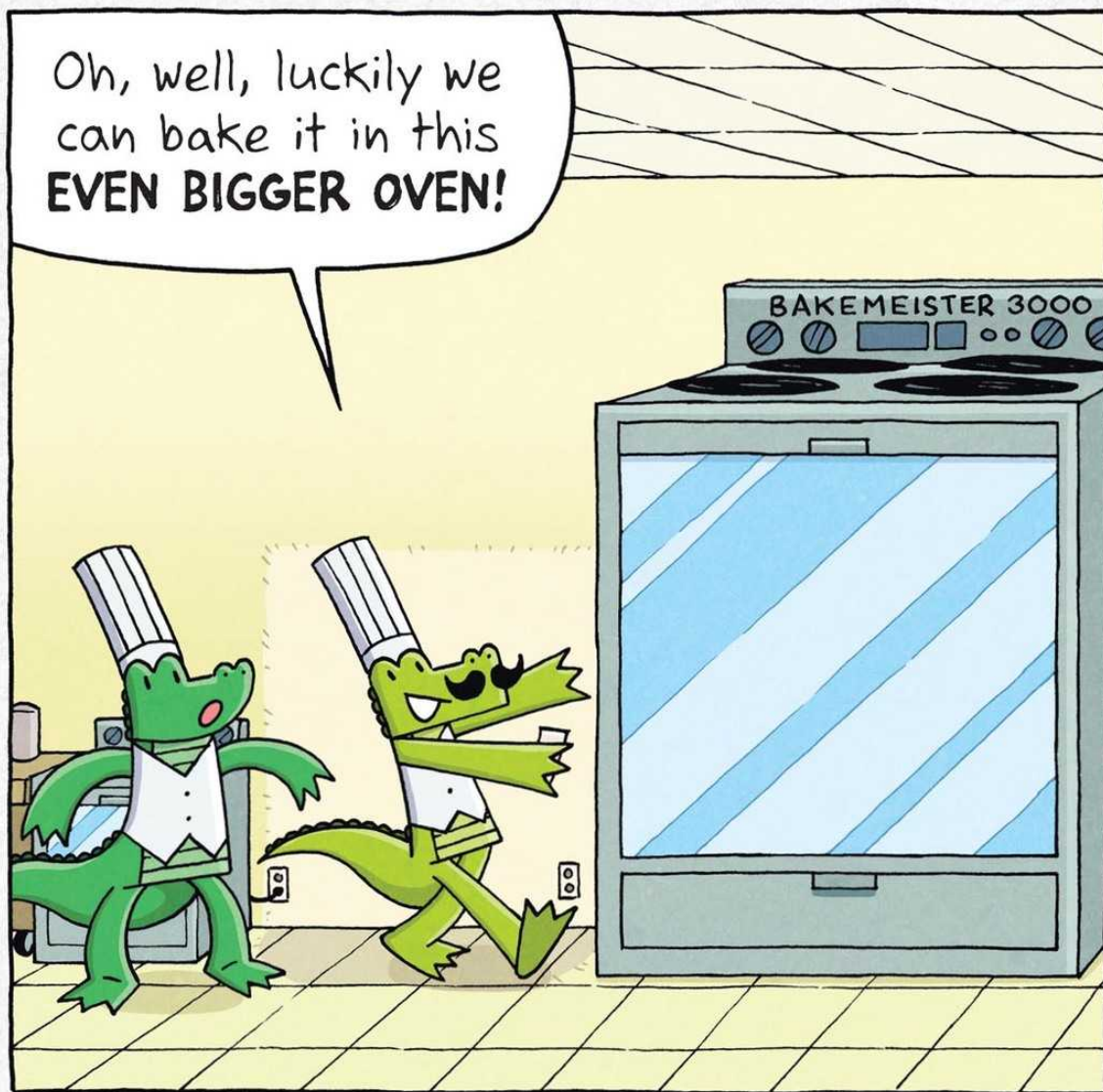


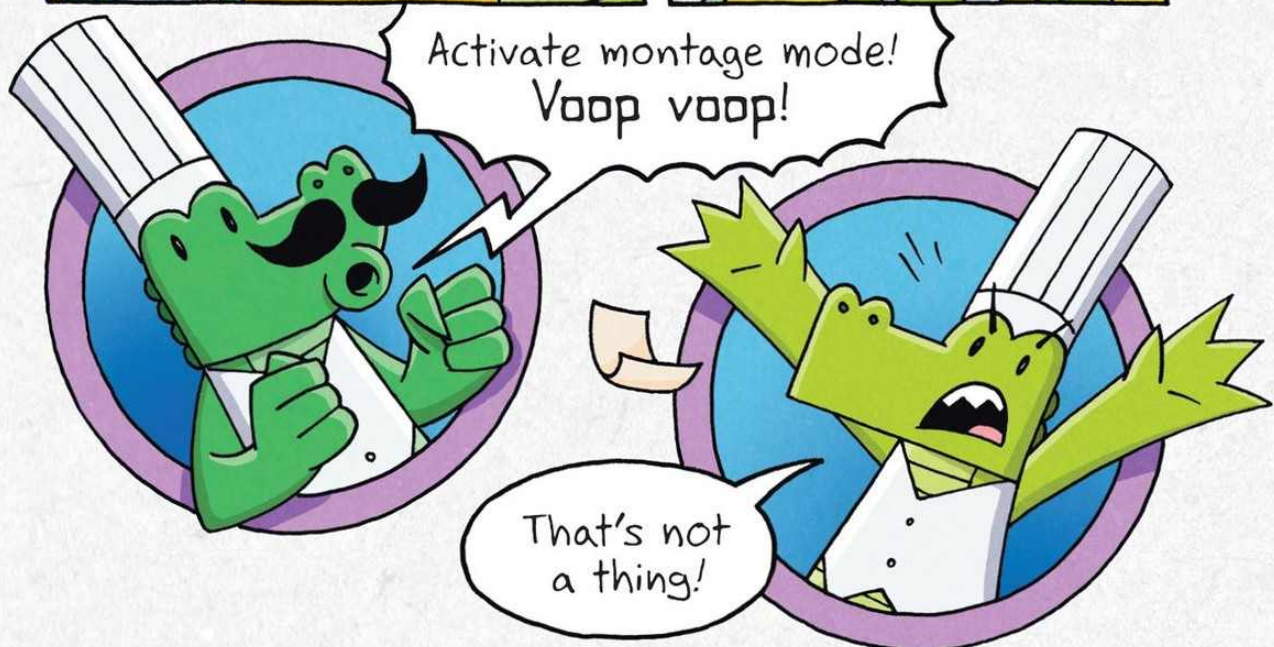












♪ InvestiGators, bakin' a cake! ♪



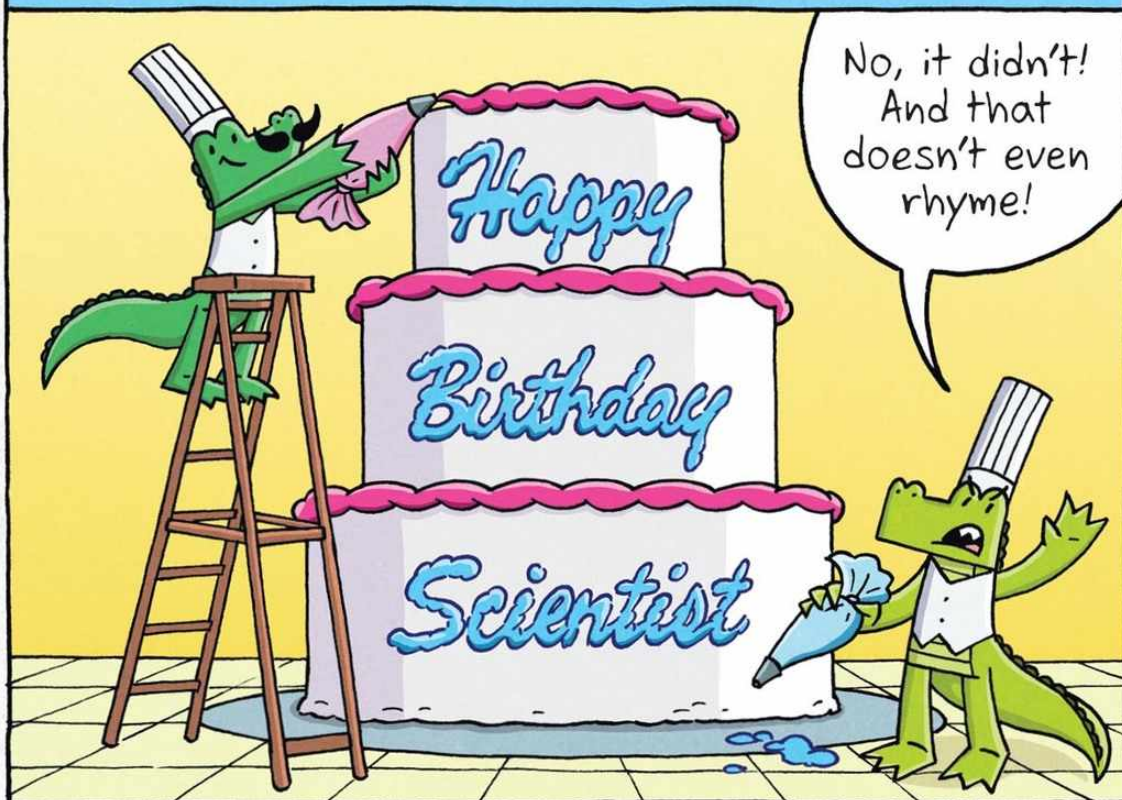
♪ Is it even a thing that they know how to make? ♪



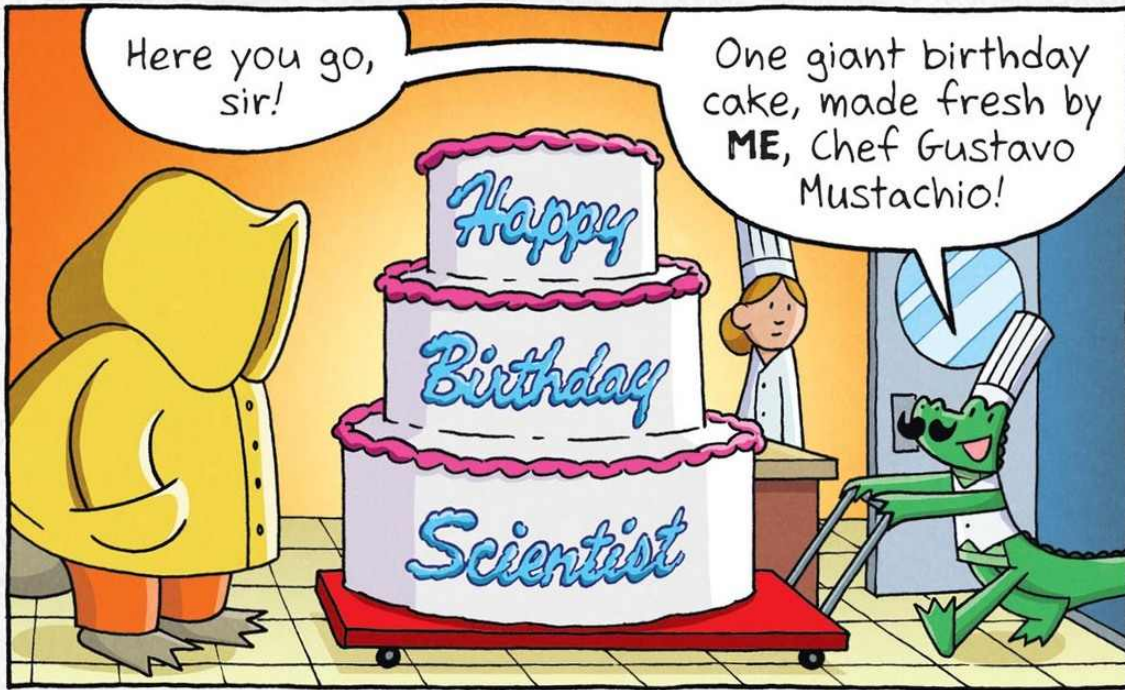
♪ They used eggs and flour and unsalted butter! ♪

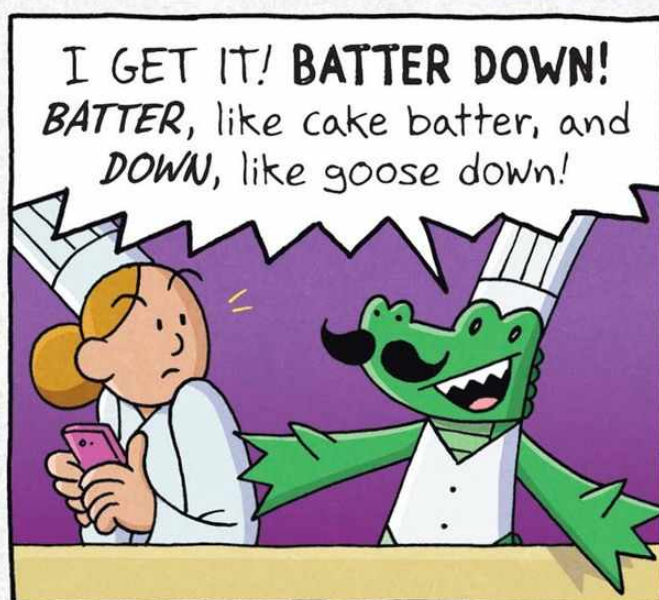
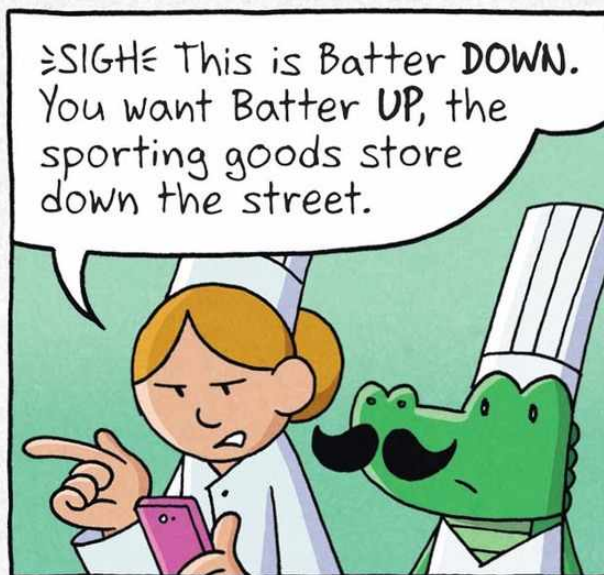


♪ And it took them an hour to spell "scientist"! ♪











Chapter 5

Cici Boringstories here, reporting outside the Science Factory. With me is **SCIENTIST BOB**. Tell us, Bob, what's this scientific breakthrough you're cooking up inside?



Ha ha! I won't tell you what **I'M** cookin', Susan, but I **will** tell you it'll blow this breakthrough—



U done yet?

Need more time.

They're on 2 me :{



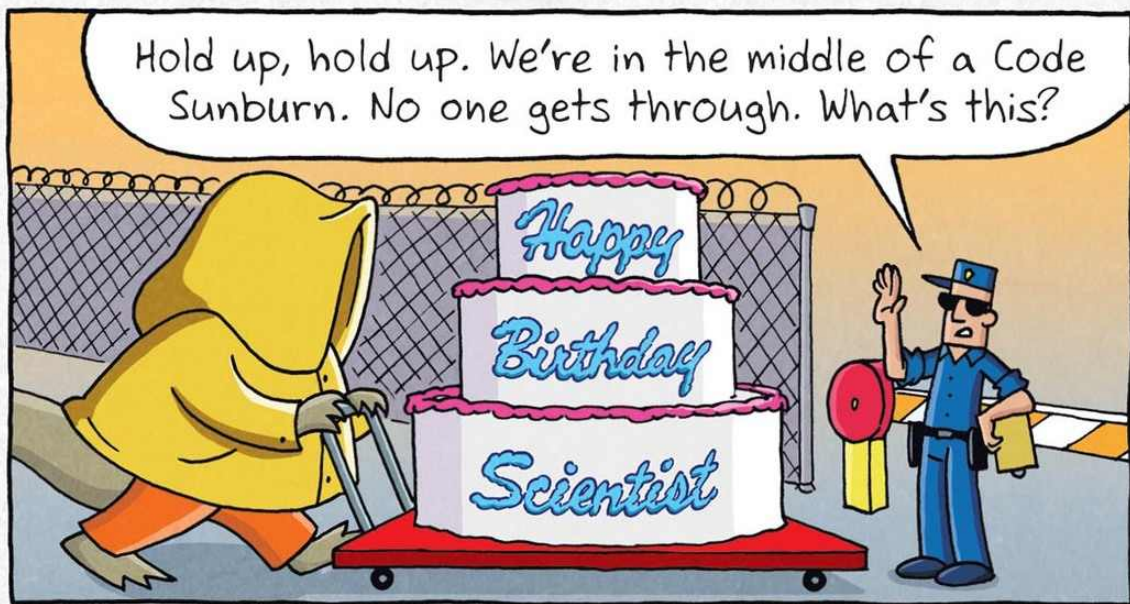
Sorry, Sophie. Scientist Bob's gotta motor!



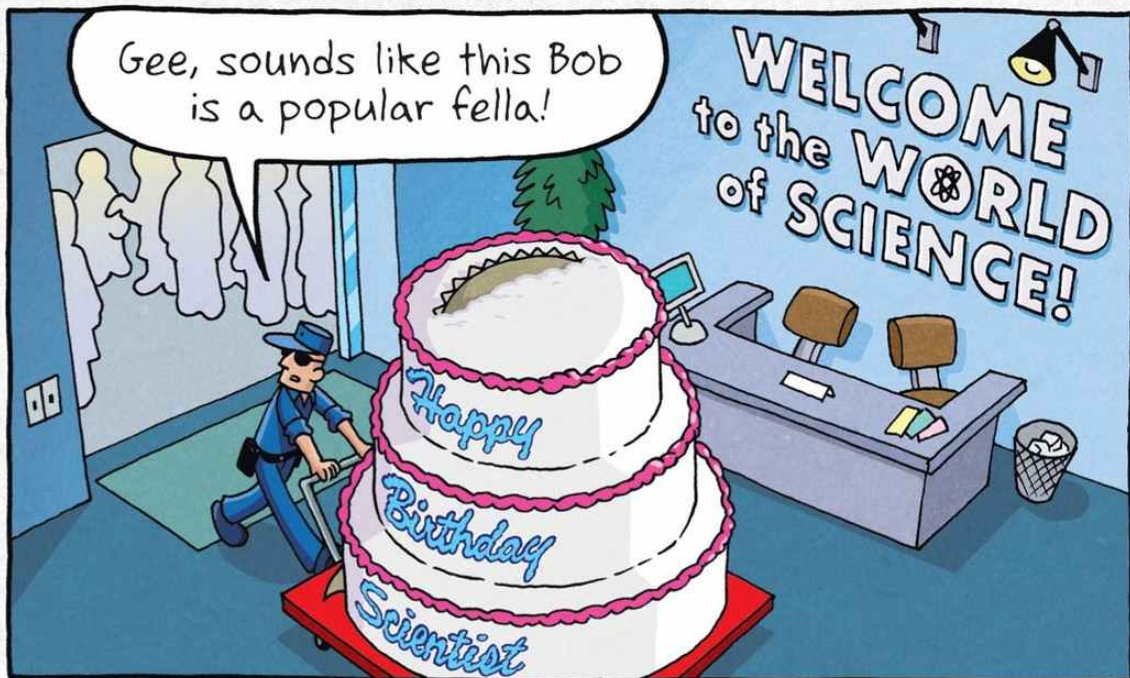
Well, that wasn't informative **at all**. Soooooooo let's check in with the *Action News Now* helicopter in the sky!

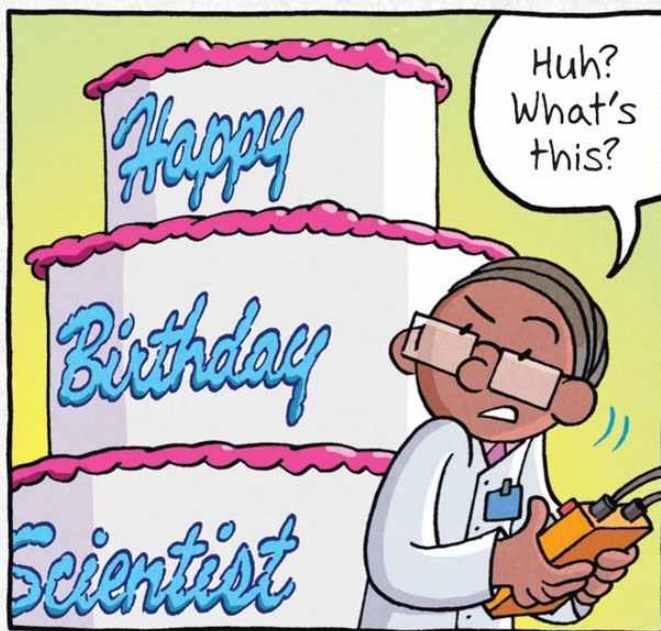
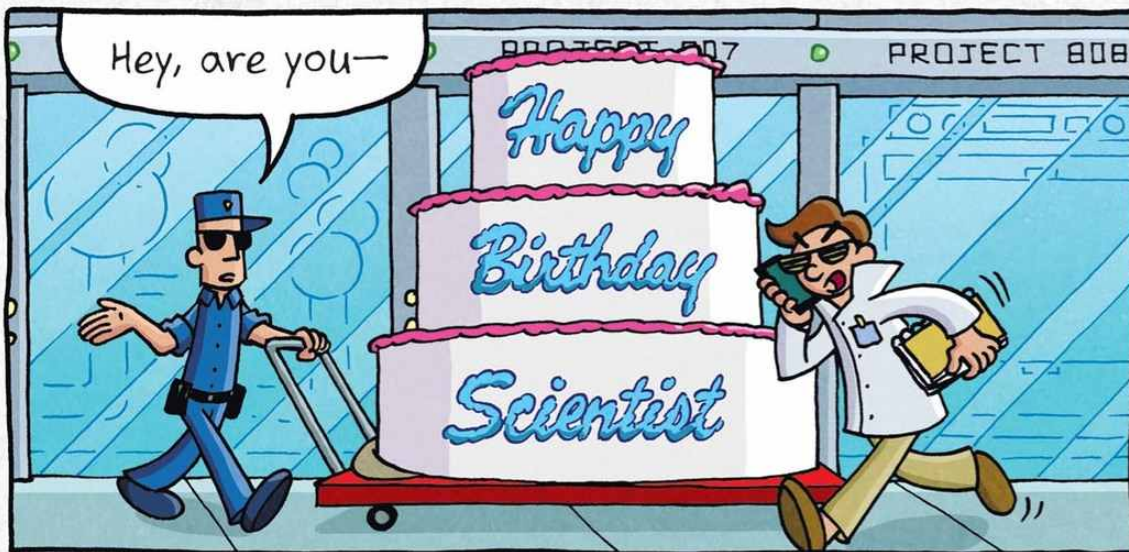




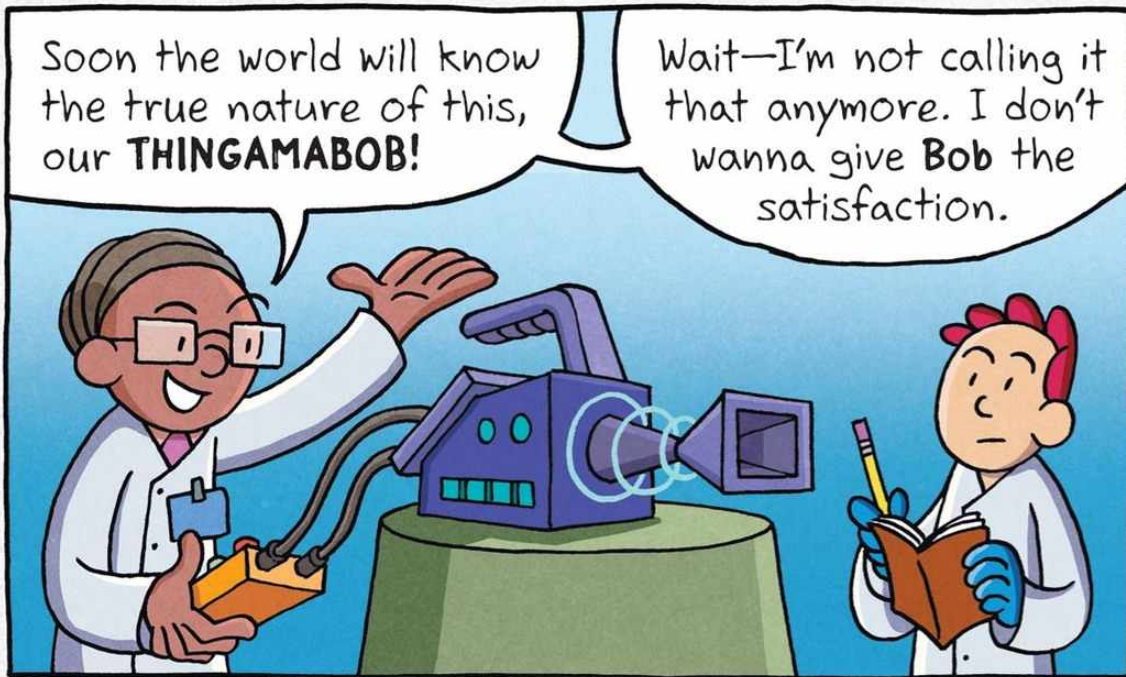


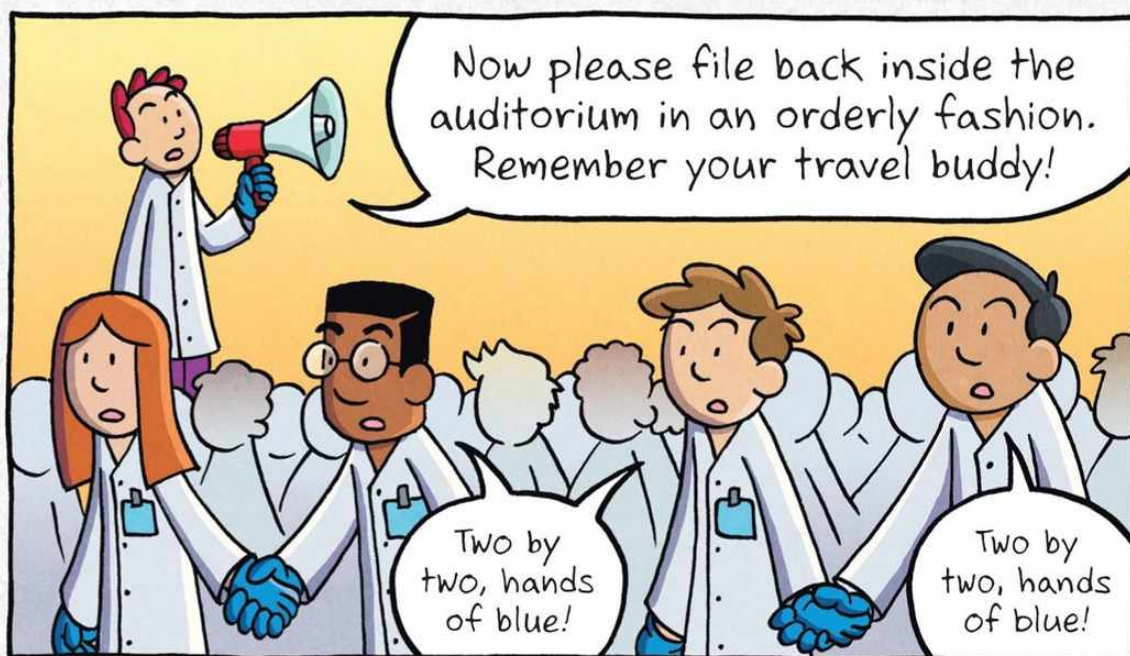
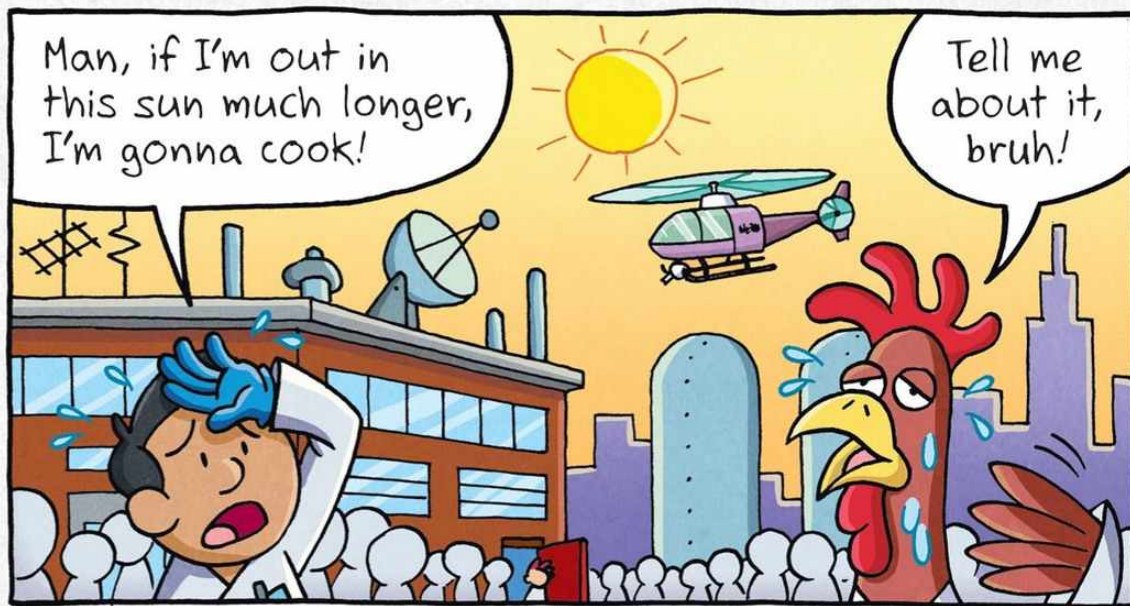


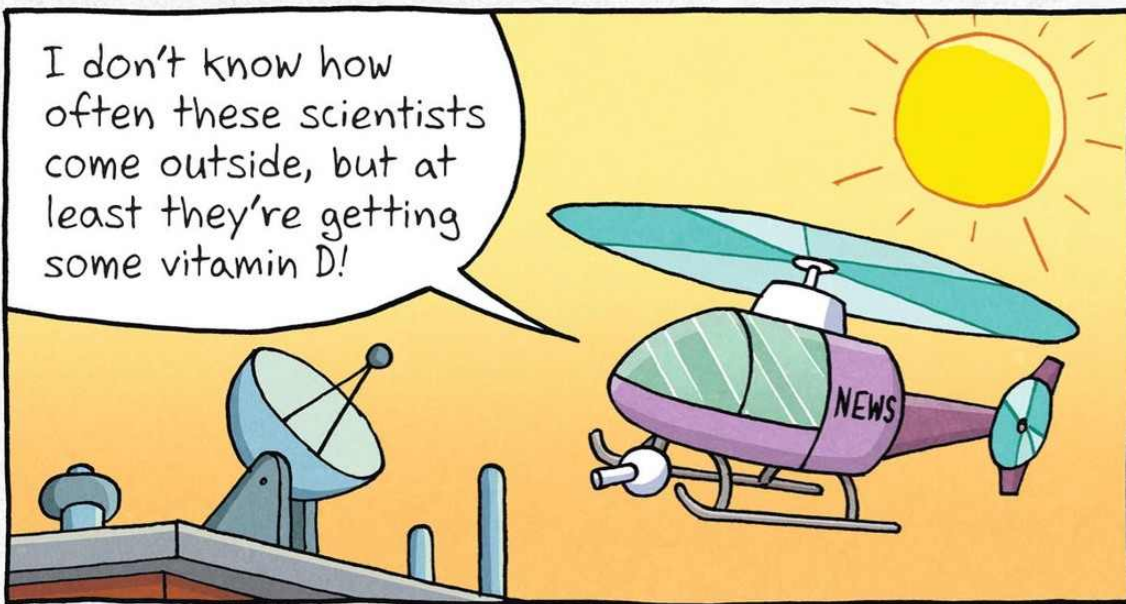










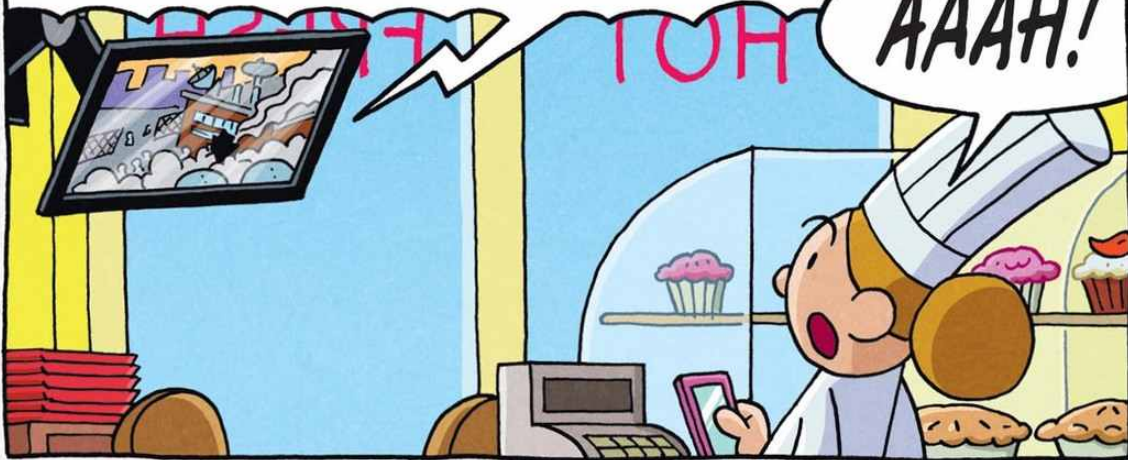






Chapter 6

This is the *Action News Now* helicopter in the sky!
An **EXPLOSION** has just **ROCKED** the Science
Factory down on Electric Avenue!



WHAT IS IT, MARIE?!

IS IT DANGER?!



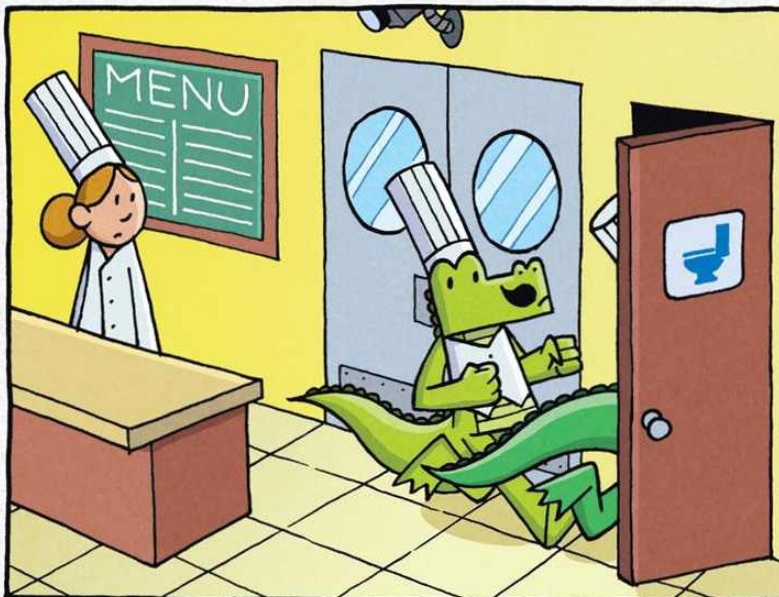
There's been an explosion
at— Wait a minute...

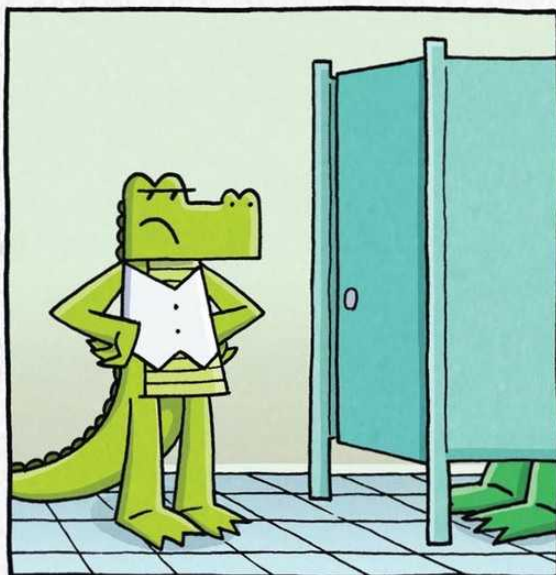
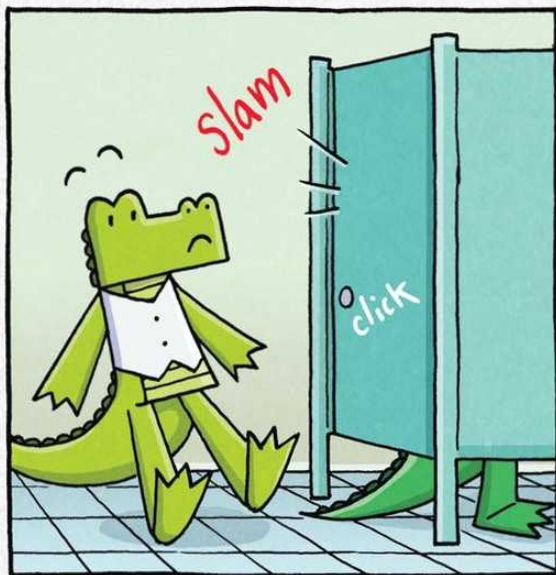


...There's something
different about
you two...

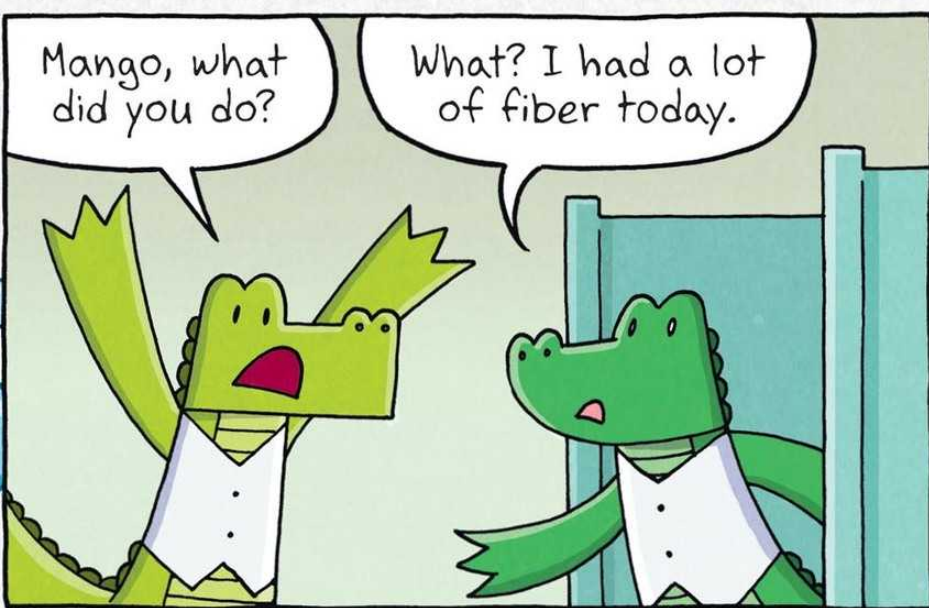
Uh...





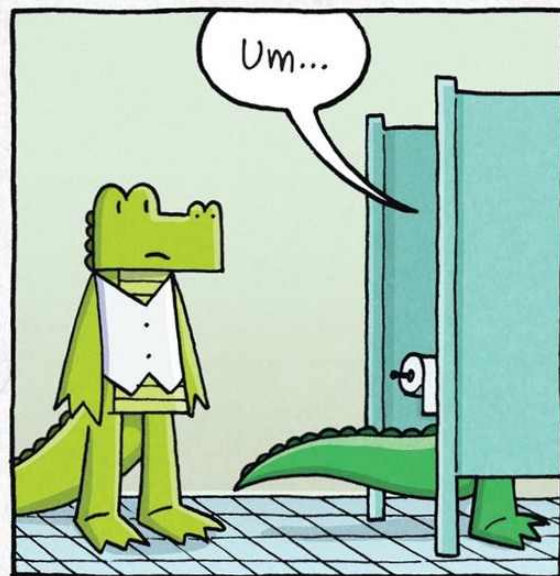
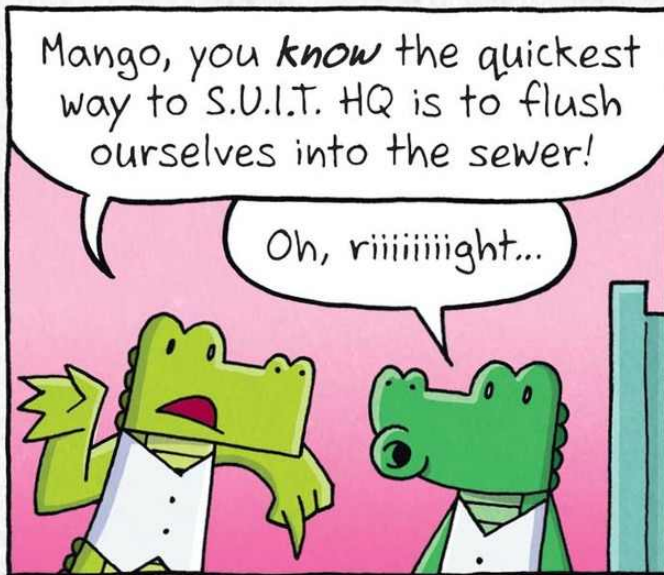


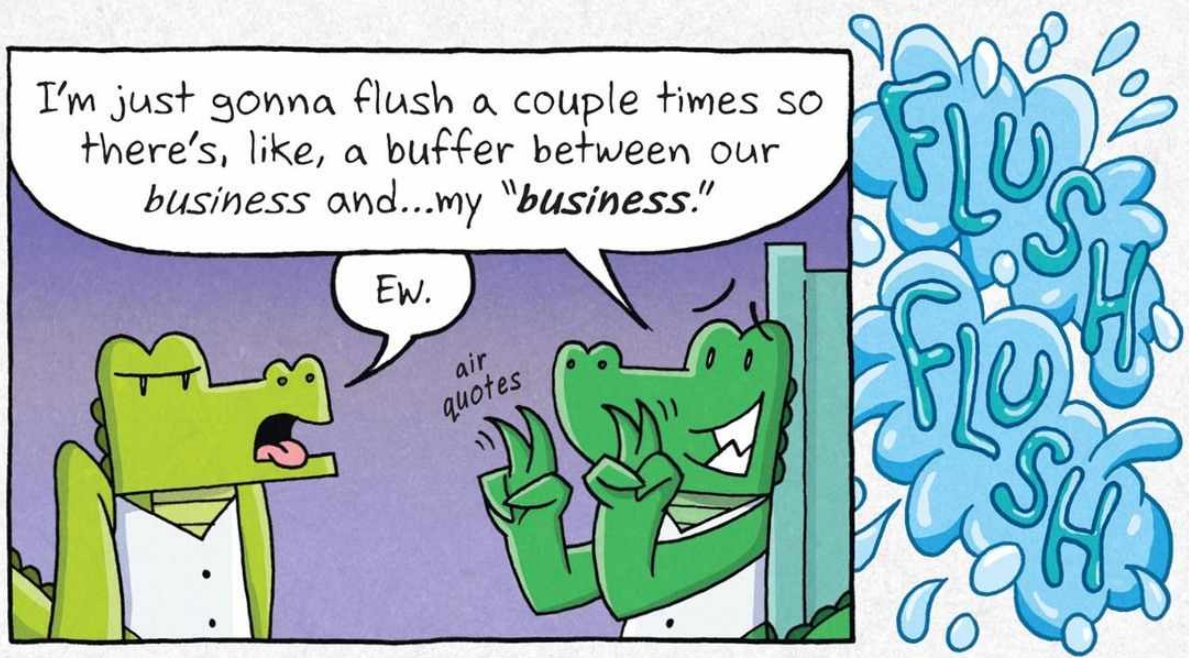
FLUSH



Mango, what did you do?

What? I had a lot of fiber today.





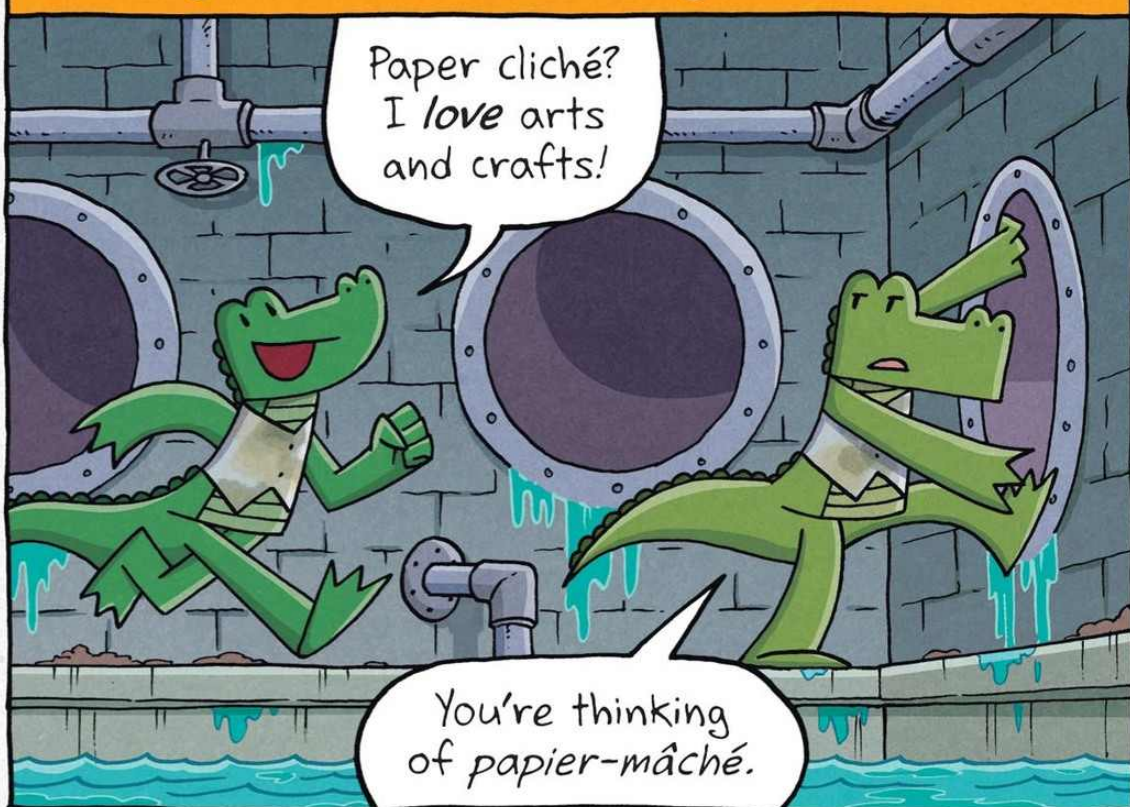
Investigators are in the sewers!



They're not lawbreakers, they're law-doers!

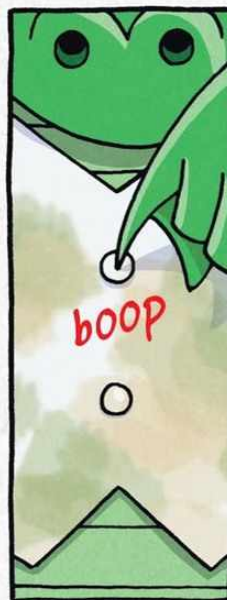


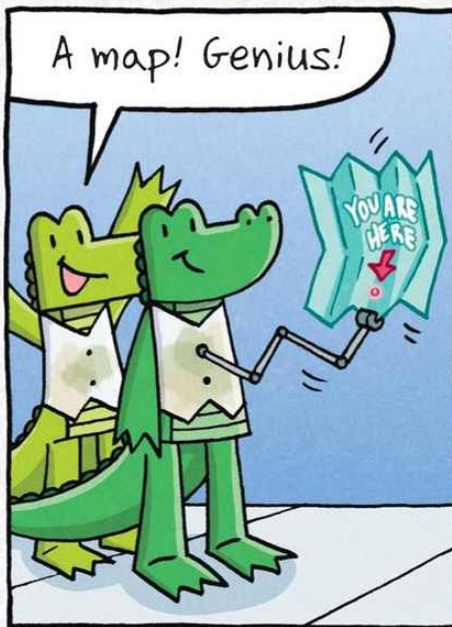
♪♪ Alligators in the sewers might be a cliché... ♪♪

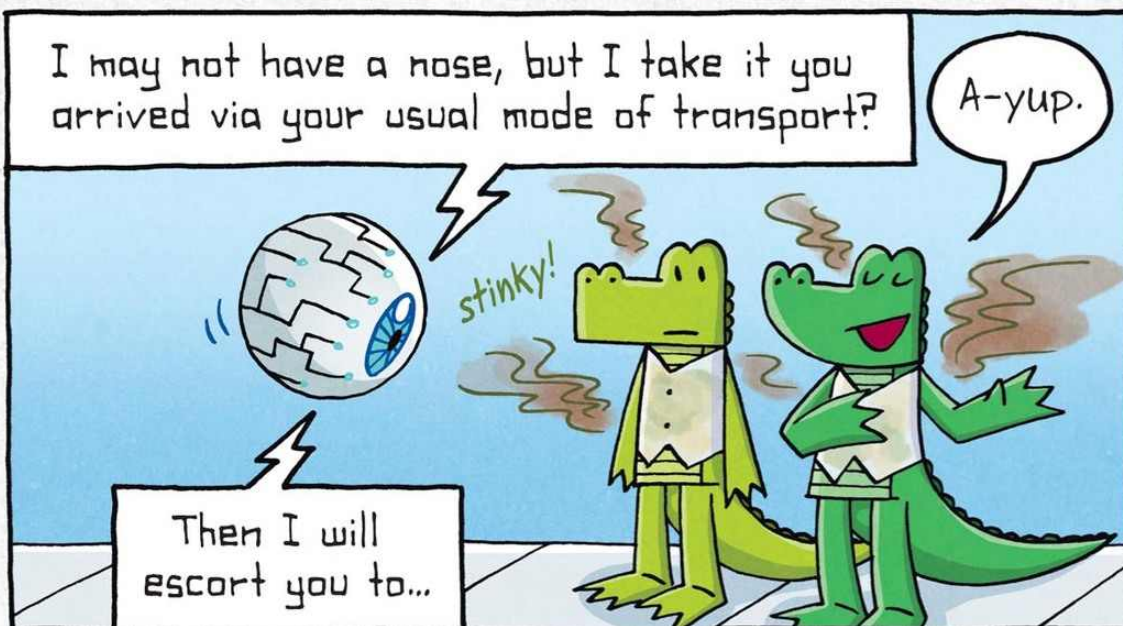
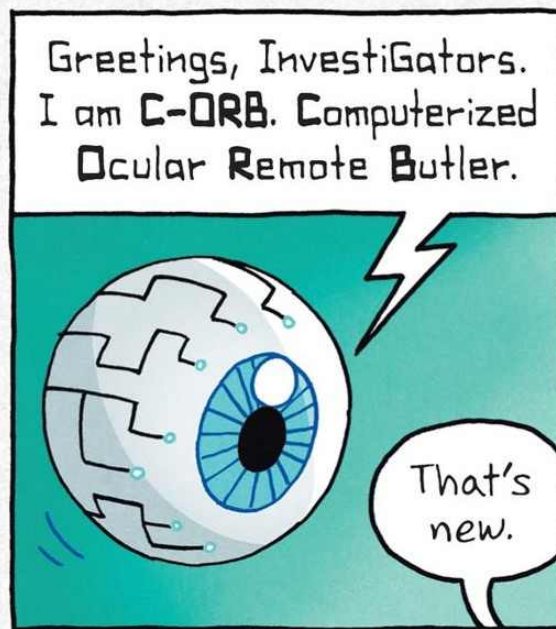
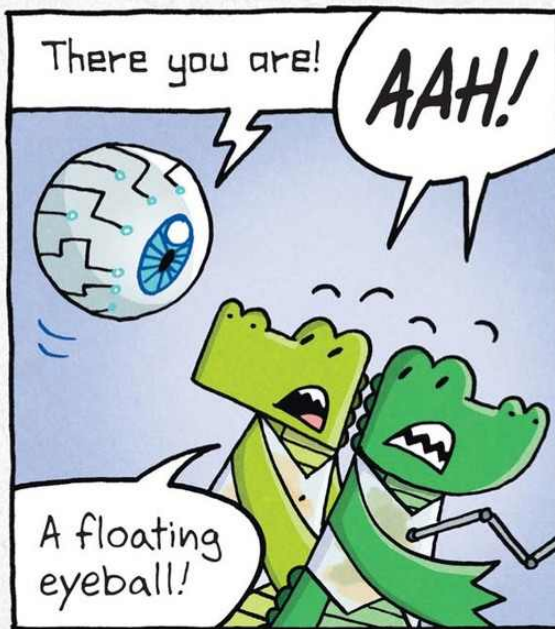


♪ ...but the InvestiGators are gonna save the day! ♪



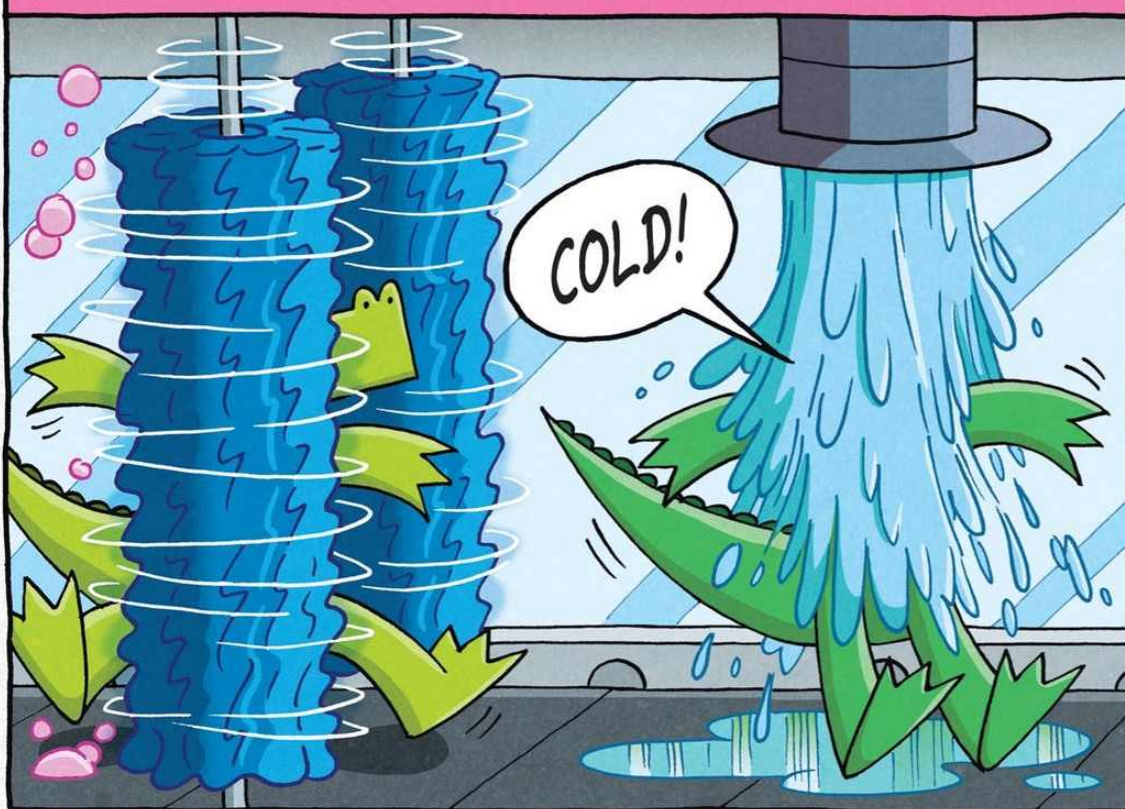






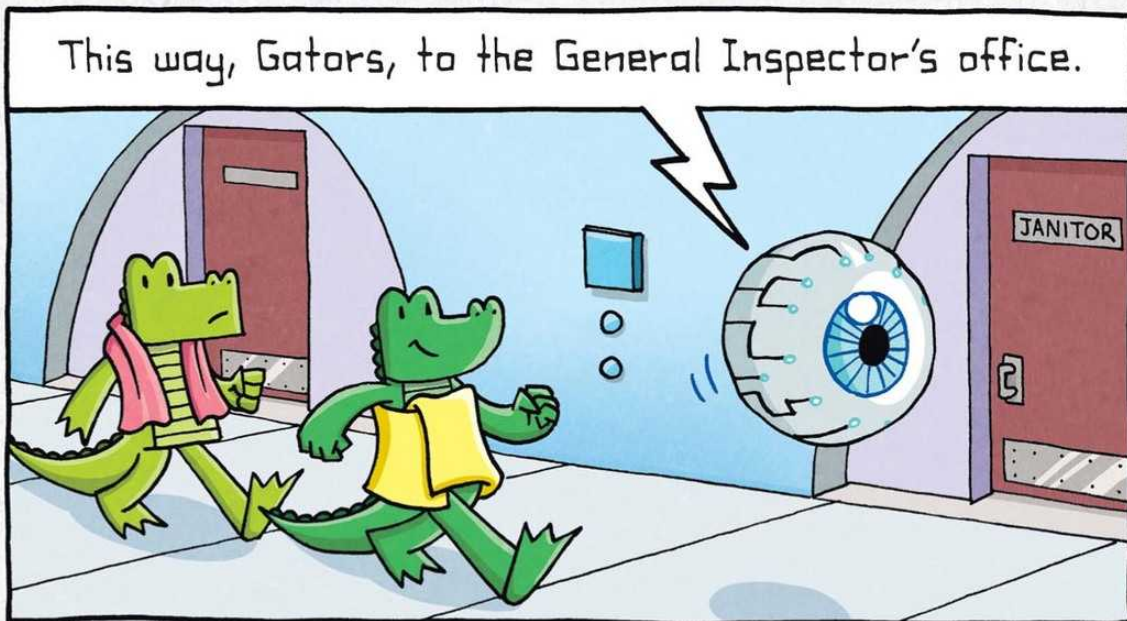


♪♪ This machine will make you squeaky clean! ♪♪

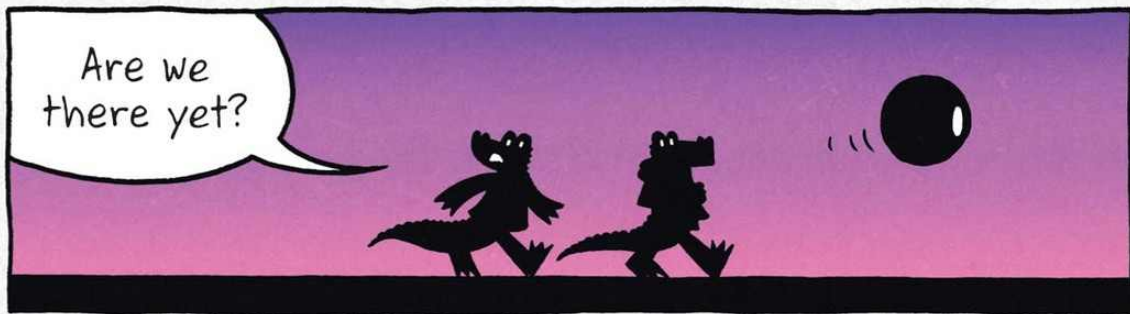


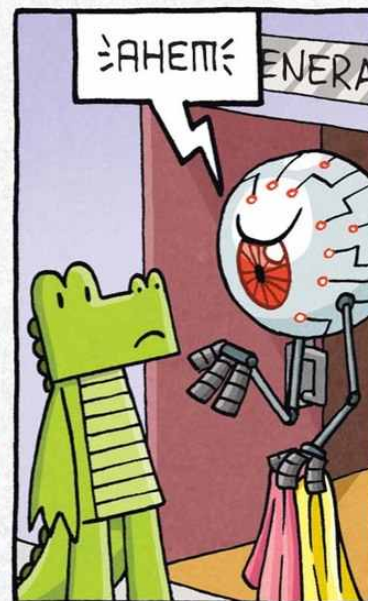
♪♪ Clean on the outside, clean in between! ♪♪











InvestiGators! Thanks for coming so promptly. I know you're in the middle of the Gustavo Mustachio case.



Approximately **eighteen pages** ago, an explosion rocked the Science Factory down on Electric Avenue!



GOOD GOLLY, Eighteen pages! Has it really been that long?



Anyway! You're our agents nearest that location... Or, you **were**, before I ordered you to come here... But you will be **AGAIN**, once you get back there!



There's little to go on, but I have a hunch this explosion and your current investigation may be connected.



I'm sorry, **HUNCH**. I said "lunch" when I meant "hunch." I'm feeling a bit peckish.

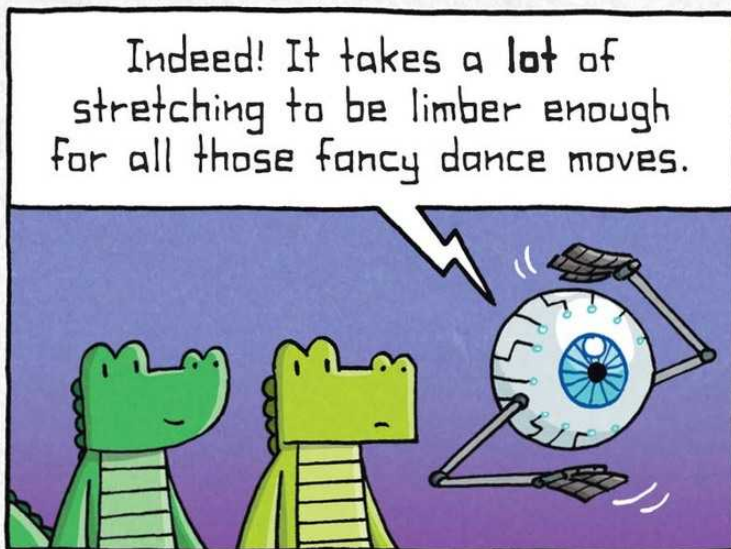
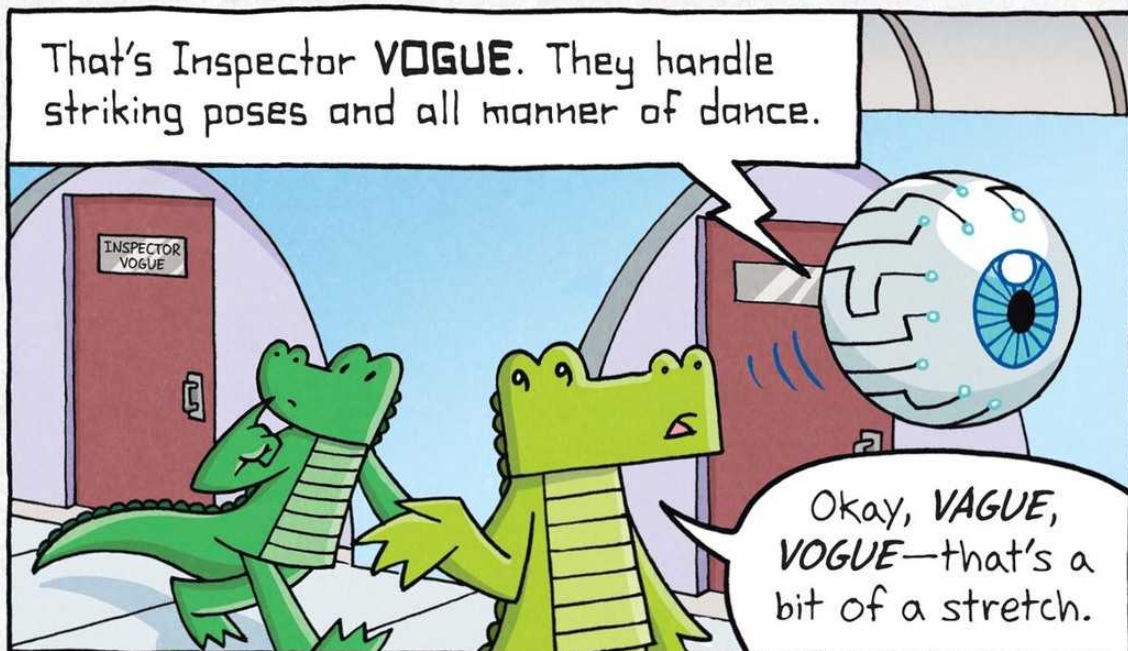


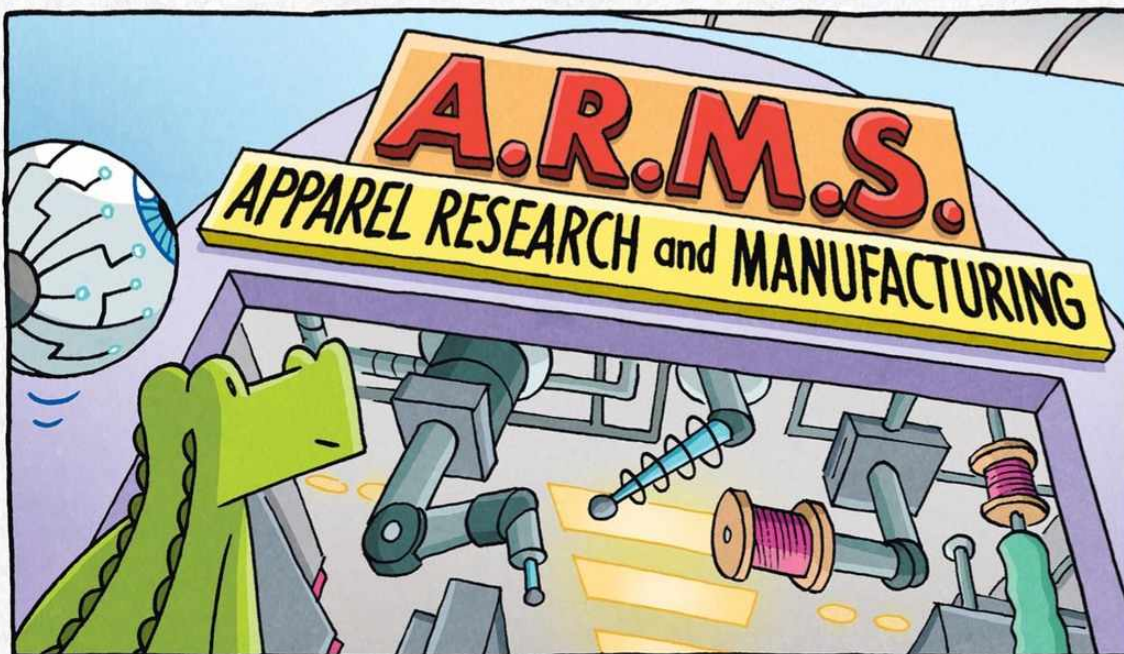
But enough about me. Mango, Brash—it's time to SUIT up and not let S.U.I.T. down!



This way, InvestiGators. Time to get fitted for your new V.E.S.T.s!



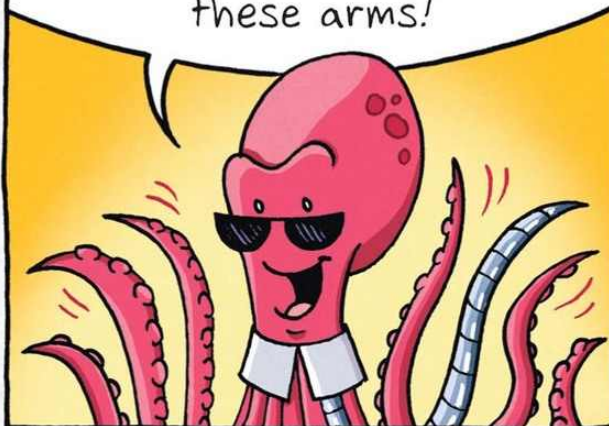




NO! No, no. *NOT* six. The **S** is for **SVEN**!
I am Sven Septapus, lead designer of A.R.M.S.



I also have the **MOST** arms.
Look at them. Look at all
these arms!



Agent Six.
Agent Sven.

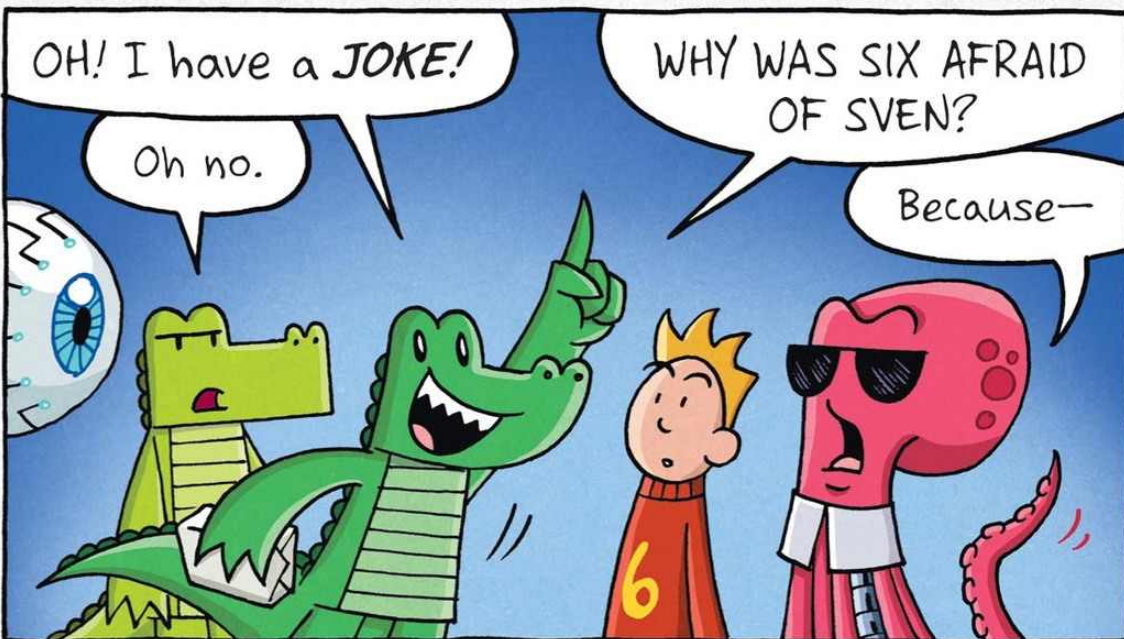


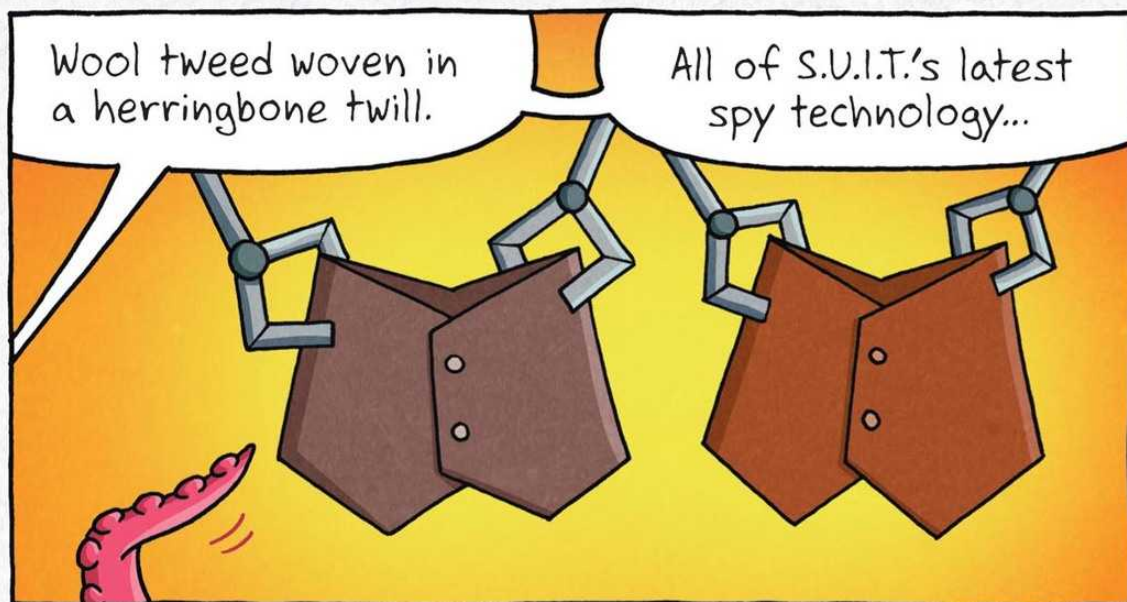
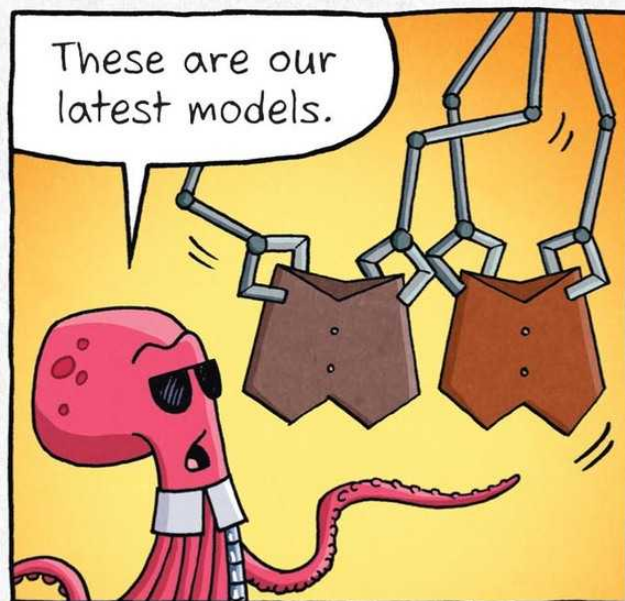
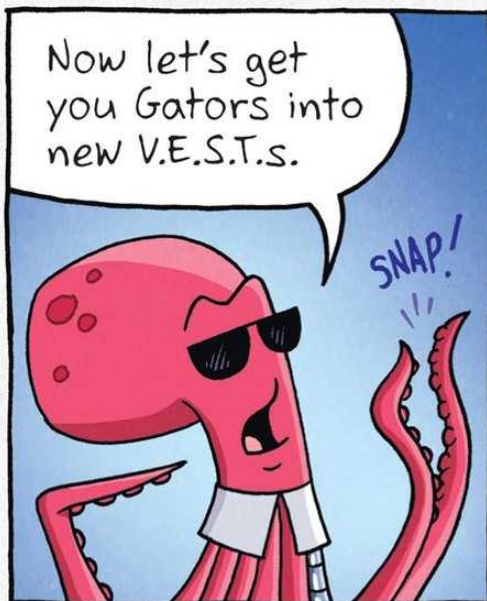
OH! I have a **JOKE!**

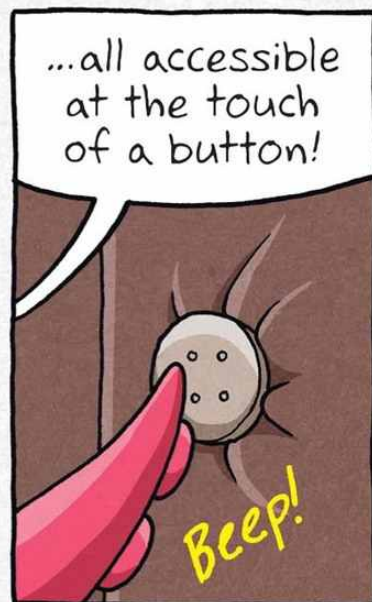
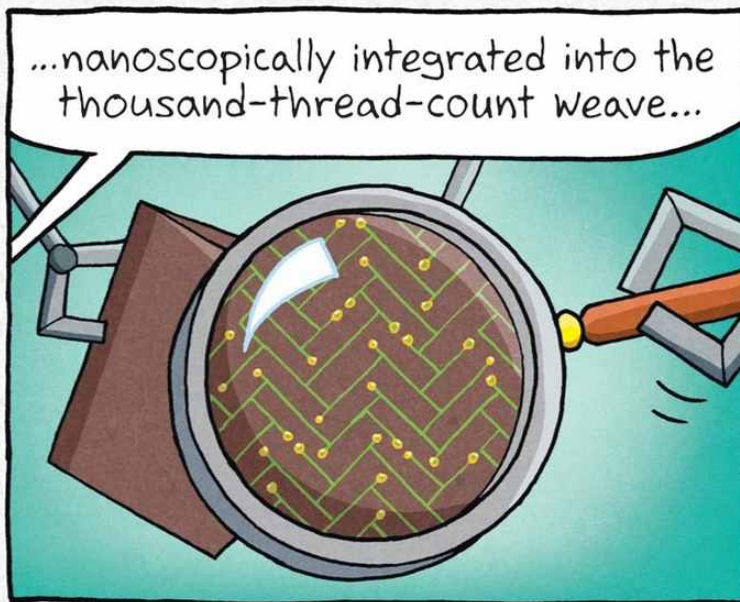
Oh no.

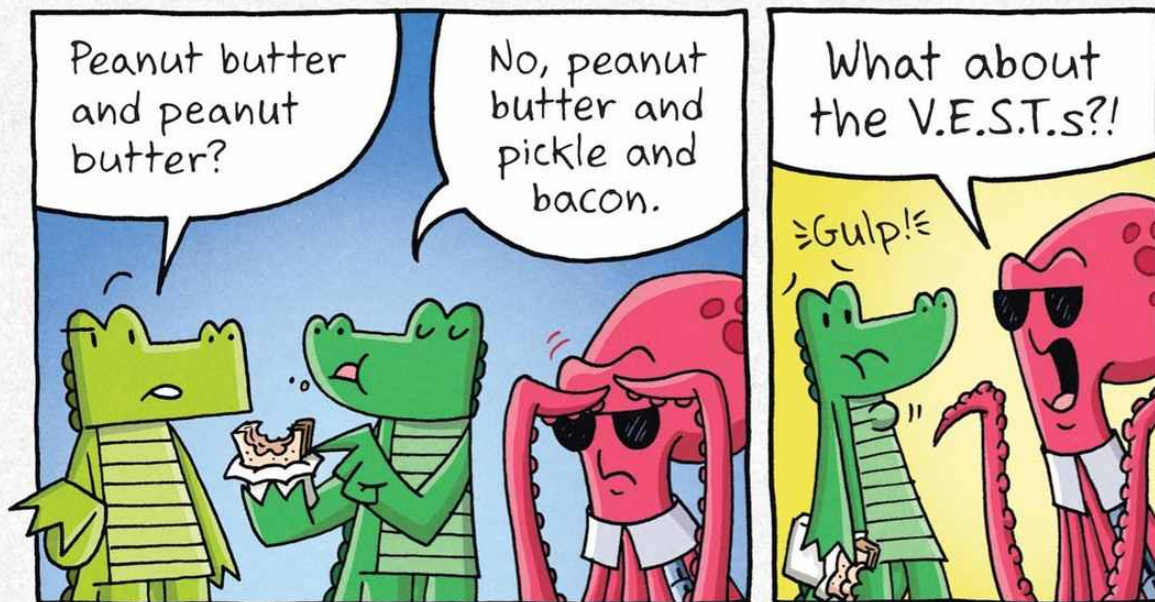
WHY WAS SIX AFRAID
OF SVEN?

Because—





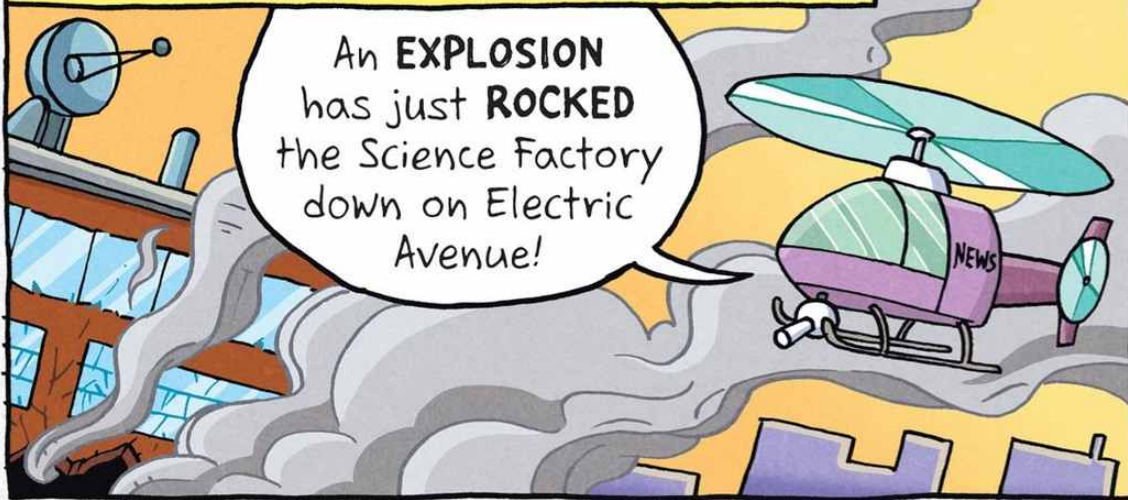






Chapter 7

Just then, about twenty-six pages ago...



Did an experiment go wrong? It's hard to see what's happening through all the smoke...

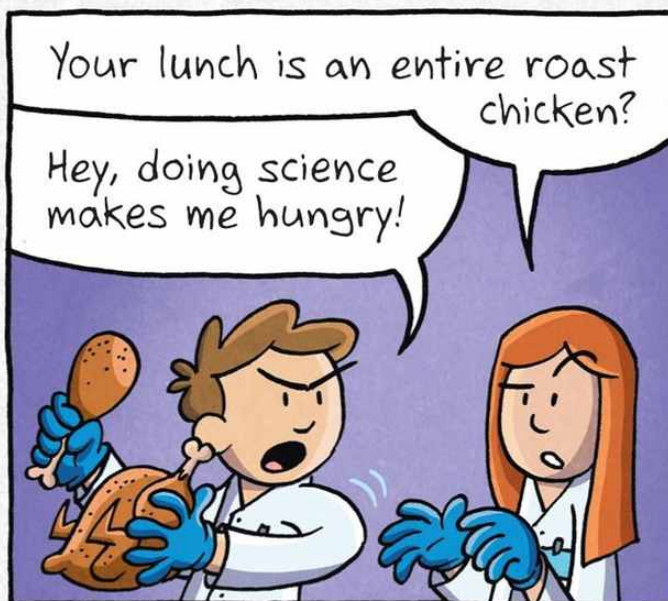
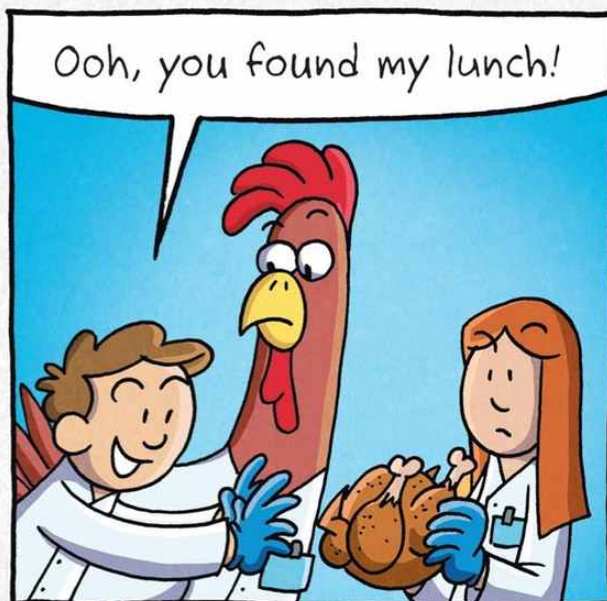


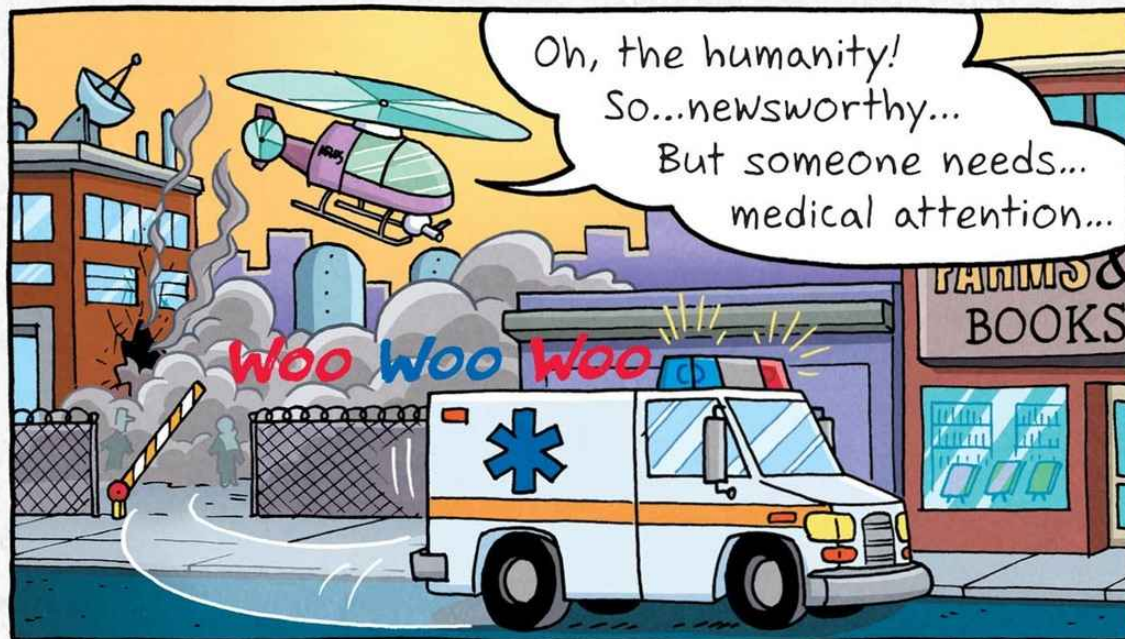
≡Cough! Cough!≡
Is everyone all right?



Dr. Doodledoo!
N0000000!!













We were in the middle of a **Code Sunburn**, so everyone was outside. A guy delivered a giant birthday cake for Bob, which I wheeled inside. Then I ran into one angry scientist, who was on his phone—it said something about a *jamboree* on the screen. Don't think I've seen him since, but it can be hard to tell these scientists apart. Well, except for the chicken.



Oh, and the only **serious** injury seemed to be to the Head Scientist, who was just taken away in an ambulance.

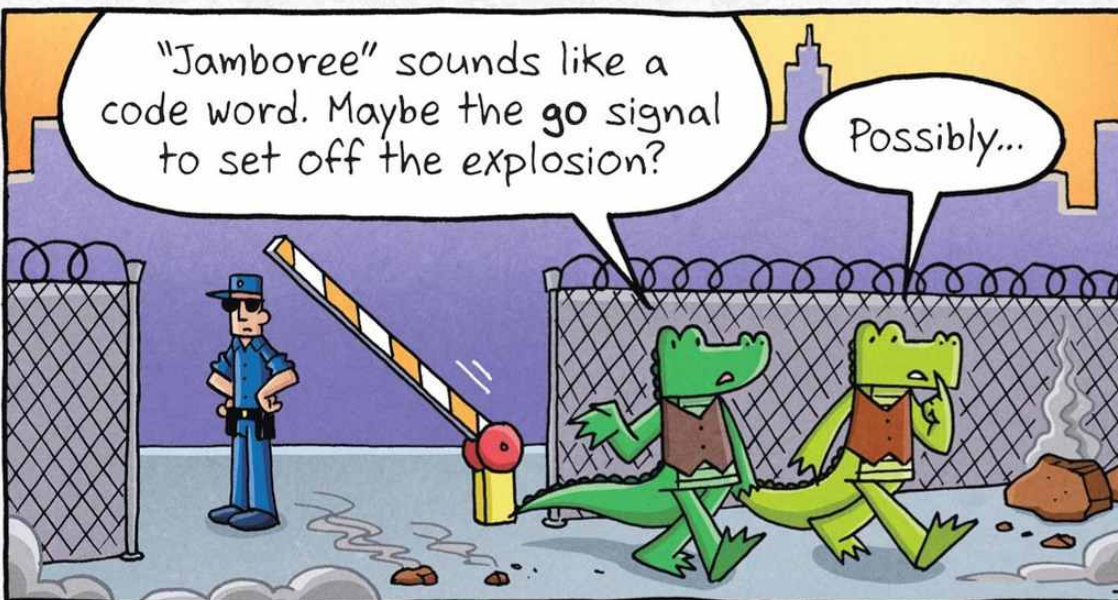


Thanks, security dude. Keep up the good work.



"Jamboree" sounds like a code word. Maybe the **go** signal to set off the explosion?

Possibly...





But the Head Scientist was inside during the blast!

Oh, and **Bob** is missing. But nobody likes him.



Bob is a scientist?

Feh! Not a *GOOD* one!



He's only been here, like, a week, and already no one can tolerate him.

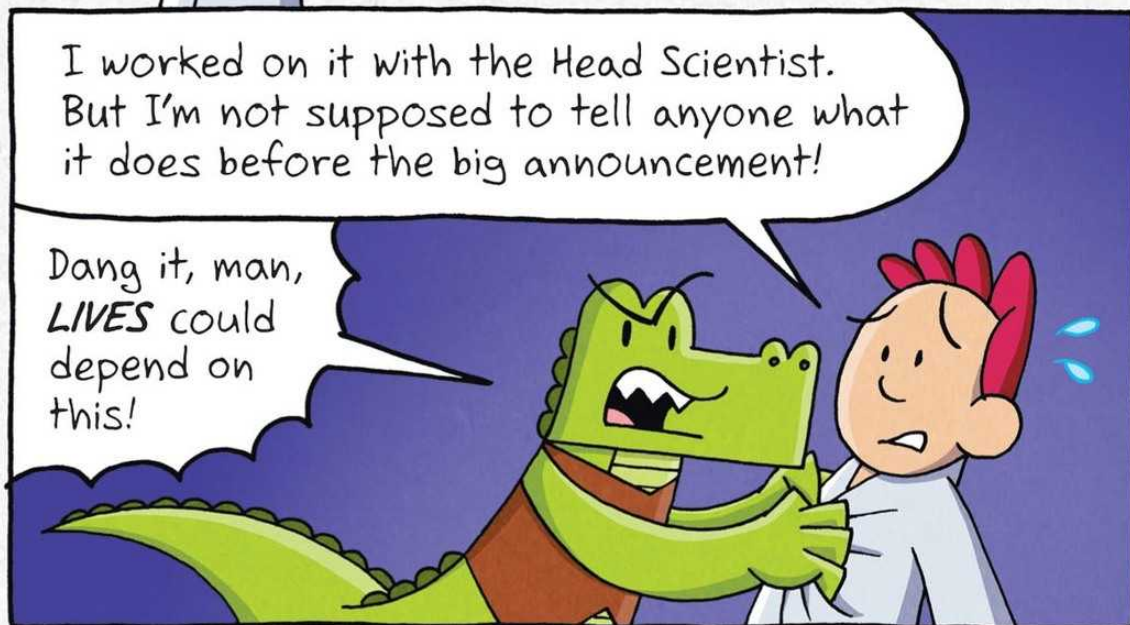
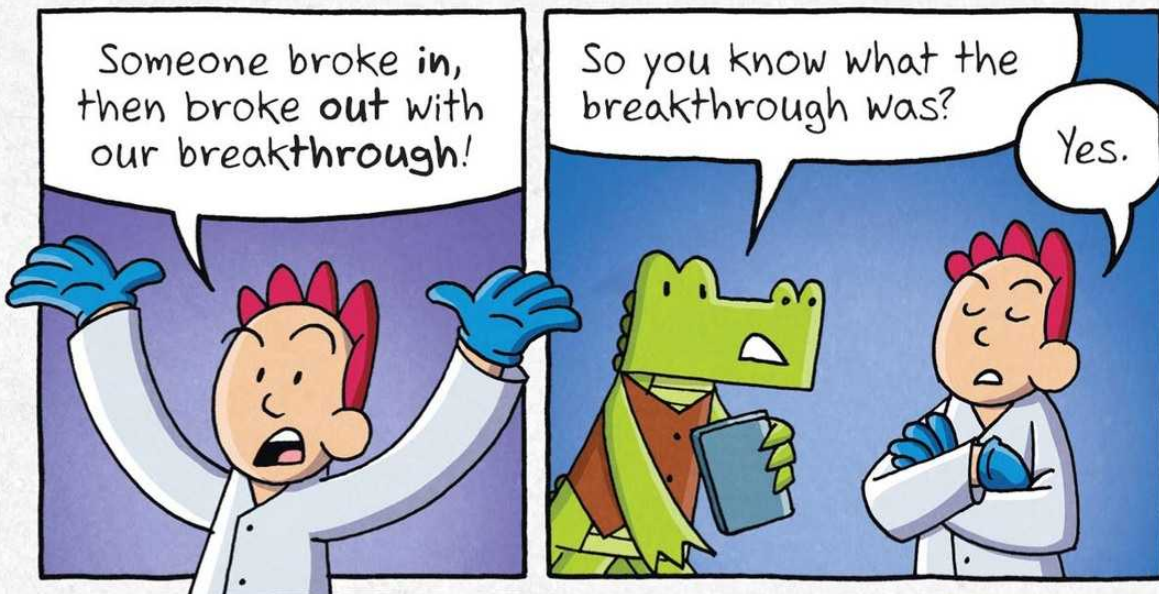


Mm-hmm. Does anyone know what caused the explosion?



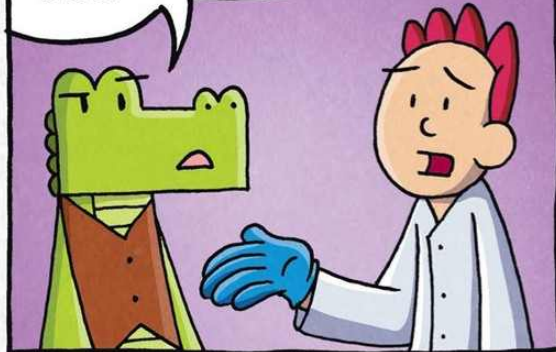
No. We have experiments blow up here all the time, but nothing like this! It was all, **KABLOOEY!!**





Okay, okay! It's called...
THE THINGAMABOB.

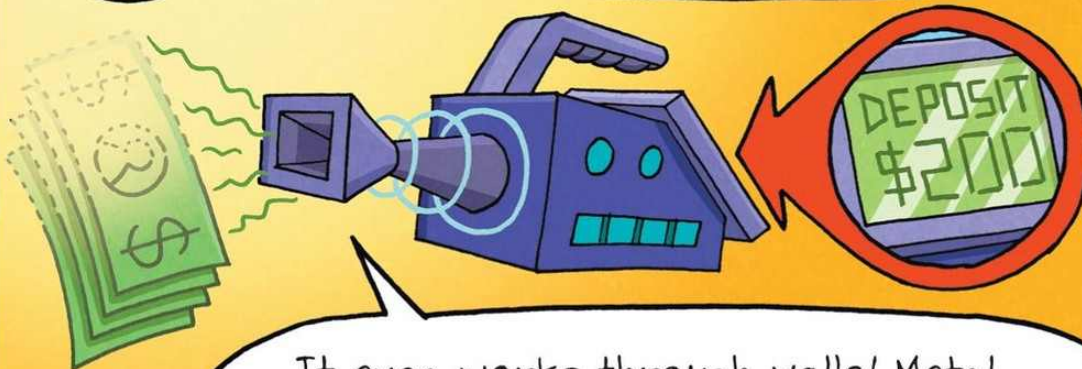
As in *Scientist Bob*?



No, wait! We changed it.
It's now called...THE
THINGAMASTEVE.



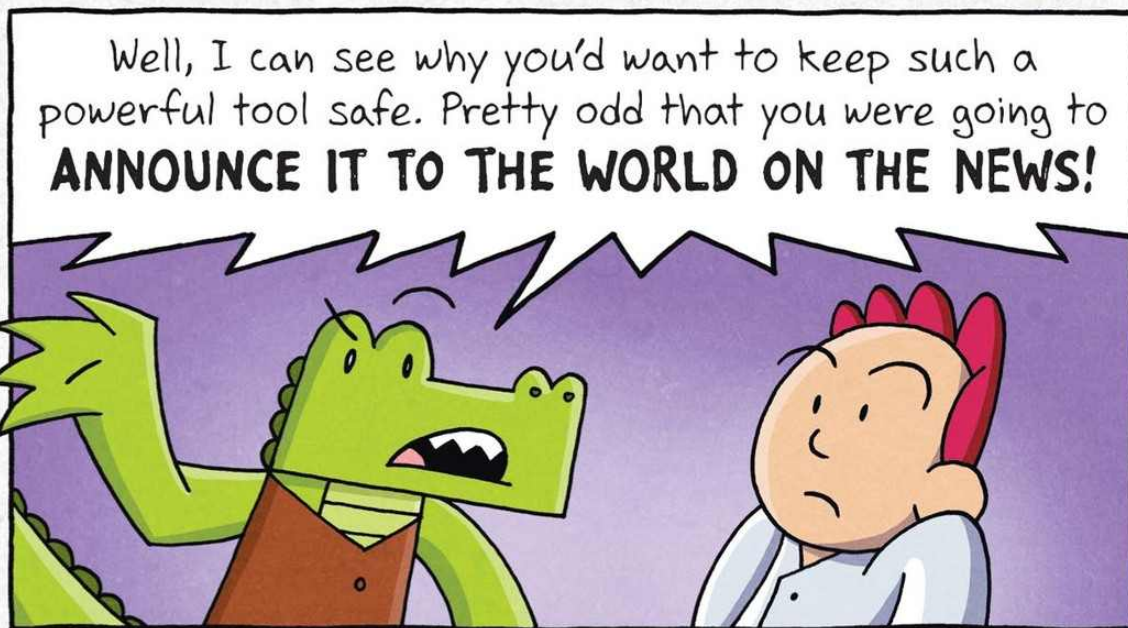
It's a laser beam that digitizes
actual money. It erases the *physical*
cash from existence, but puts its
value inside a computer!



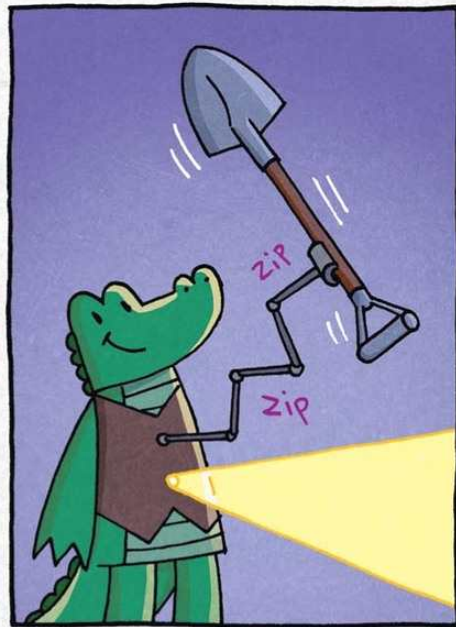
It even works through walls! Metal,
brick, wood, straw—*whatever*! Just point
it wherever there's money and it's *yours*!

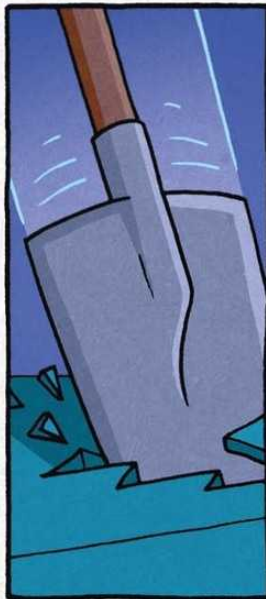
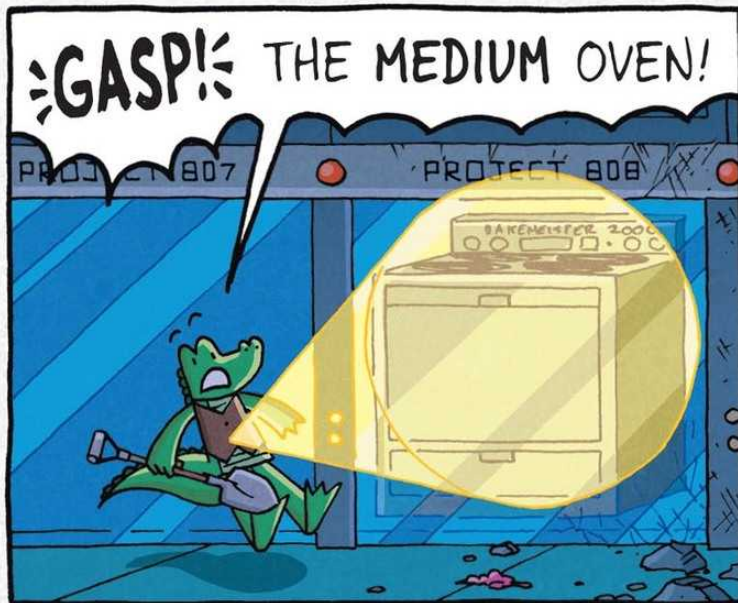
It basically transfers money
from the real world into any
bank account you want—
preferably a high-interest
savings account.

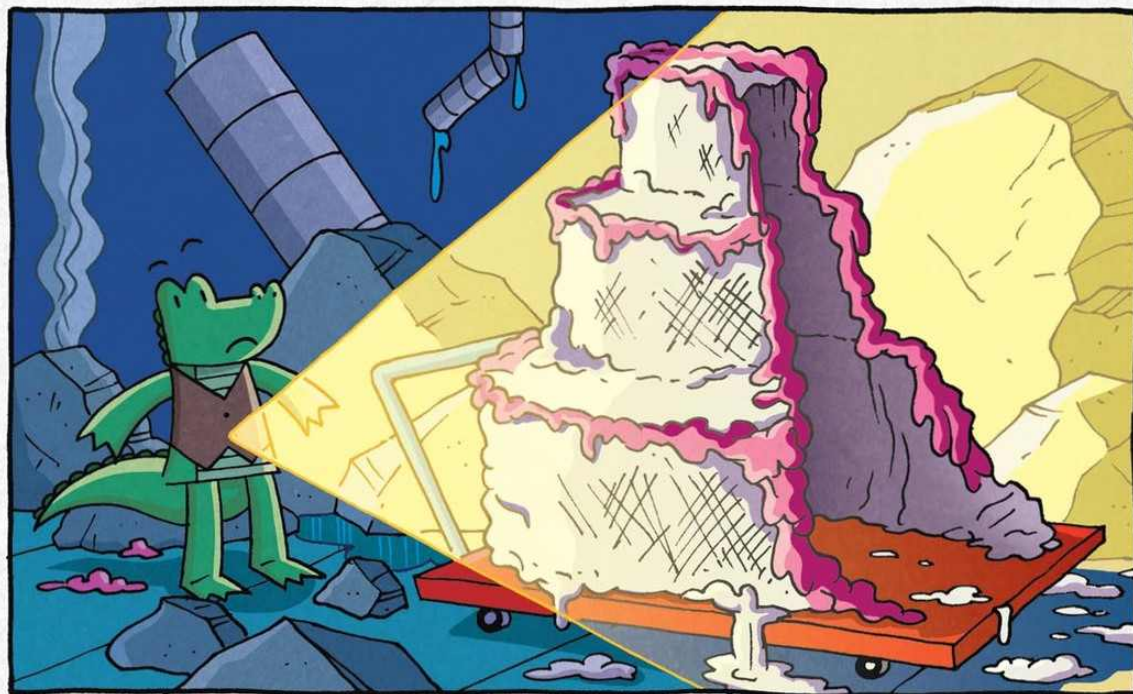
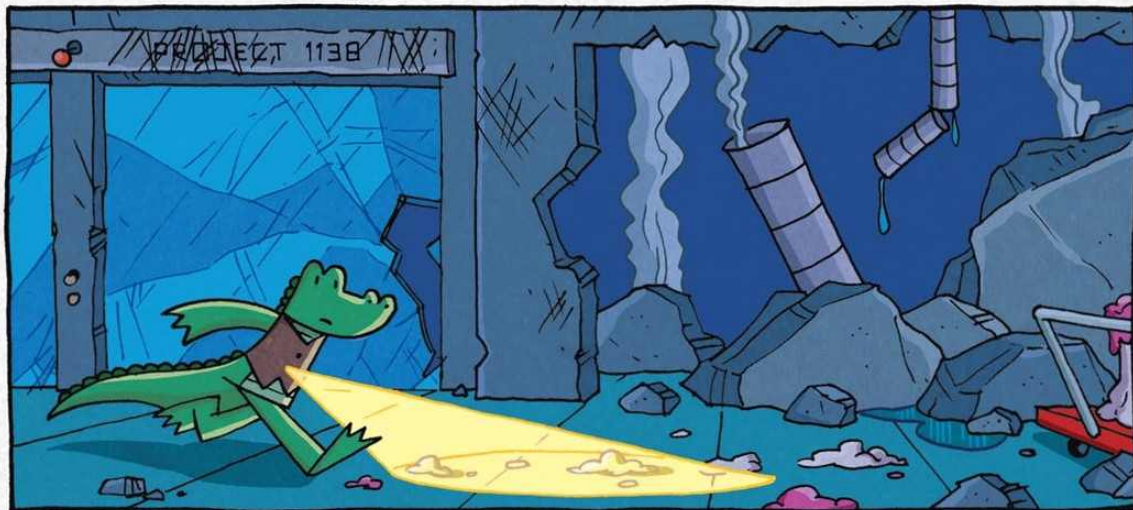


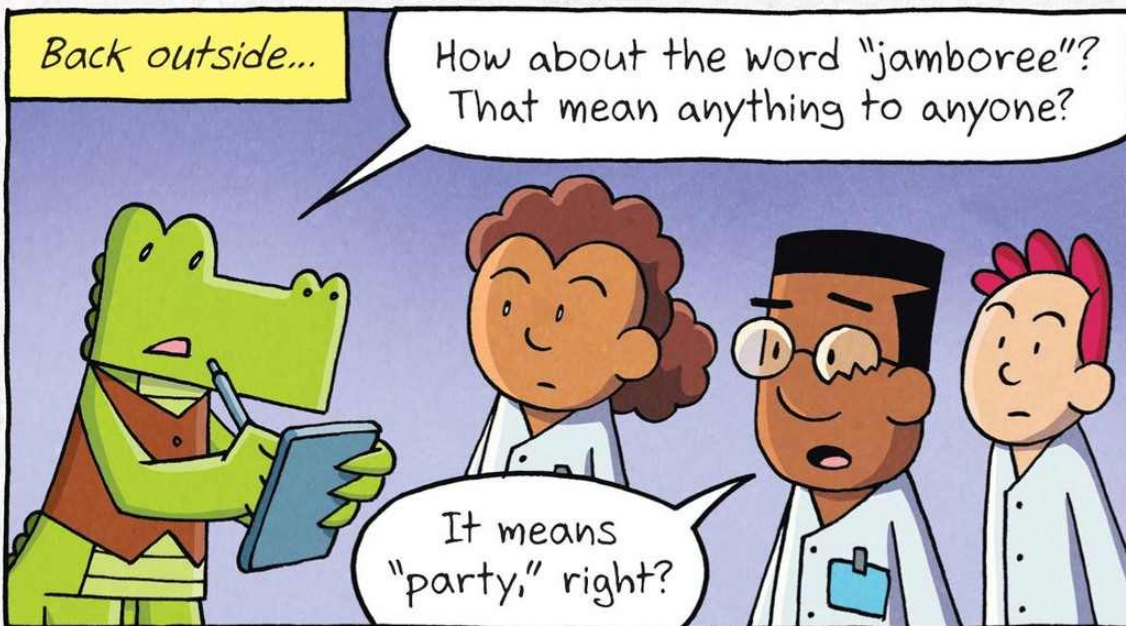














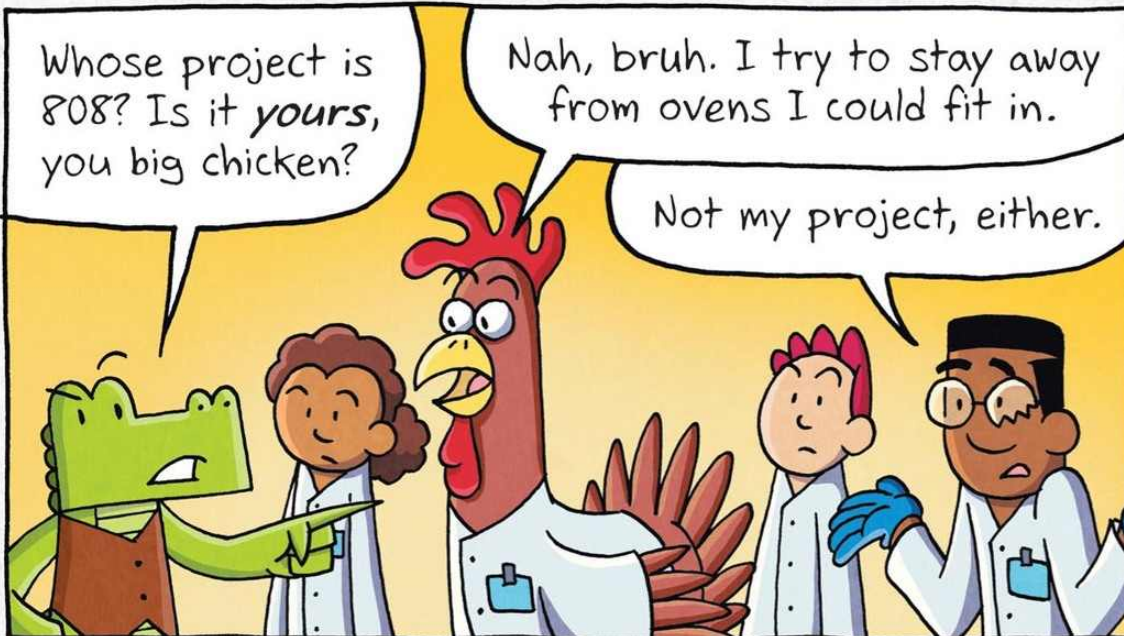
And not only that—
I found the **medium**
oven that's missing
from the bakery!
It was part of
something called
PROJECT 808.



Whose project is
808? Is it *yours*,
you big chicken?

Nah, bruh. I try to stay away
from ovens I could fit in.

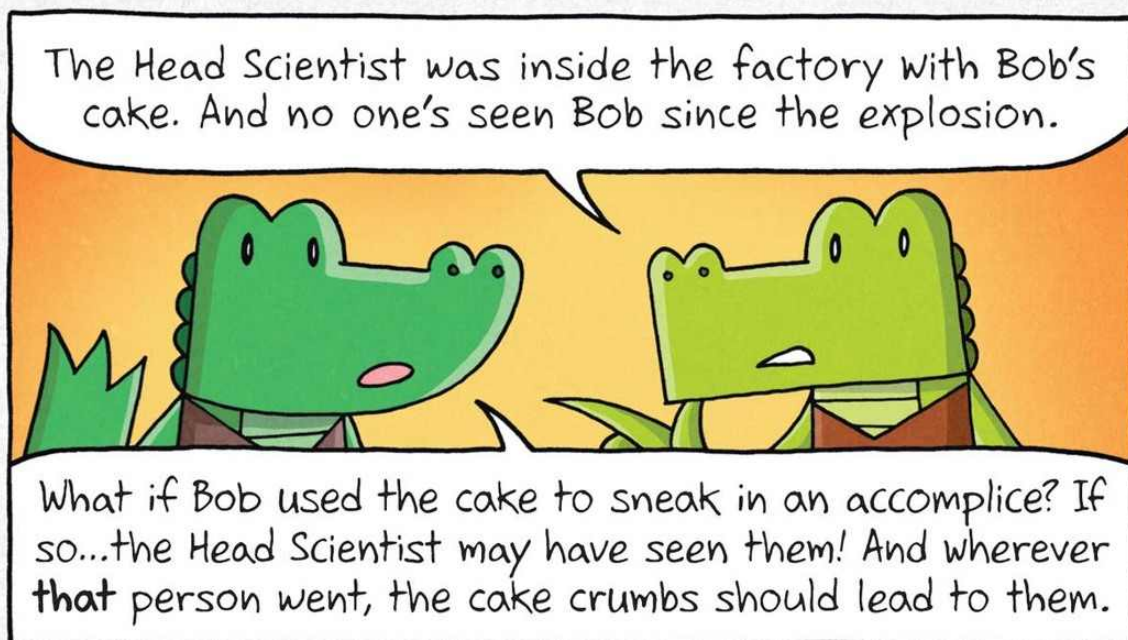
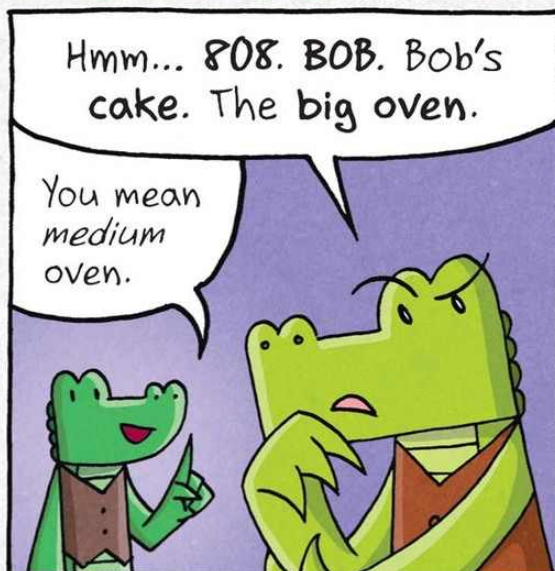
Not my project, either.



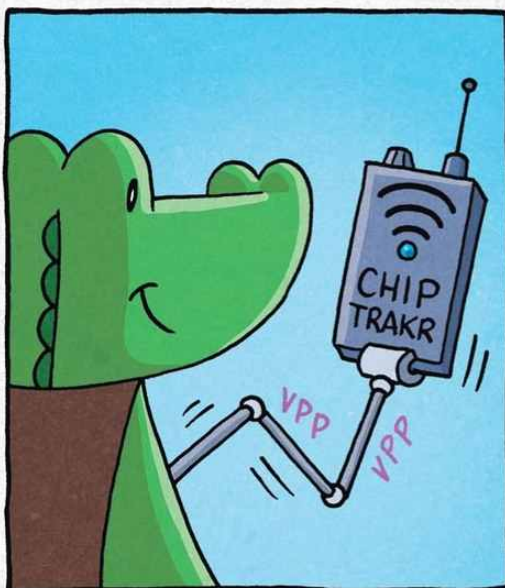
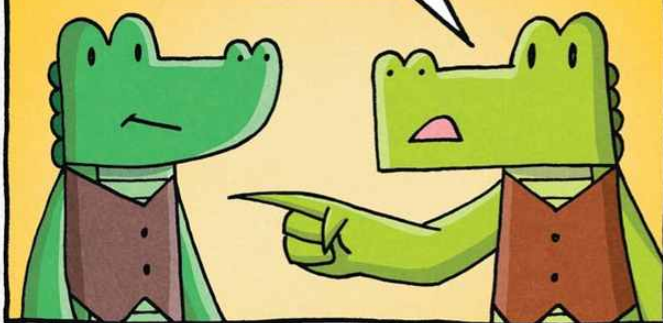
Then do any of you recognize **THIS MAN**?
It looks like his disappearance
may have some connection
to what's happened here.

I've
seen him,
bruh!



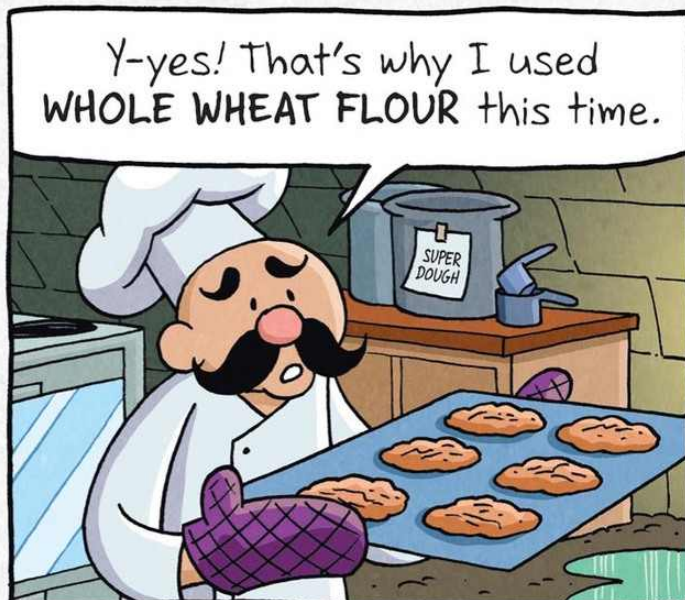


Mango, I'm going to talk to the Head Scientist at the hospital. You follow the trail of cake crumbs.



It's a good thing we baked chocolate microchips into the cake. I can track them with my V.E.S.T.!

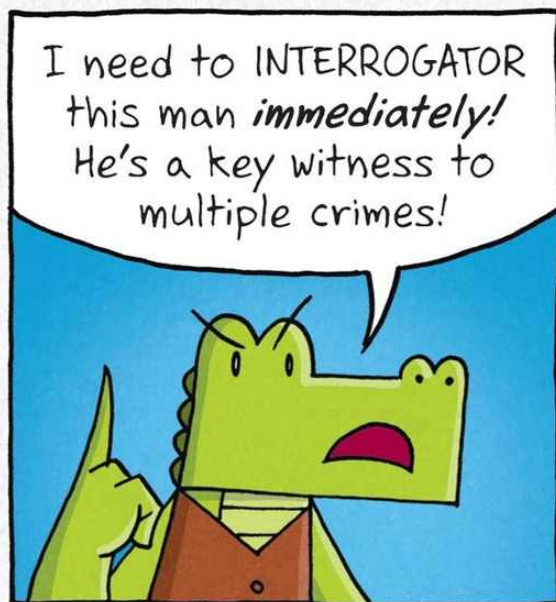
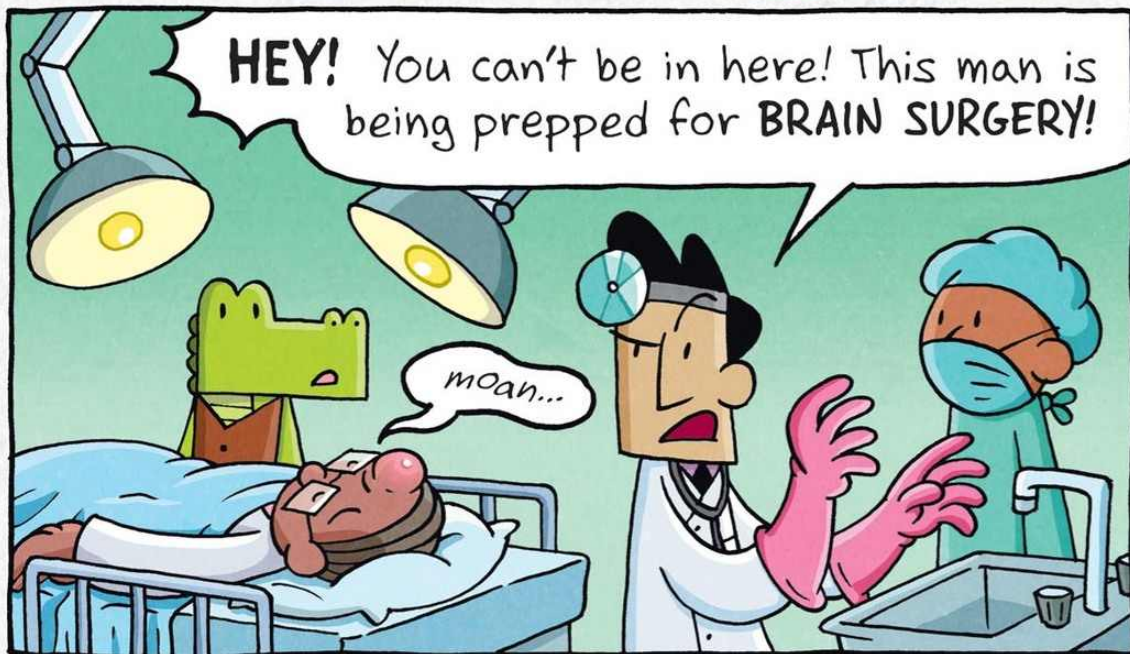


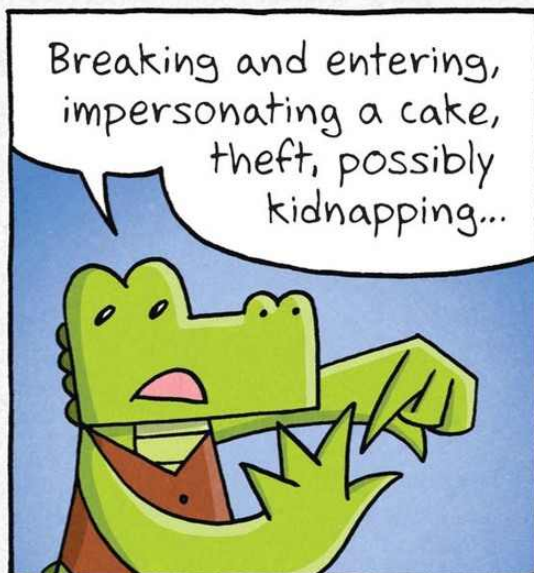




Chapter 8



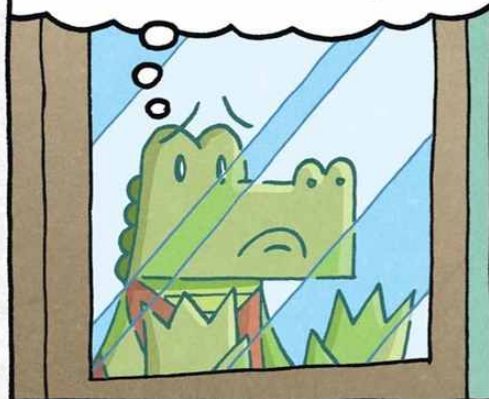




Whoever's behind all this means *business*! I hope Mango's faring better than I am. I don't want him to get hurt...or *worse*.



We haven't been partners for long... but I just can't go through that again!



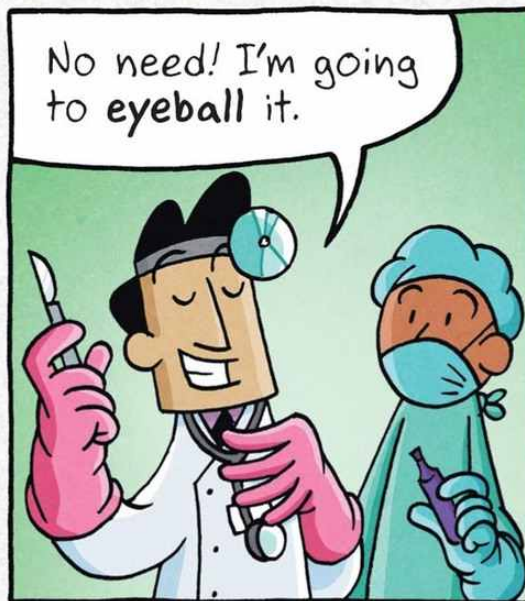
Nurse! Scalpel!

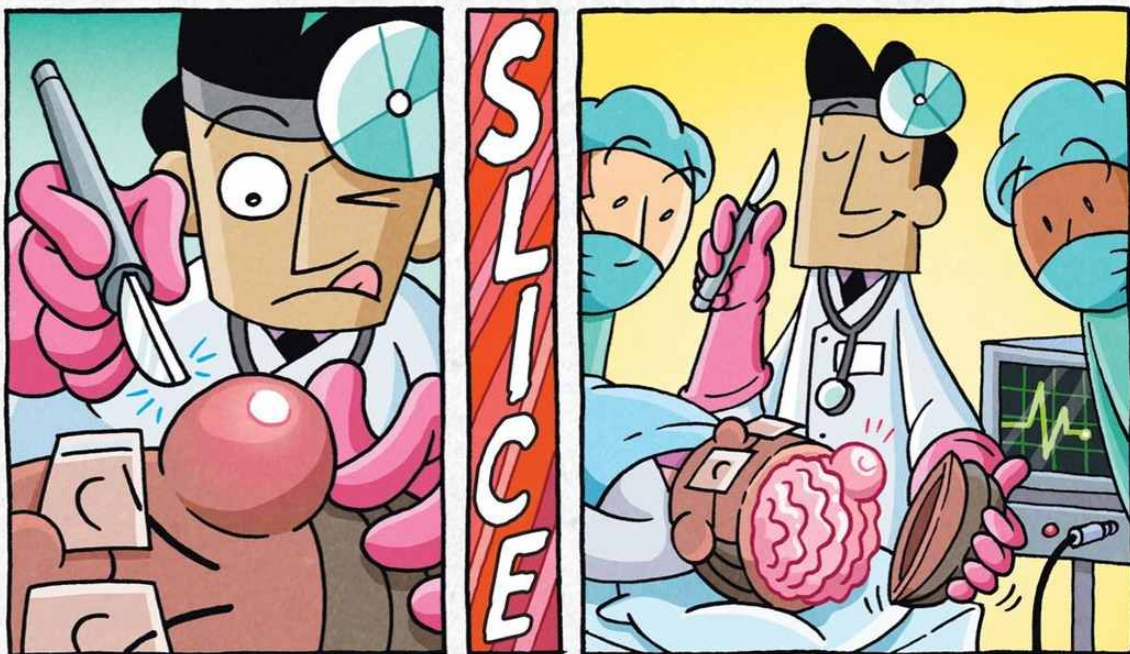


Shall I draw a dotted line to indicate where to make the incision?



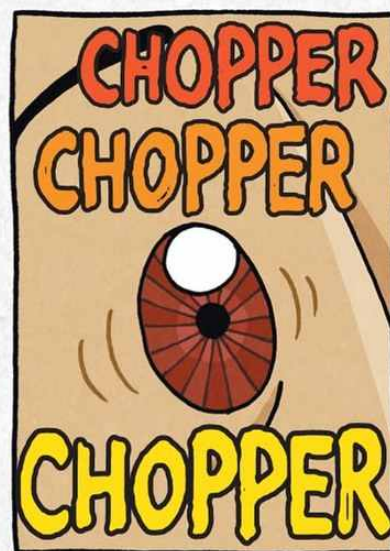
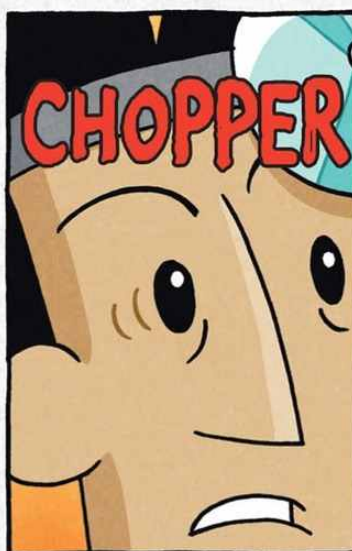
No need! I'm going to *eyeball* it.





WOW! You really know how to chop a guy open! They should call you...

...the **CHOPPER**!



CHOPter 9

Many moons ago...

Here I am,
Jake Hardbones,
backpacking over
the Scottish
Highlands...



Or should I say,

DOCTOR

Jake Hardbones, as I'm
on vacation in celebration
of my graduation from
Brain Surgery School!



AH! A village! Perhaps the townsfolk
will let me pick their brains about
any local legends!







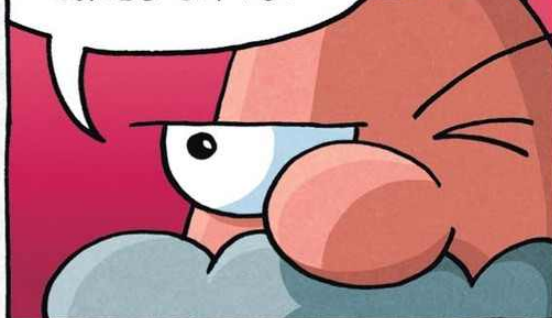
In the dark of the lunar eclipse they got in their machine and **FLEW OFF**, never to be seen again!



But on nights like this, their **FLYING DEVIL** can still be heard...



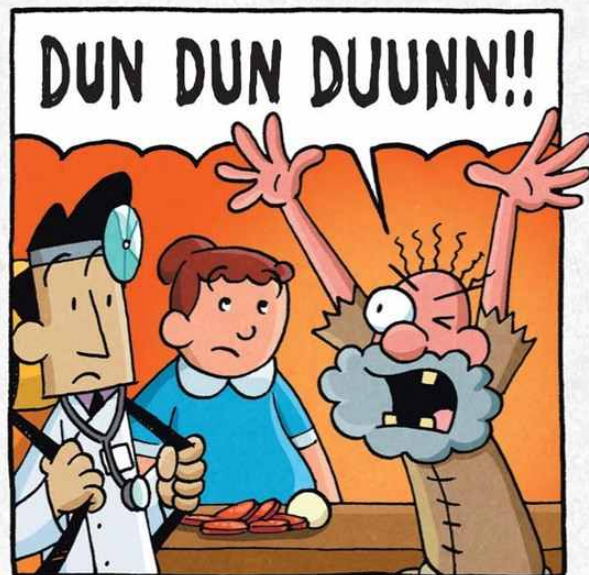
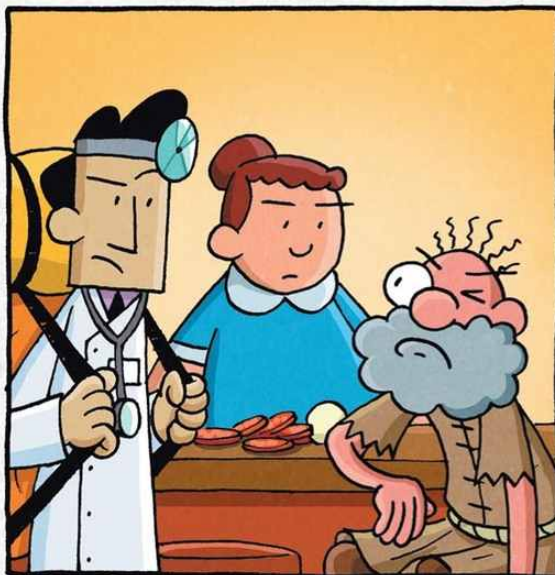
And **SOME** say it haunts the hillside waiting for victims to pass its curse on to.



Who says that?

I do. I say it. I said it just now. Weren't you listening?





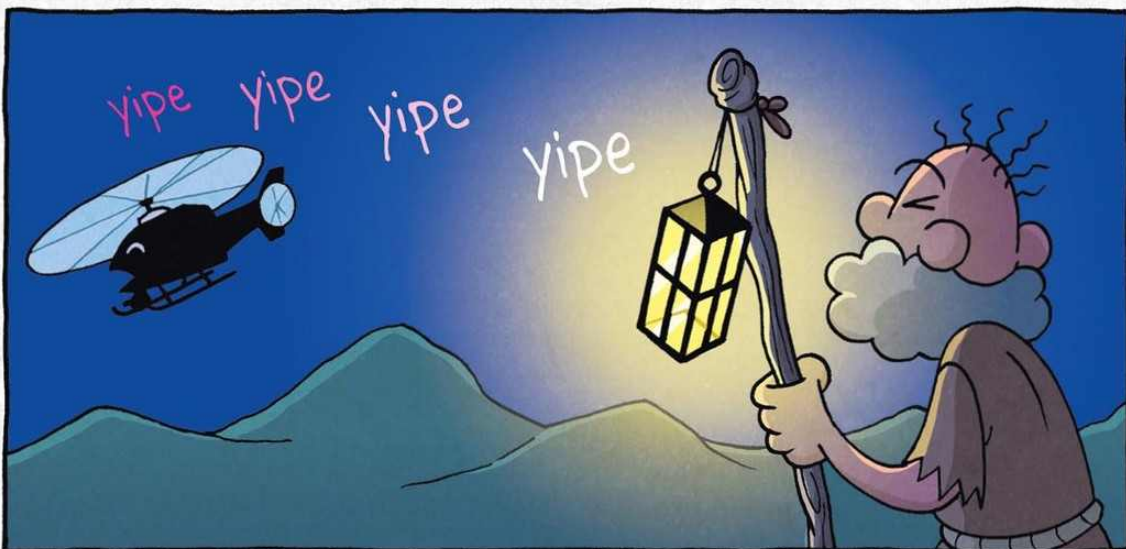
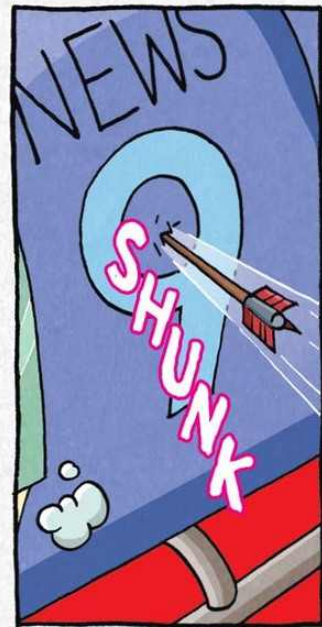




CHOMP

AAAAAGH!

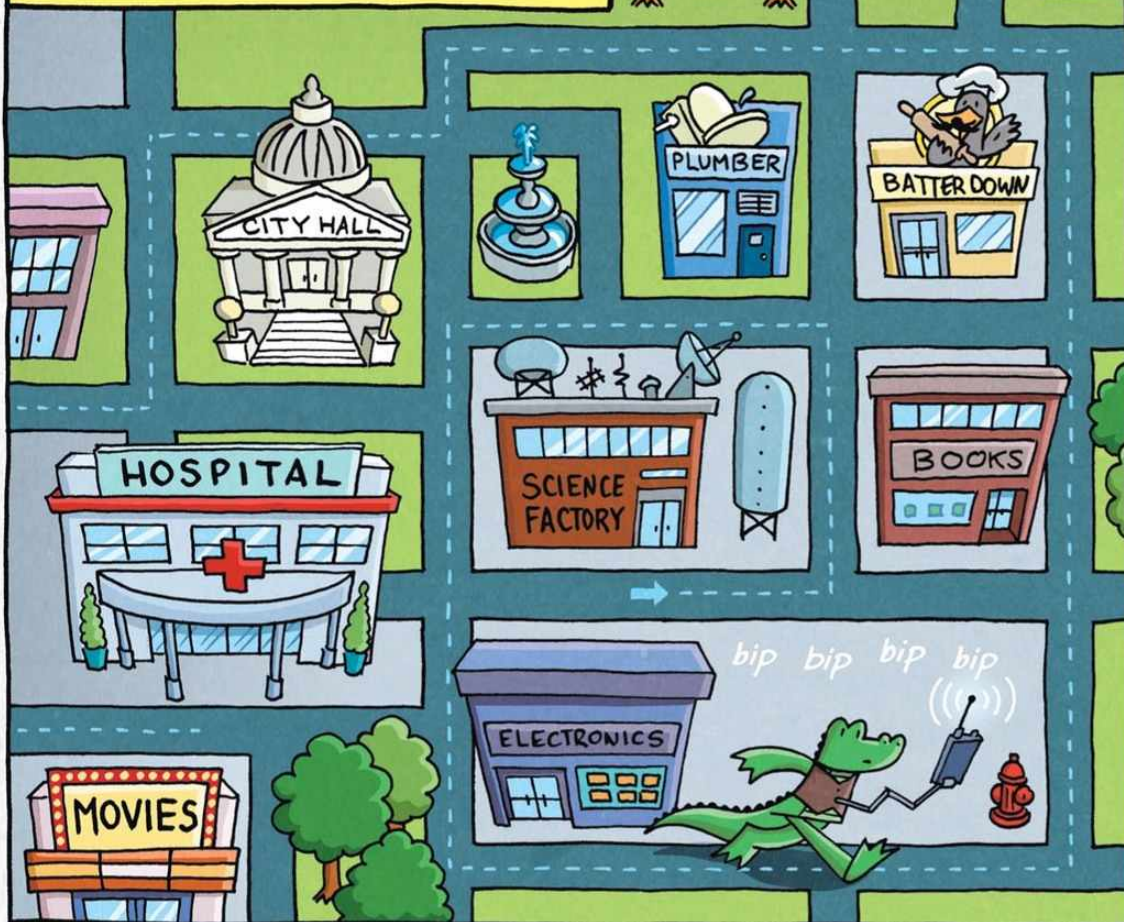
GRR!
chomp
chomp
chewy
chomp



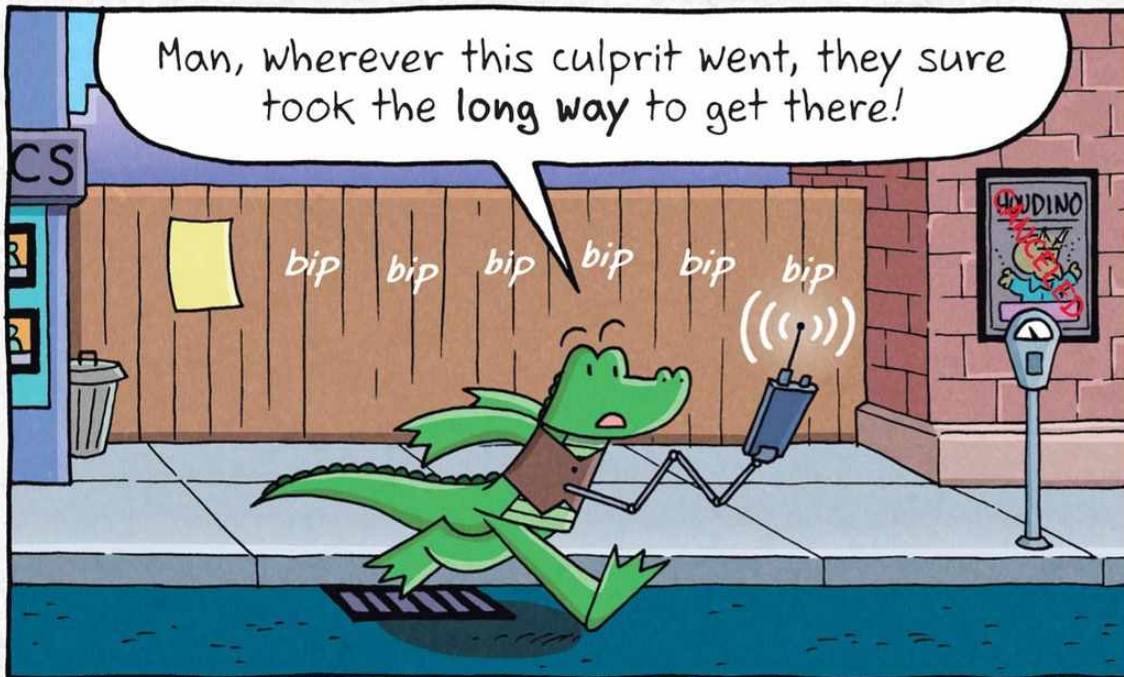


Chapter 10

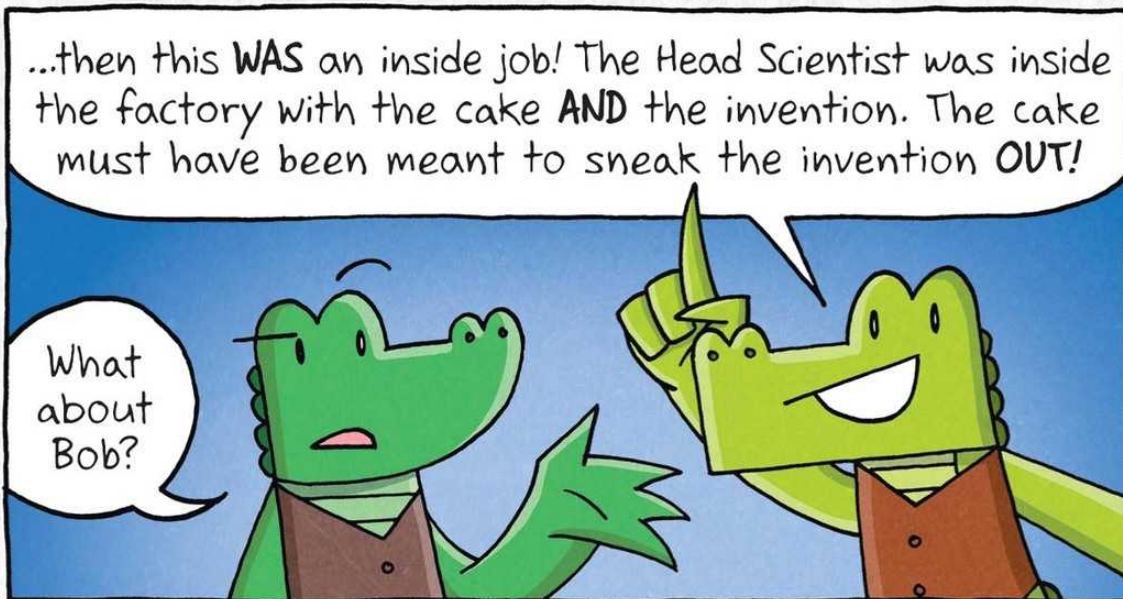
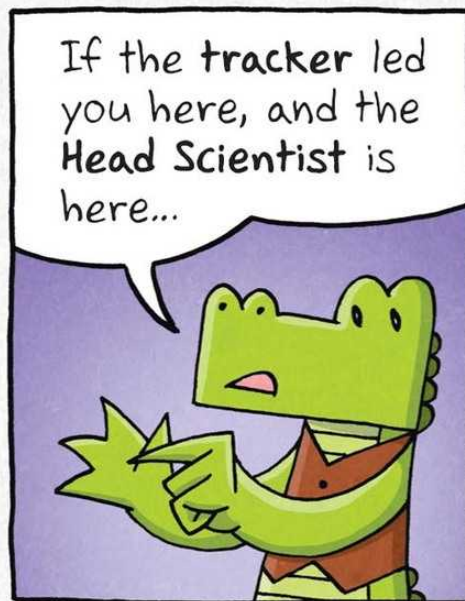
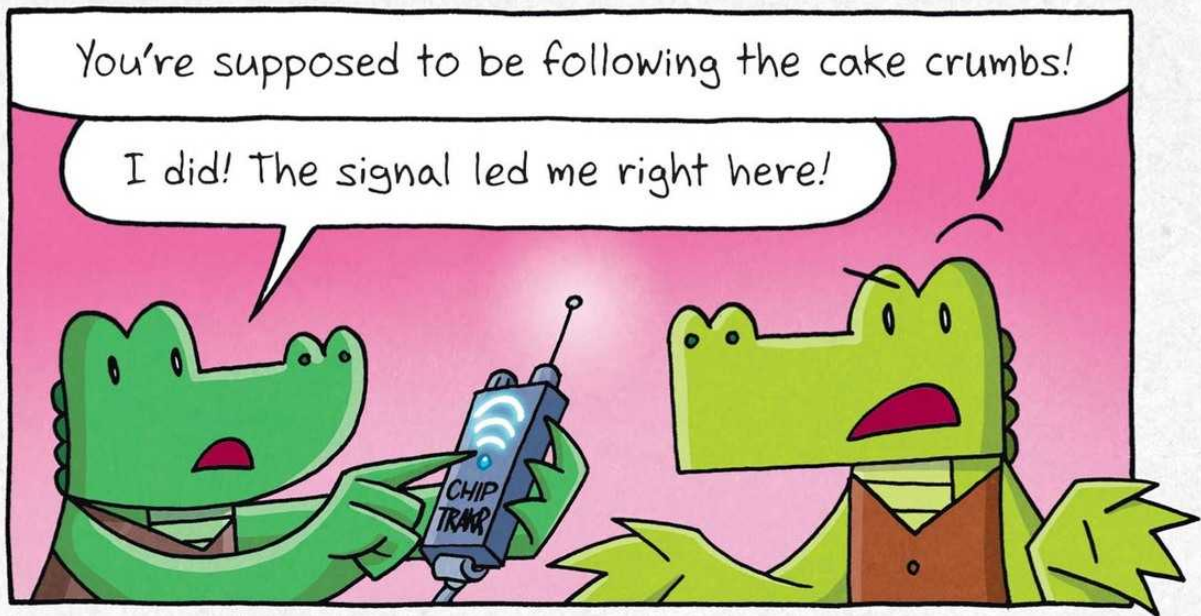
Meanwhile, all over town...



...Mango is tracking the chocolate microchips.







Bob was **clearly** his partner, who double-crossed him, set off the explosion as a distraction, and made off with the invention for *himself*!

Hmm, I dunno...

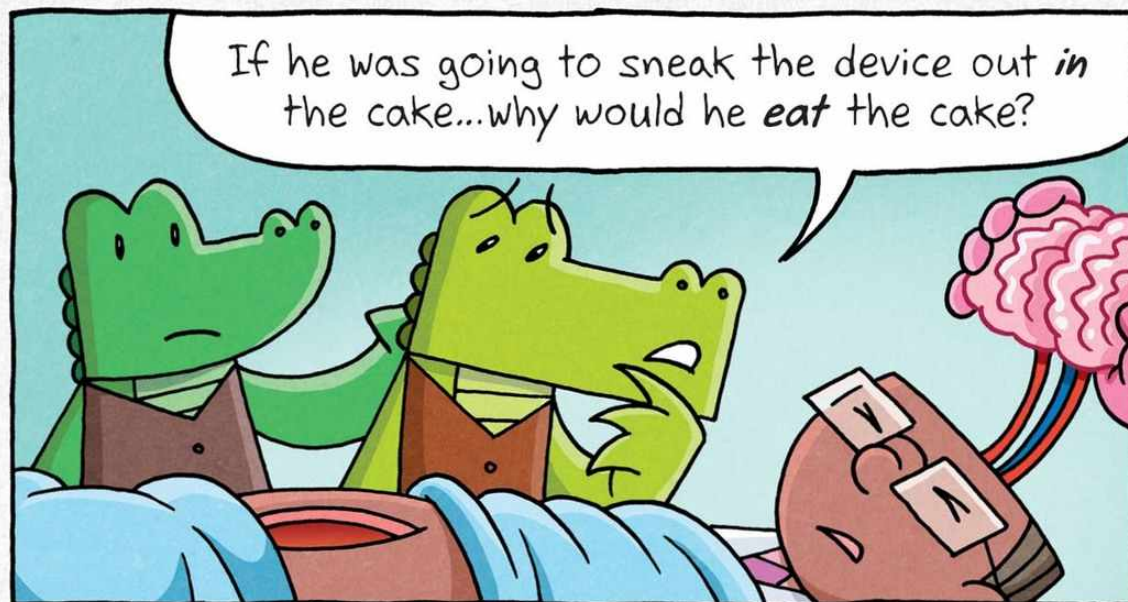
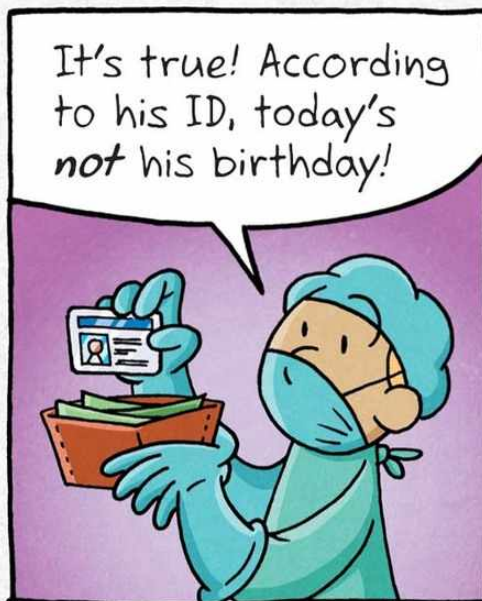
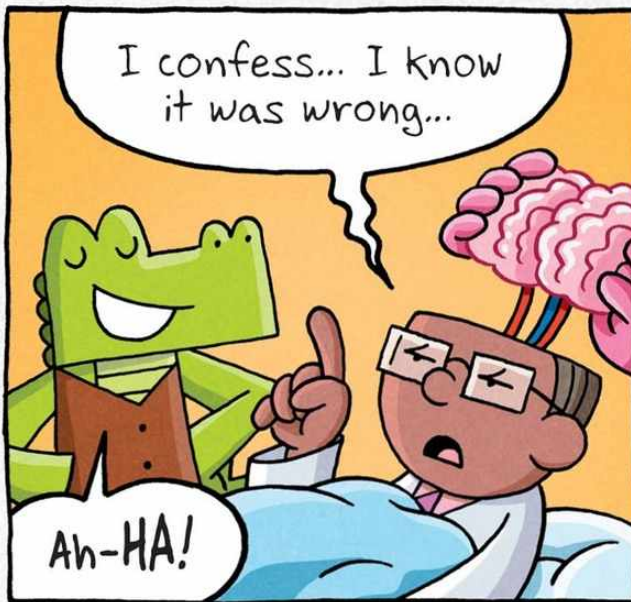
DROP THAT BRAIN!

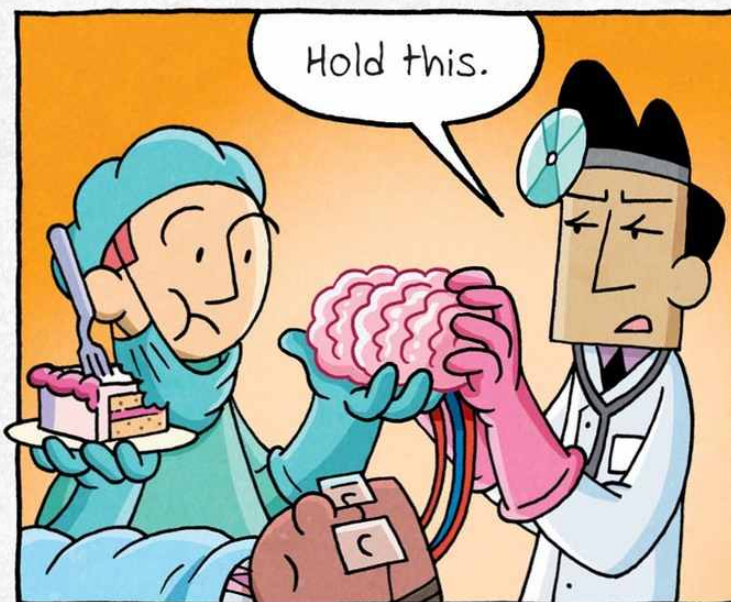
Um, I really shouldn't.

THIS MAN IS THE CRIMINAL! WAKE UP!

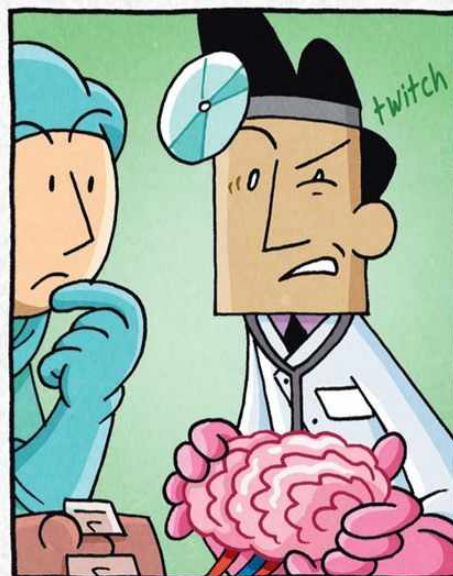
Guhhh

YOU were gonna steal the money-ray thing! The cake was YOUR idea! **CONFESS!**











...DIED.

I lost one partner. And now...
I'm afraid of losing another.

I'm so sorry, Brash. I didn't know...
But *fear* is no reason to give up.

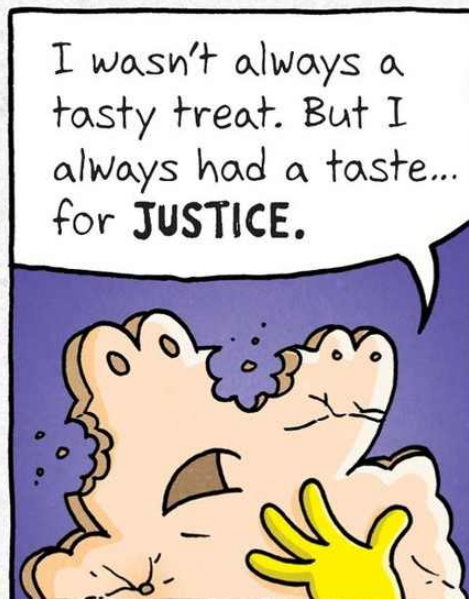
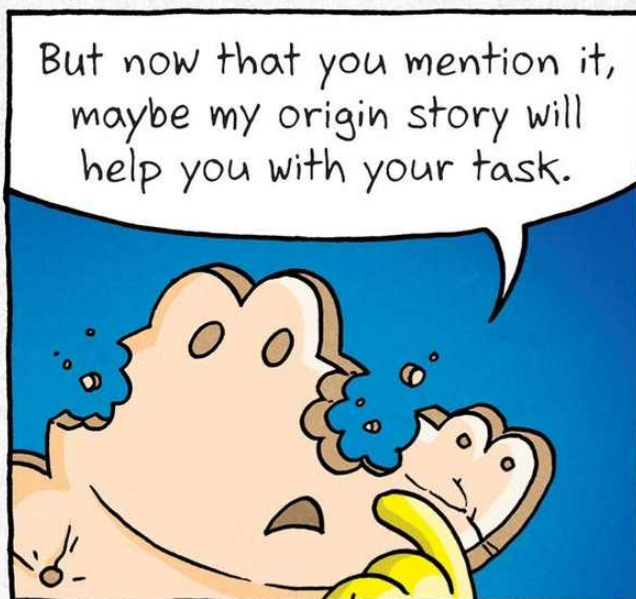
We're InvestiGATORS!
Not InvestiQUITTERS!

You won't lose me,
and I won't lose you!

You may think you've hit
rock bottom, but you
can go even lower...

...into the *sewer*!

Now let's flush ourselves
down the nearest toilet
and **GATOR DONE!**

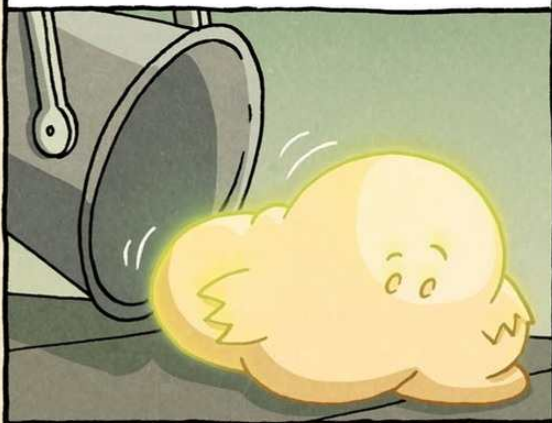


I fell into into a vat of radioactive cracker dough.

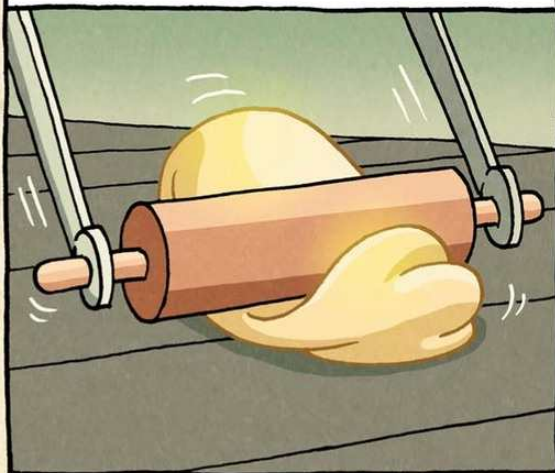
I thought I was going to die.



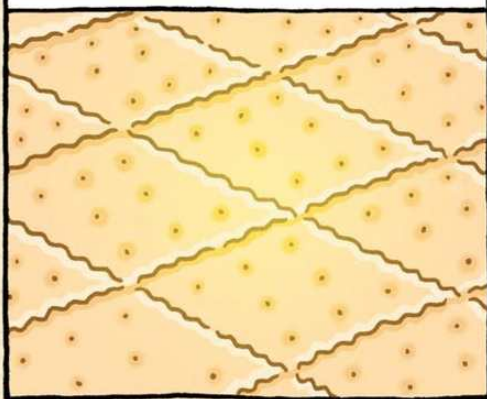
Instead, I became one with the dough.



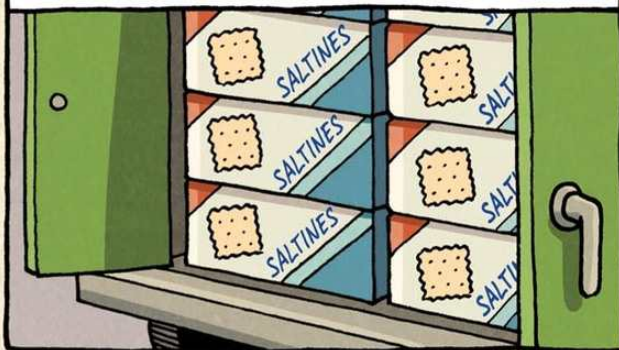
Machines rolled me out...



...and baked me into individual saltines.



Then I was packaged, put on a truck, and shipped off to who knows where.



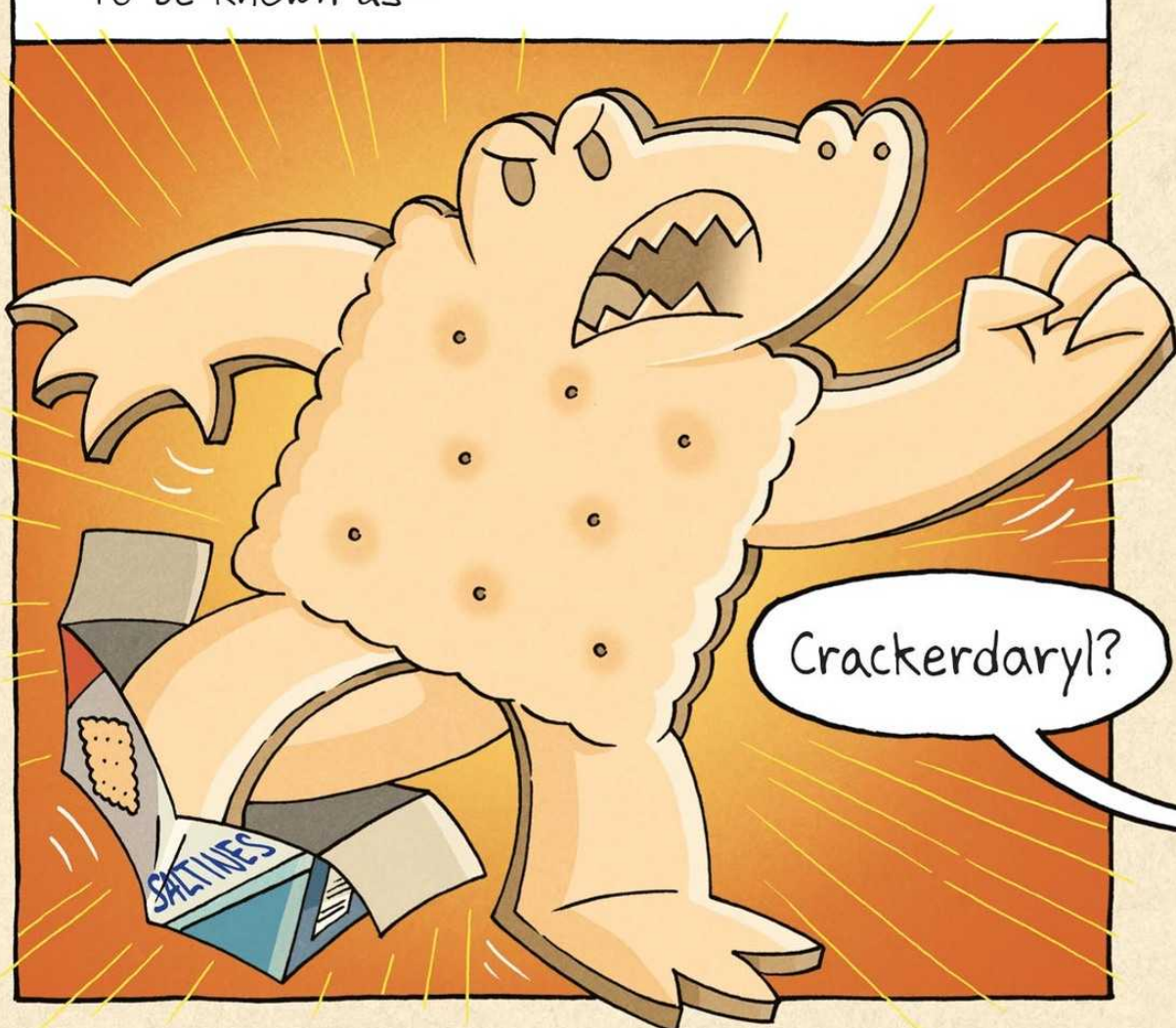
Inside the box I felt myself growing, thanks to the radiation.

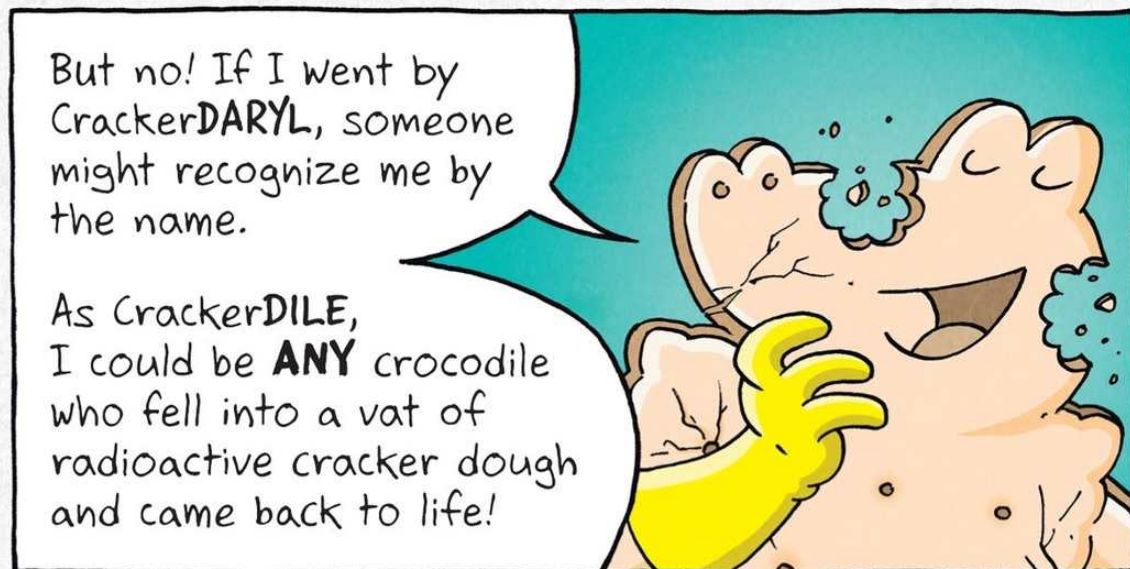
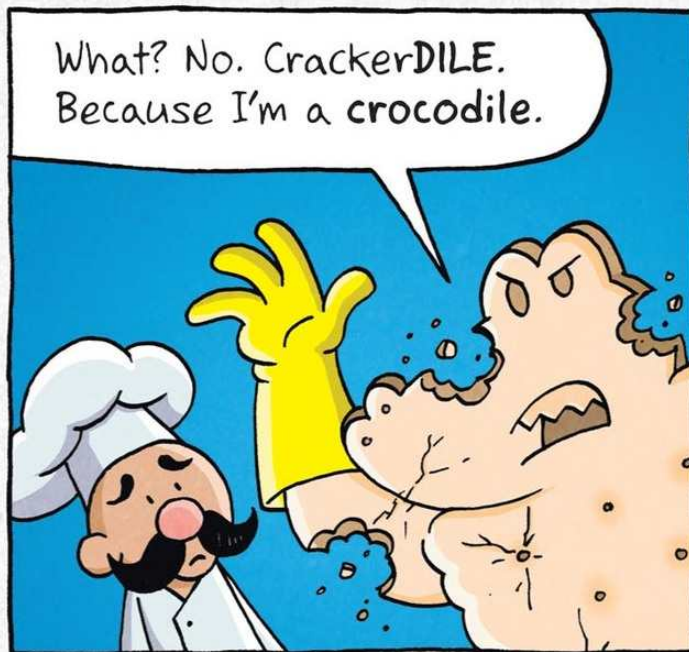


Or maybe it was the rapid-rise yeast.



I combined with all the other *me* crackers and **BURST** through that vacuum seal, forevermore to be known as—

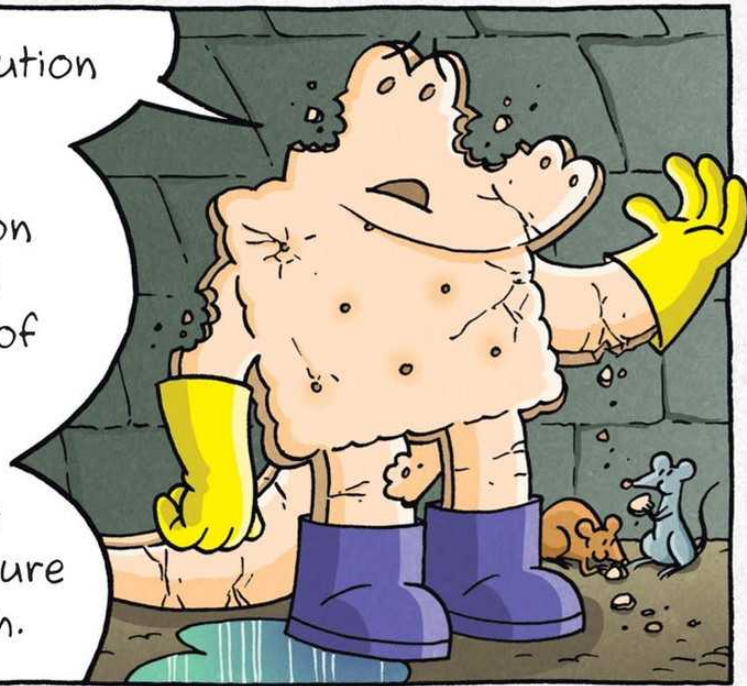




Life since my evolution
hasn't been kind.

The transformation
may have granted
me the **strength** of
a giant saltine...

...but it also made
me **weak** to moisture
and hungry vermin.

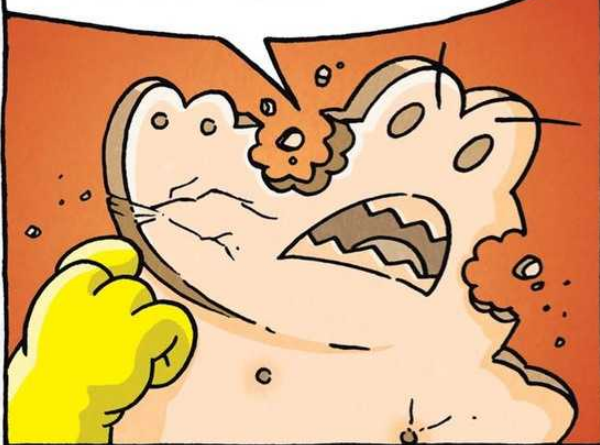


Then why do you live
in the sewer? It's full
of both moisture
AND vermin!

I might be the crumbling
remains of a **cracker**
on the outside...

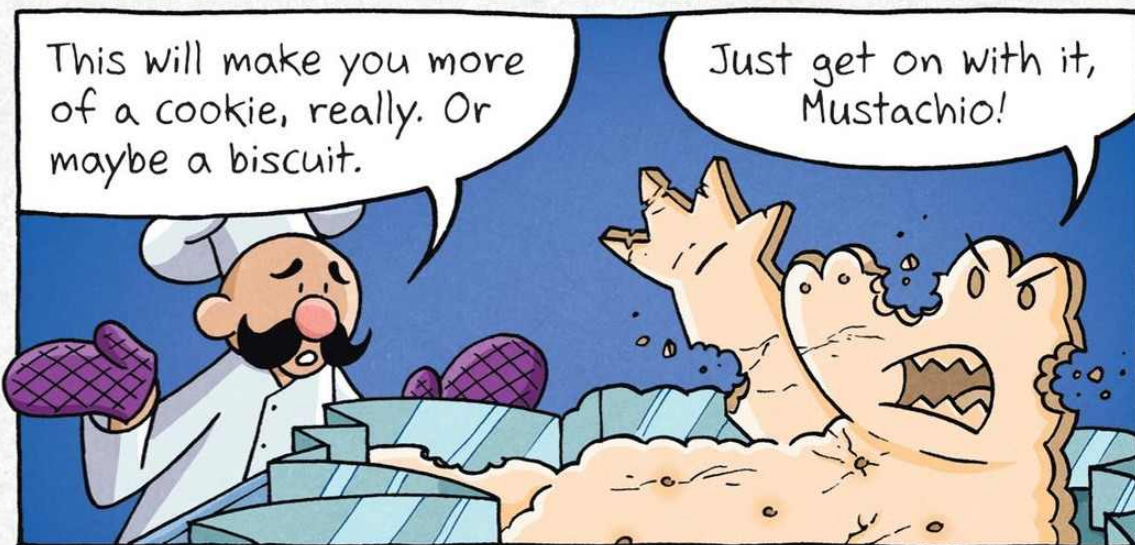
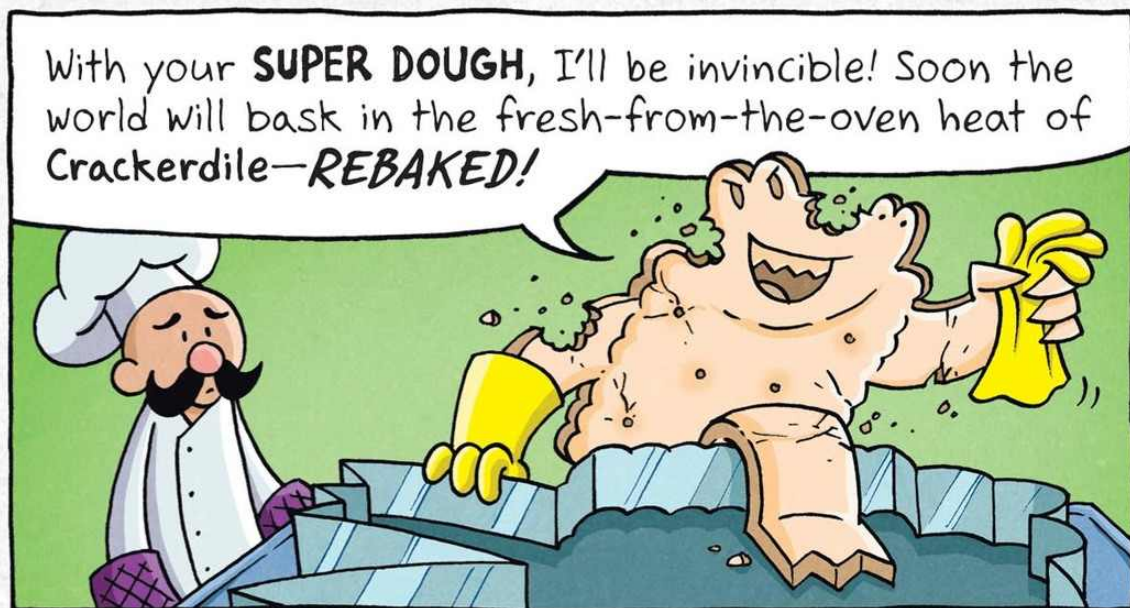
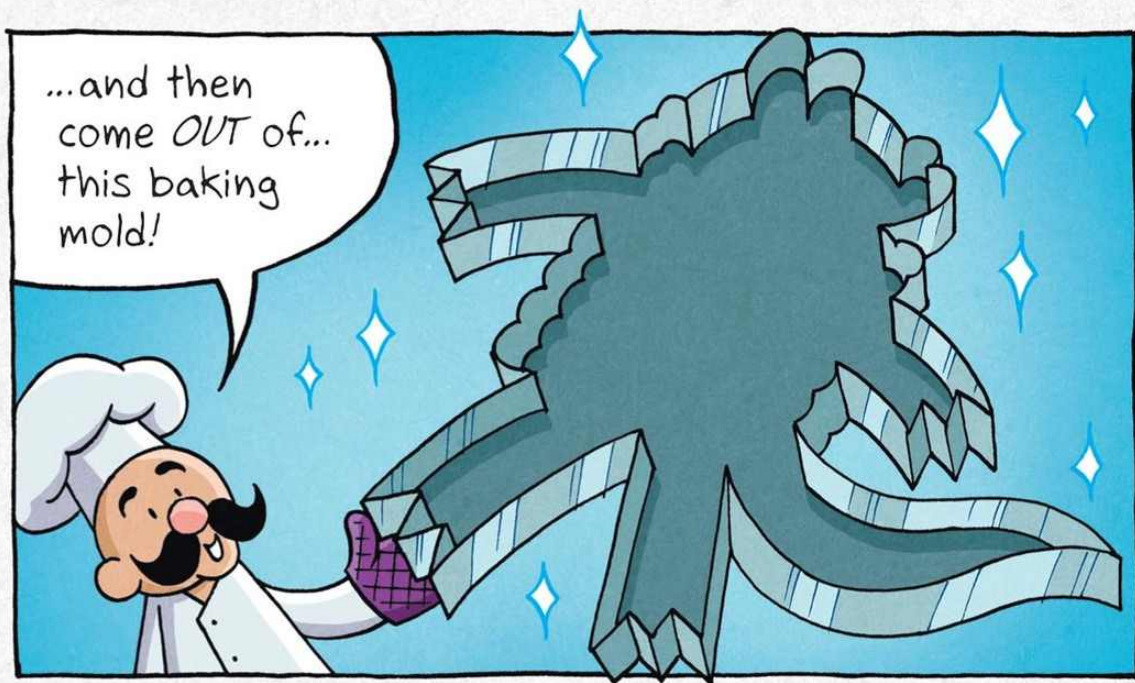


...but I'm still a **crocodile**
on the inside!



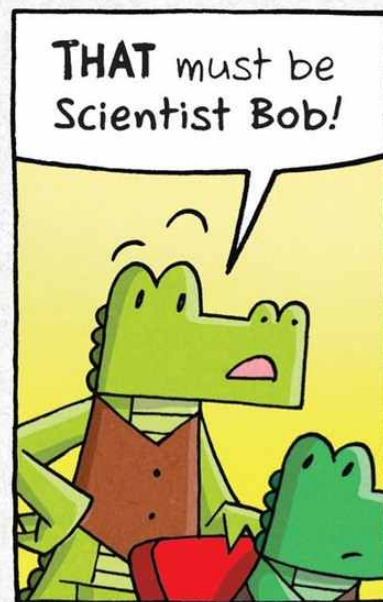
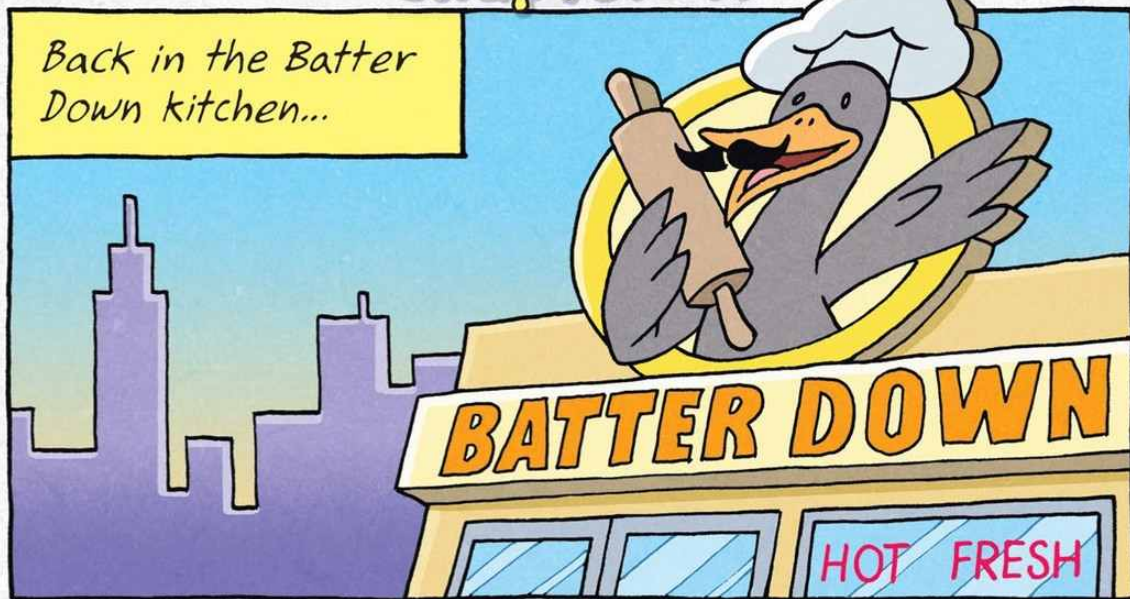
Well, you will crumble
no more after you
get inside...







Chapter 11



Then the cake and the guy who ordered it show up.



Now that I think about it, why was he in a raincoat when the sun was out?

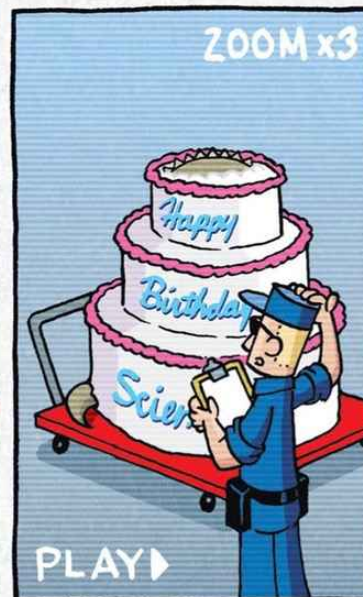


Beats me.

And then the guard wheels the cake inside.



WAIT! Go back. **ENHANCE!**





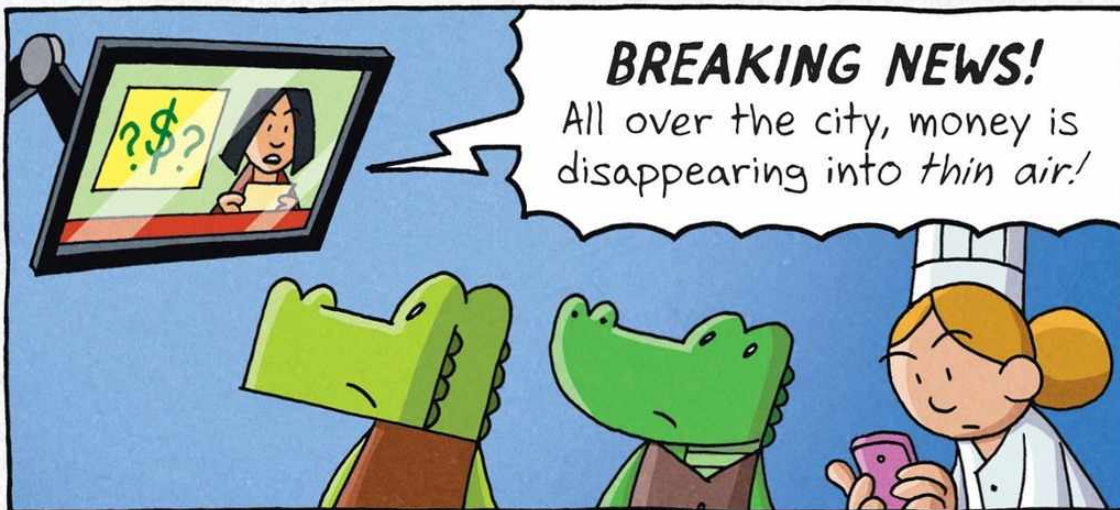




Not just *ANY* triceratops—
That's **HOUDINO**, the
dinosaur escape artist!

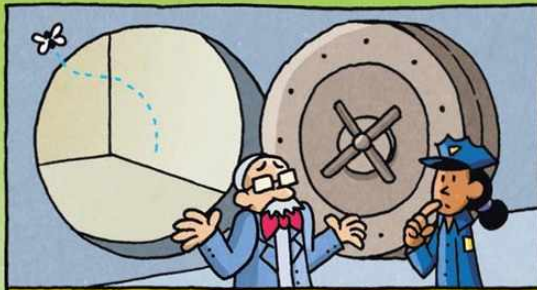
That means the guy
in the raincoat...was
a **hooded Houdino**! An
escape artist and master
of disguise, apparently!





This is Cici Boringstories in the *Action News Now* studio!

The city's banks are **EMPTY!**



MONEY GO BYE-BYE



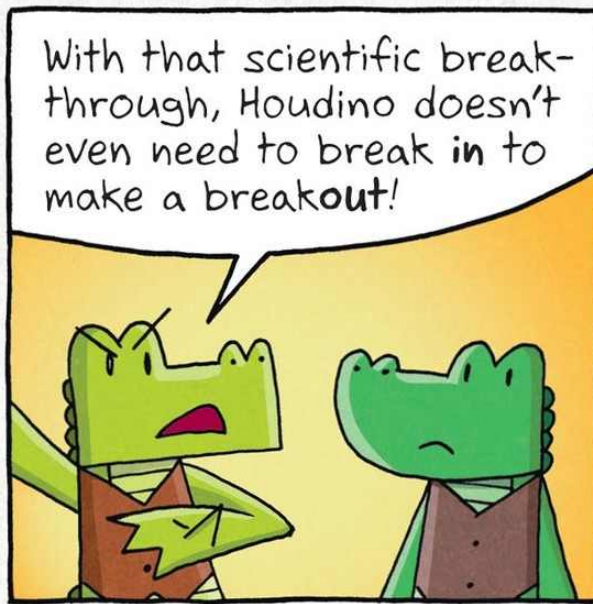
ING REPORT — ACTION NEWS NOW — BREAKING REPORT — AC

One minute the money was there, the next it was gone. *Poof!* It's like someone has a **laser beam** that can suck up money through walls!



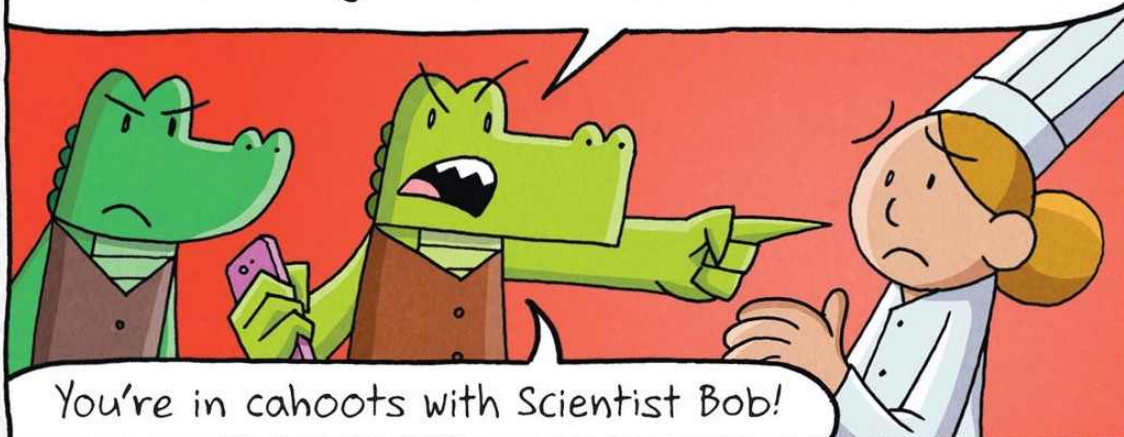
One thing's for sure: If your money's in a safe, your money **ISN'T SAFE!**







...what he actually saw was the name *JABMarie!*
Bob was talking to **Junior Assistant Baker Marie!**



You're in cahoots with Scientist Bob!



What's he need the oven for?

Oven? What are you talking about?



The BIG oven is missing!

Medium oven.



We have, like, **50** many ovens. You can't expect me to notice if one is missing.

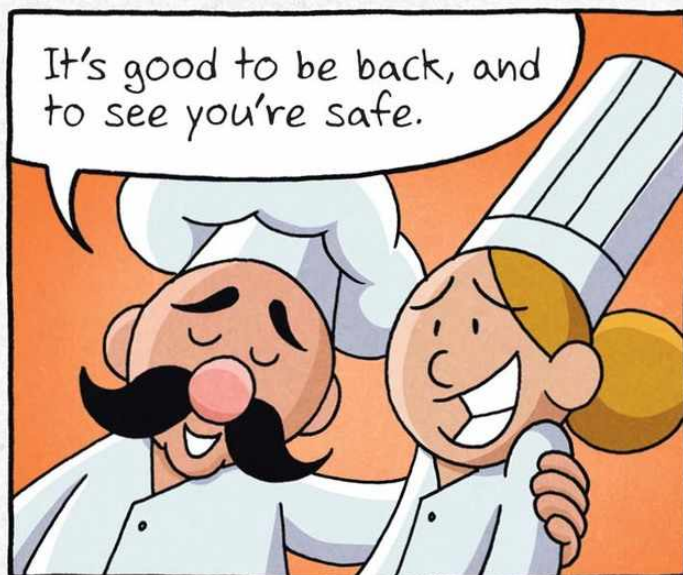
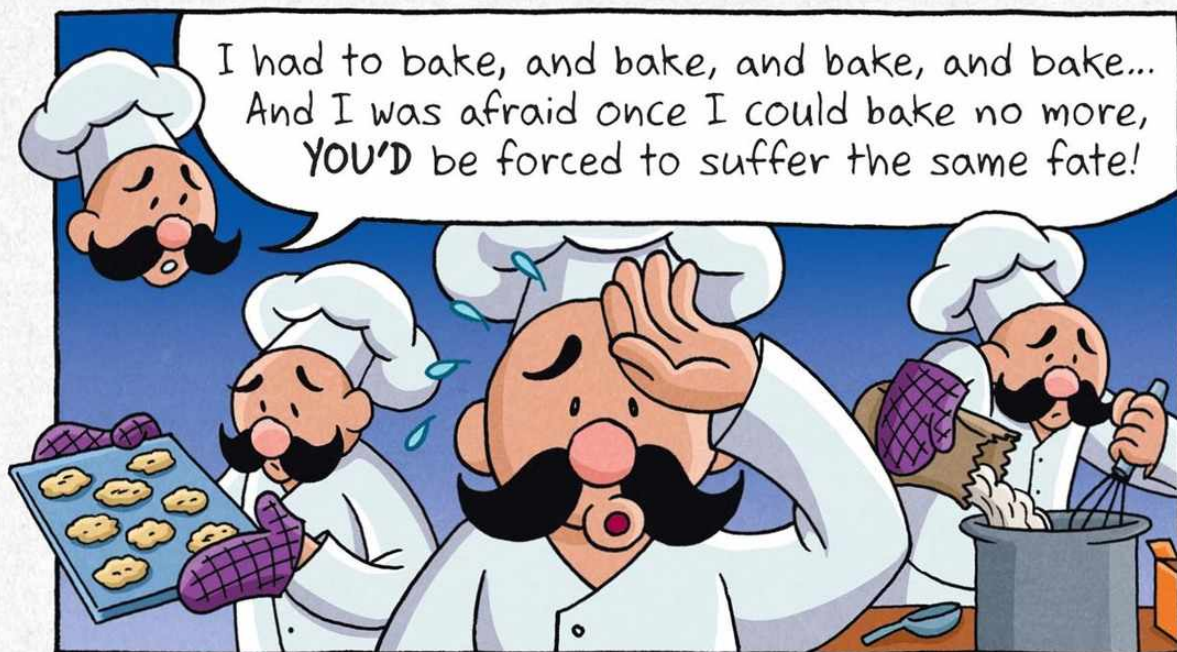


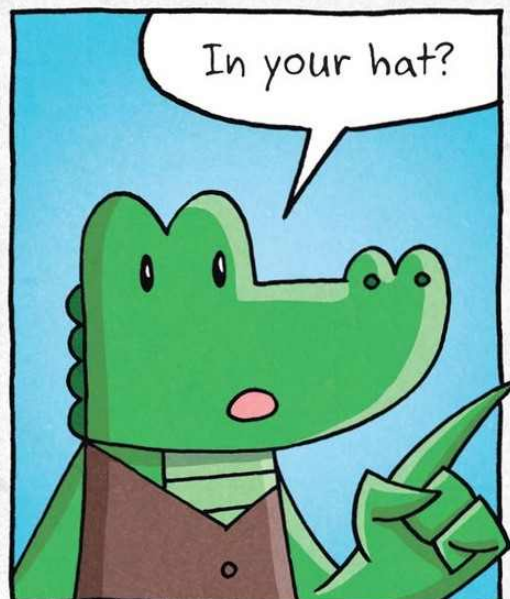
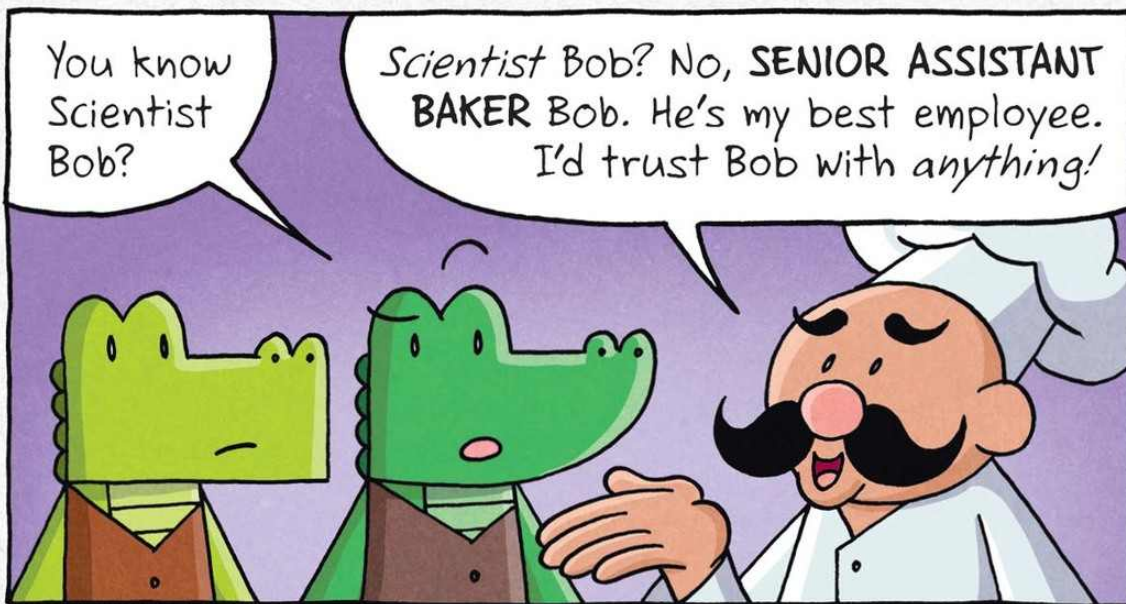
You only had **THREE!**

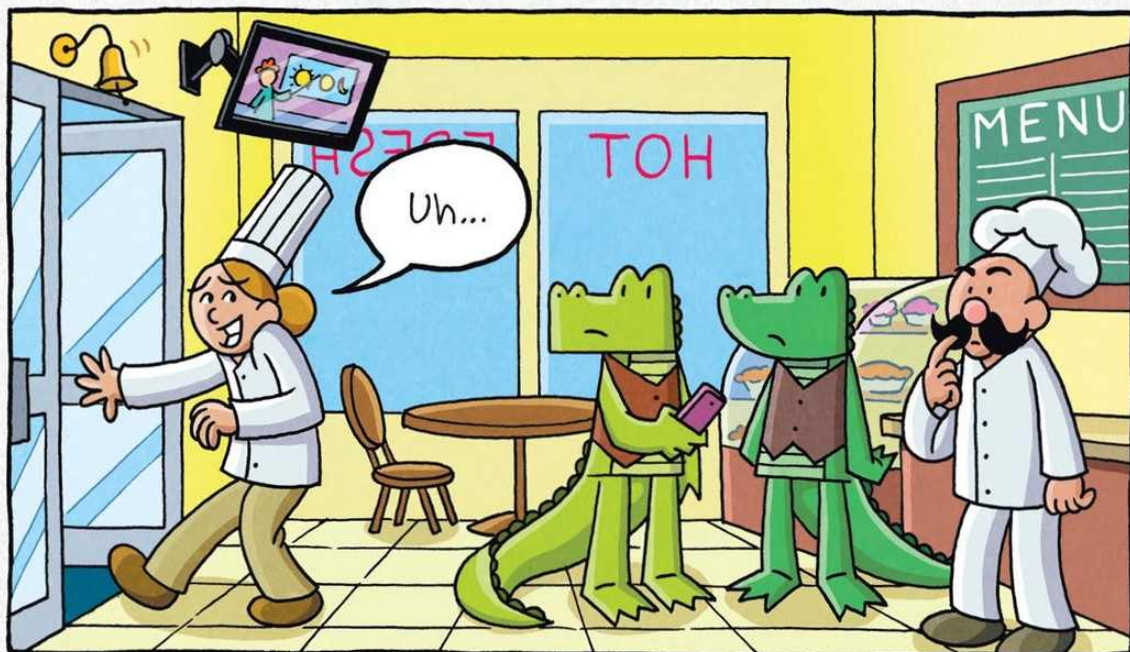
And for some people, they're very easy to tell apart!











Bob was tired of living in Chef Mustachio's mushadow. We wanted to start our own bakery together!



But **GUSTAVO** keeps all his **BEST** recipes in his **HEAD**!



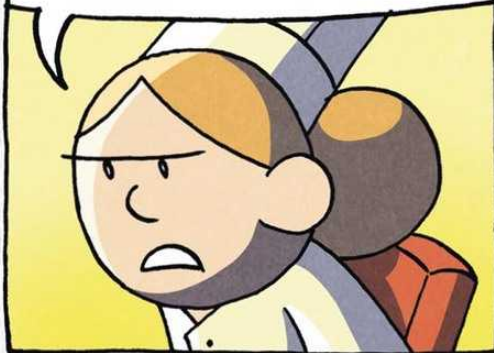
What about the ones in his book?



That book only goes up to **ÉCLAIR**! There are **twenty-one** more letters' worth of recipes after that! The only way to figure out Gustavo's secret recipes is to reverse engineer them!



But that takes more science than we had available to us here.



And at the Science Factory, they've got *all* the science!

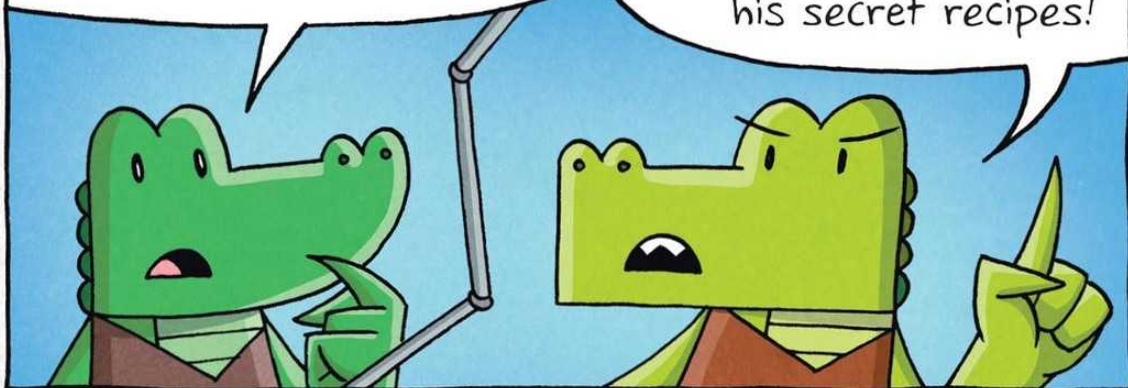


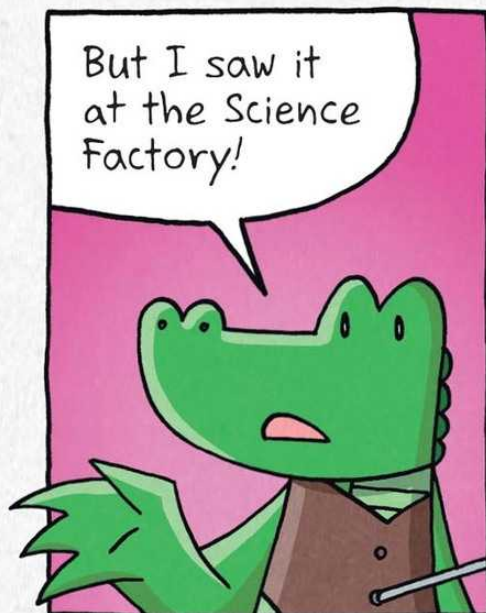
THAT'S RIGHT! When Bob and I saw Gustavo fall down that manhole, it was the perfect opportunity to put our plan into action. We didn't think he was *missing*. We just thought he was stuck in that hole.

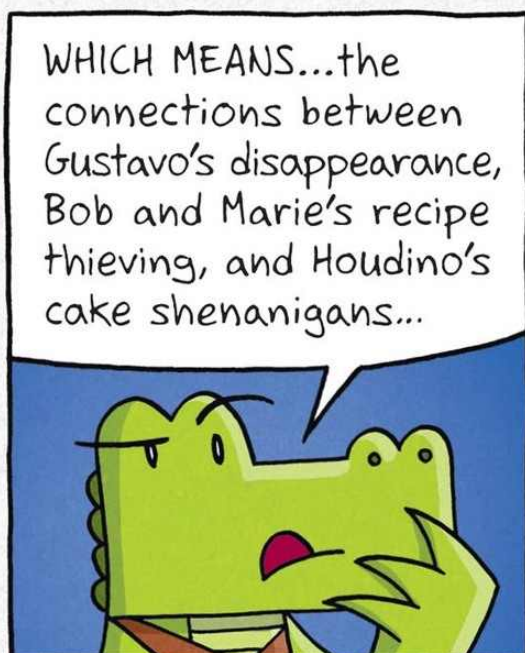


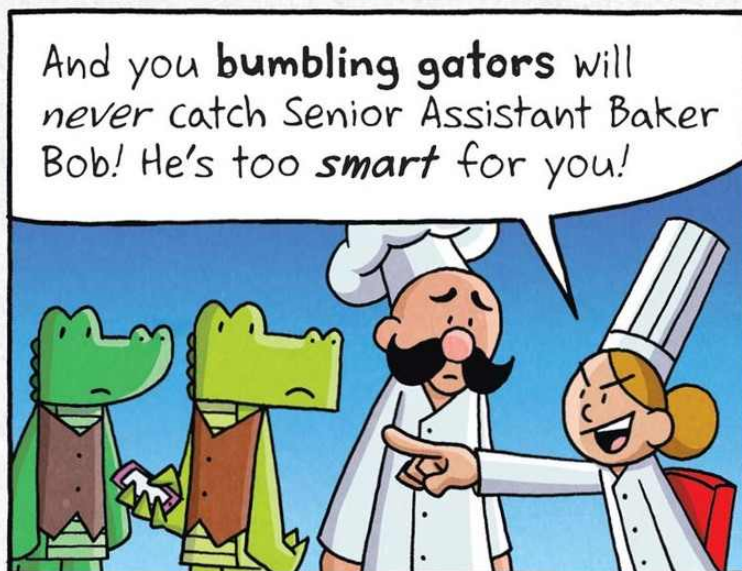
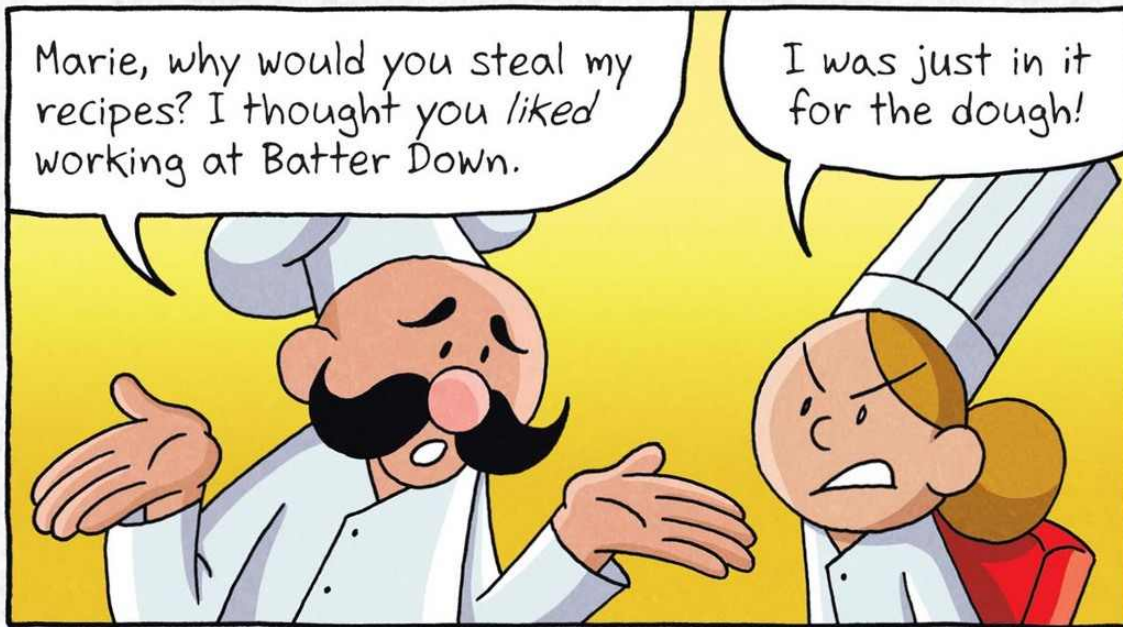
So Bob disguised himself as a scientist to blend in at the Science Factory...

...and deconstructed Gustavo's baked goods with **science** to steal his secret recipes!



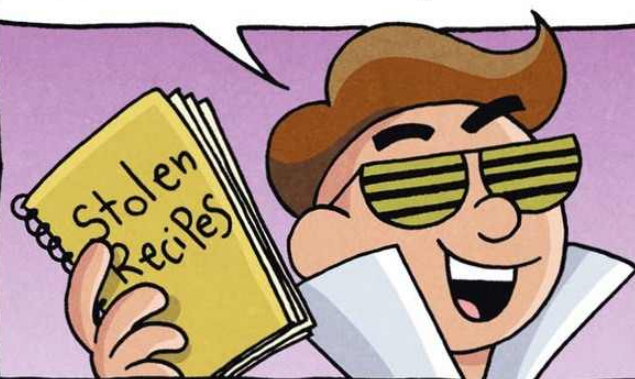








Good thing I just happened to run out of the factory with these stolen recipes right before the explosion!



And with Gustavo stuck in that manhole, **BAKER BOB'S** is gonna have the best baked goods in the world!

Marie...?



CLAMP!



Oh, dang!

Hi, Bob.

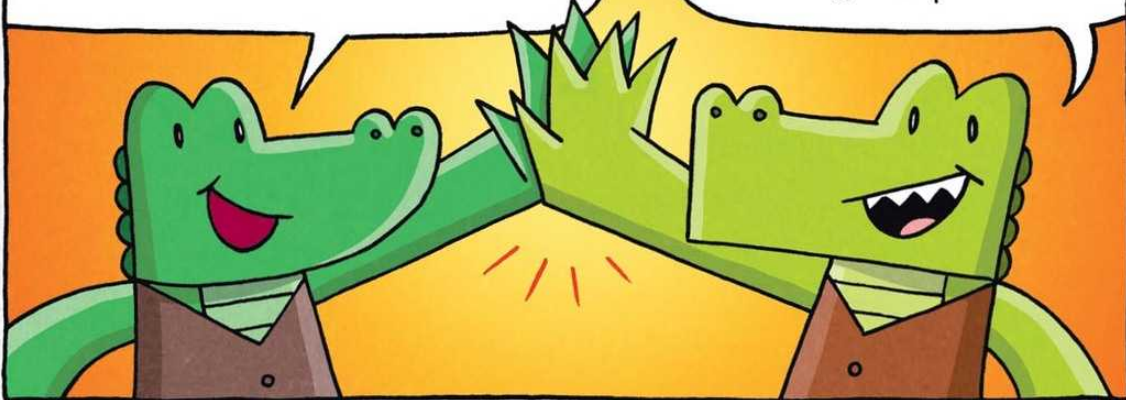


Chapter 12



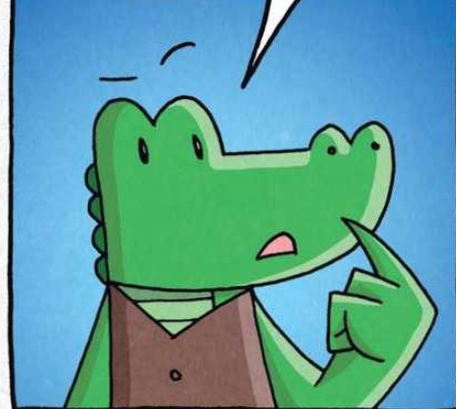
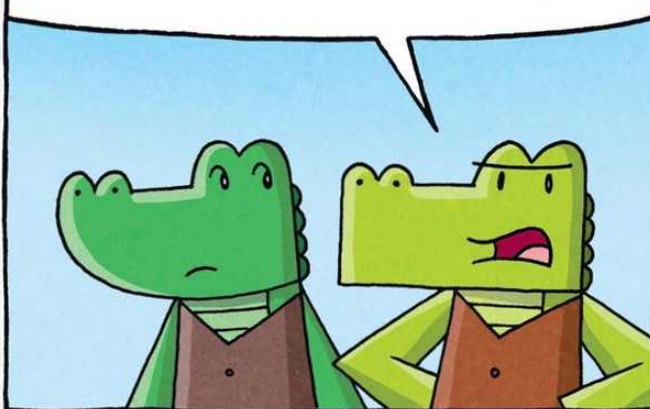
That's two criminals down.

Good job, partner.



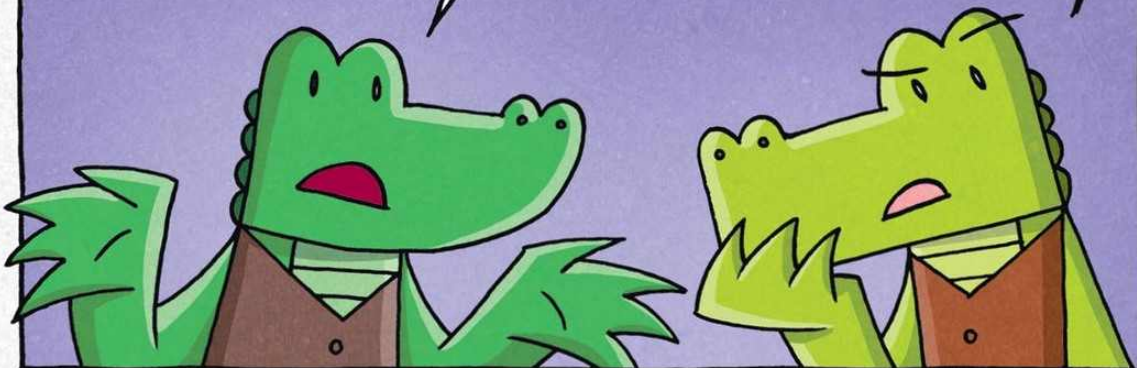
Now we've got to figure out how to catch Houdino before he robs the entire city!

That triceratops will be hard to find.

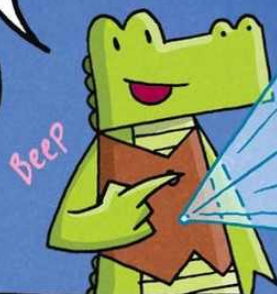
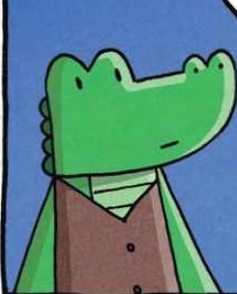


Houdino can *easily* blend in with a crowd.
ESPECIALLY when he's wearing a raincoat!

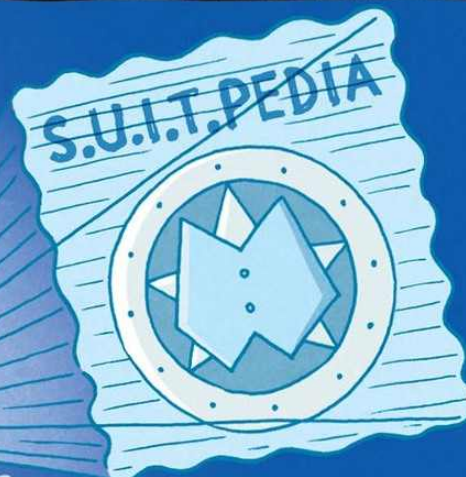
Indeed.



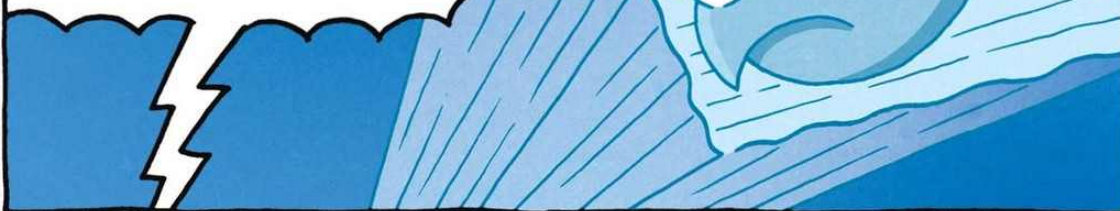
Let's see if the S.U.I.T. database has any useful info on him.



Vrrrrp



HOUDINO is a master escape artist. He began his career by performing daring feats of escape on stage. Breaking chains, getting out of handcuffs, escaping straitjackets, that sort of thing.



But what he couldn't escape were **low ticket sales**. So he turned to a life of crime—mostly bank robbing. He won't pass up a **steal**, and can't pass up a **deal**.



There is no vault that can stop him, and no cell that can hold him. Houdino likes to **break in**, **break out**, and **BREAKDANCE**.



Well, Mango, looks like to bust Houdino...



...we'll have to **BUST A MOVE**.

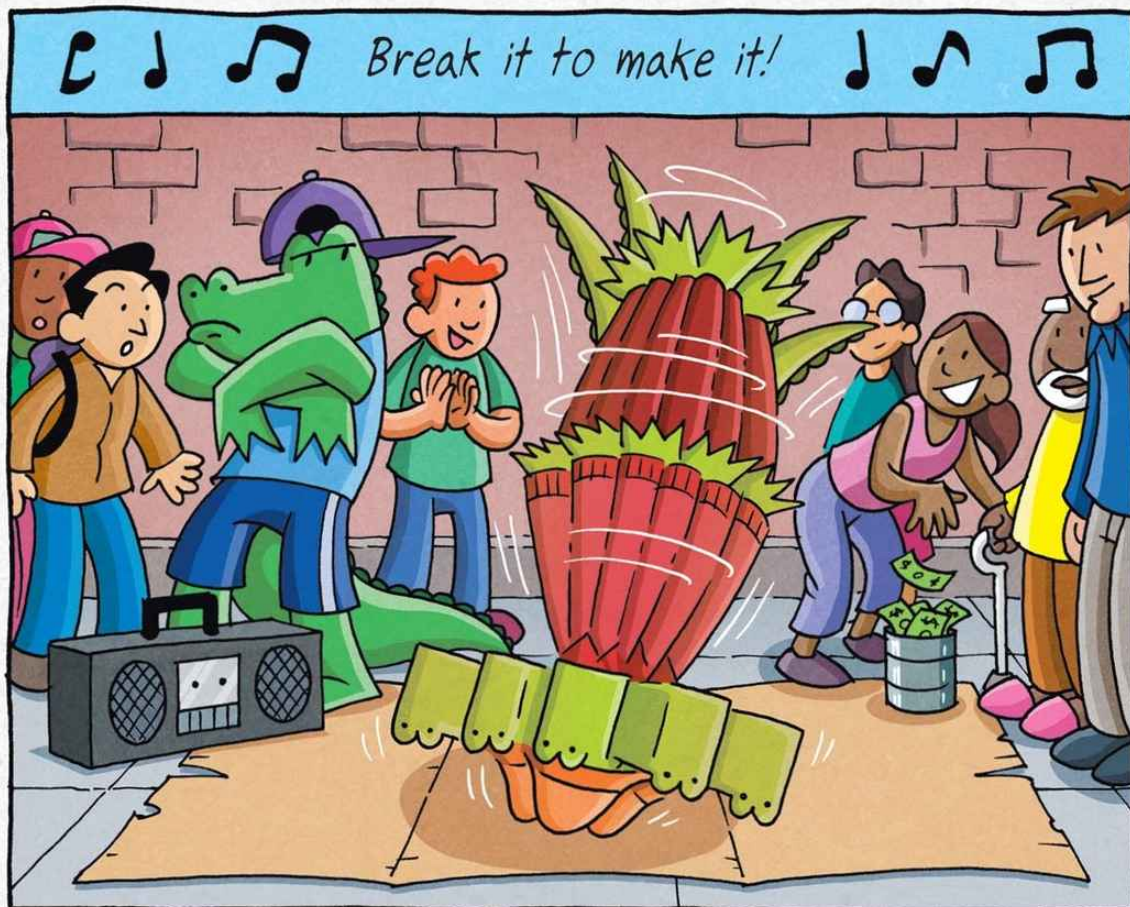


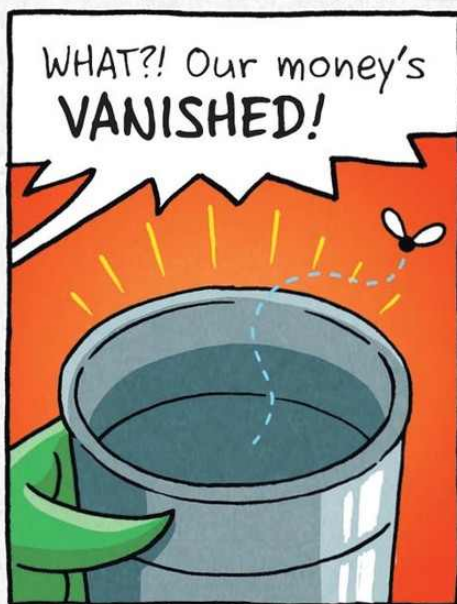
And so... ♪ You've got to push it to pop it! ♪



♪ ♪ ♪ Rock it to lock it! ♪ ♪ ♪







I was *sure* he wouldn't be able to resist a dance-off, but it looks like the only thing Houdino *can't* resist is money.

Even if it's small change!



The only things left in here are lint and mismatched buttons.



With that invention, robbing anyone is a piece of cake!

Hold up...

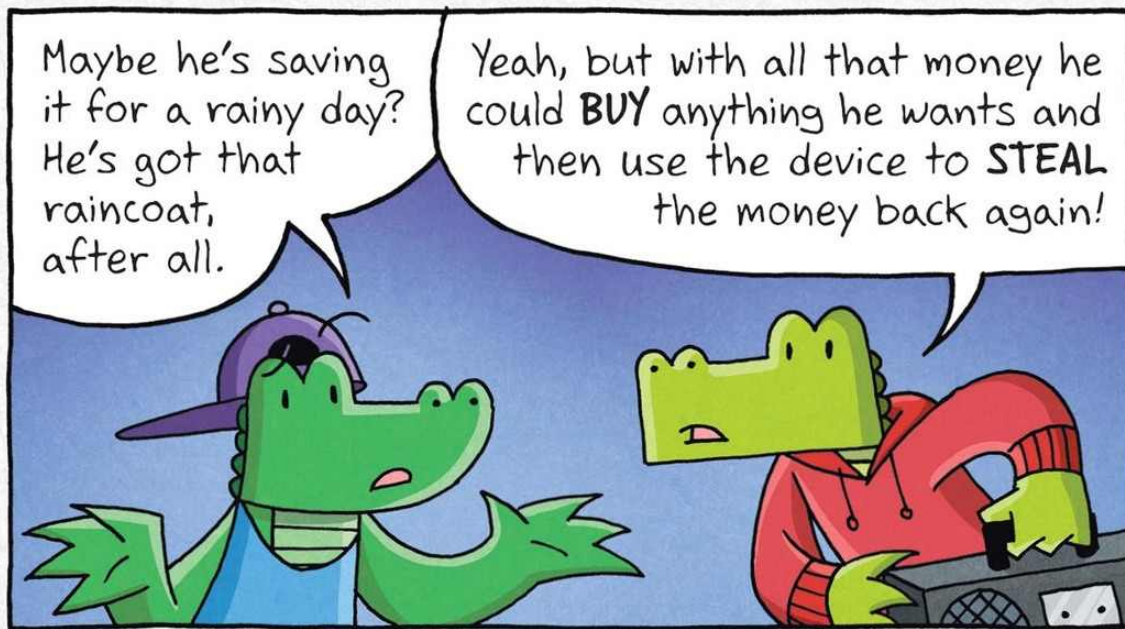


The Thingamasteve *ONLY* works on money. Which means Houdino can't use it to steal anything else.

Right...

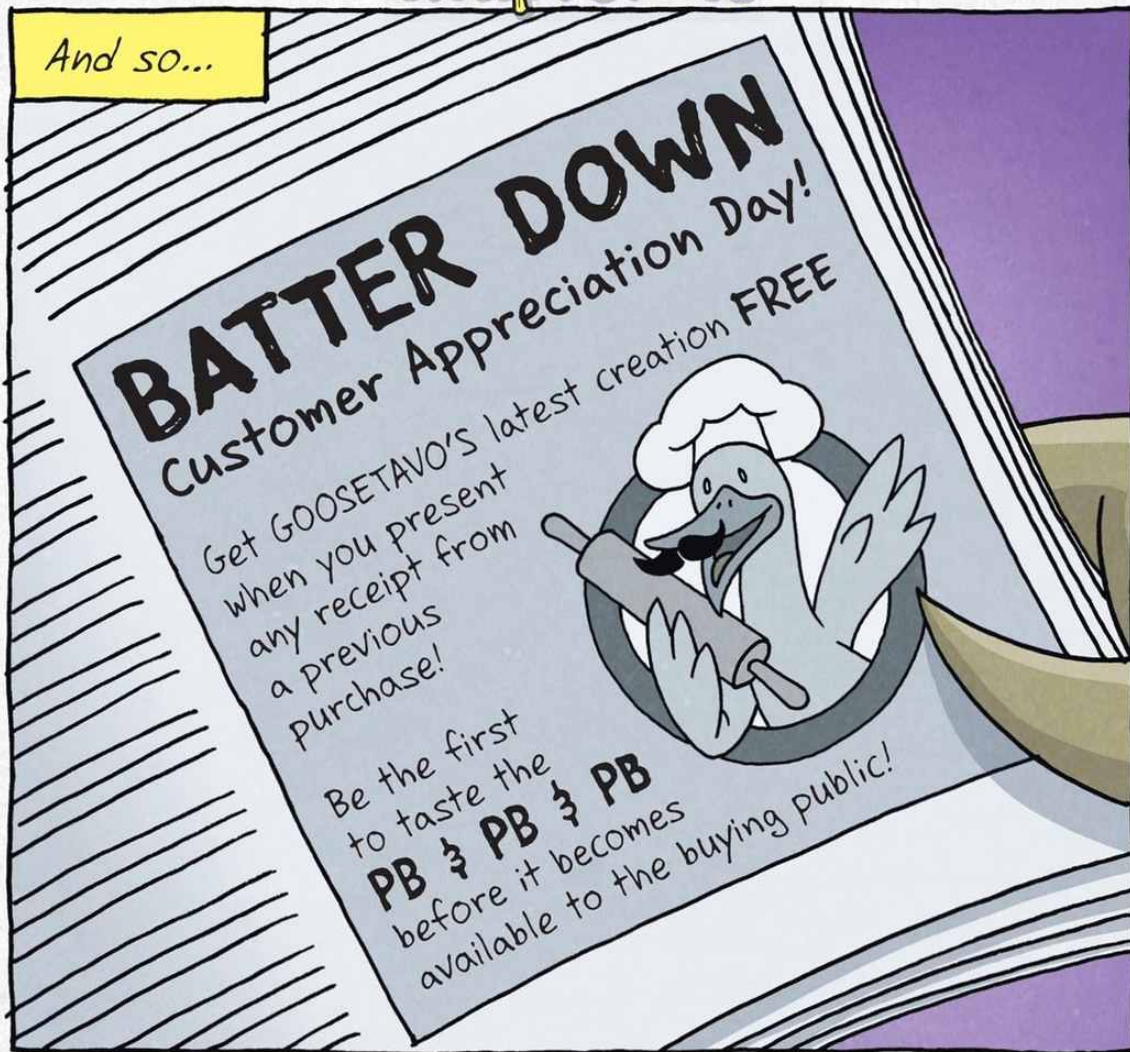


So what's the money *FOR*? He hasn't been caught spending it on anything.



Chapter 13

And so...

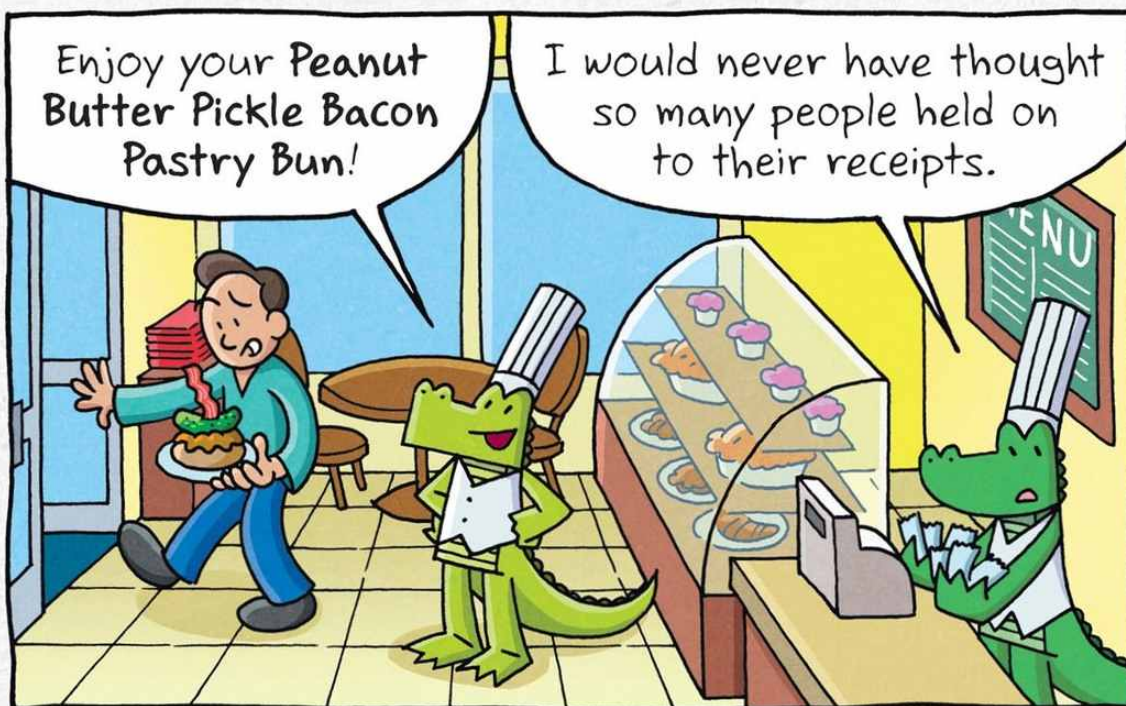
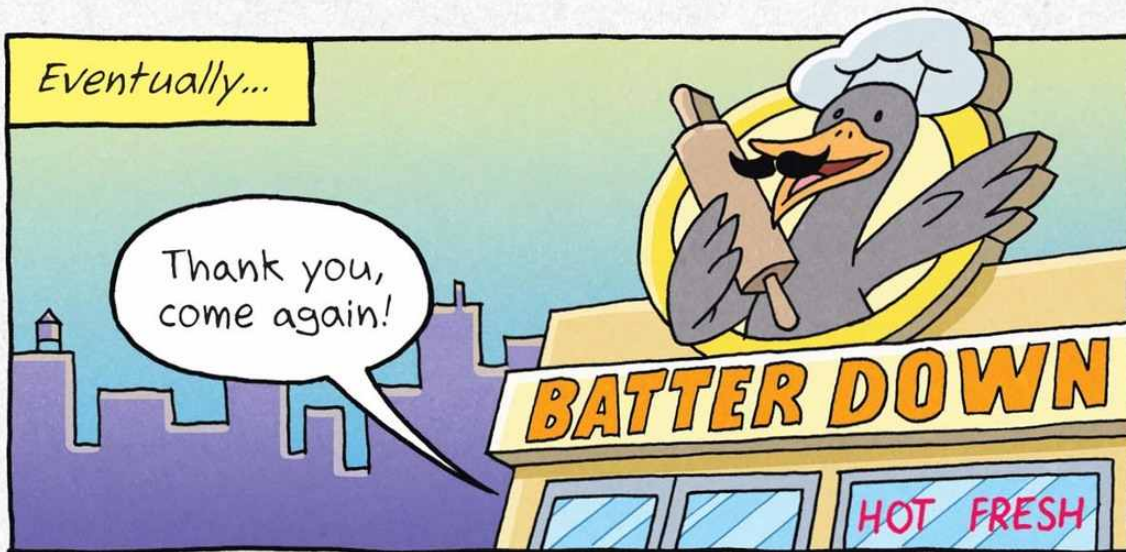


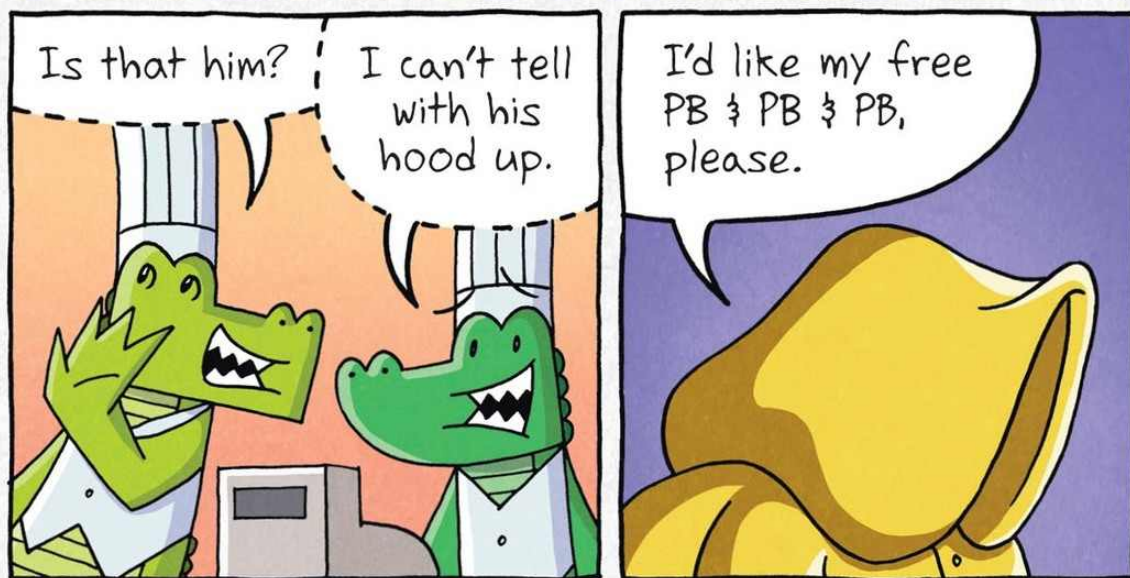
I may have more money now than I could ever spend...

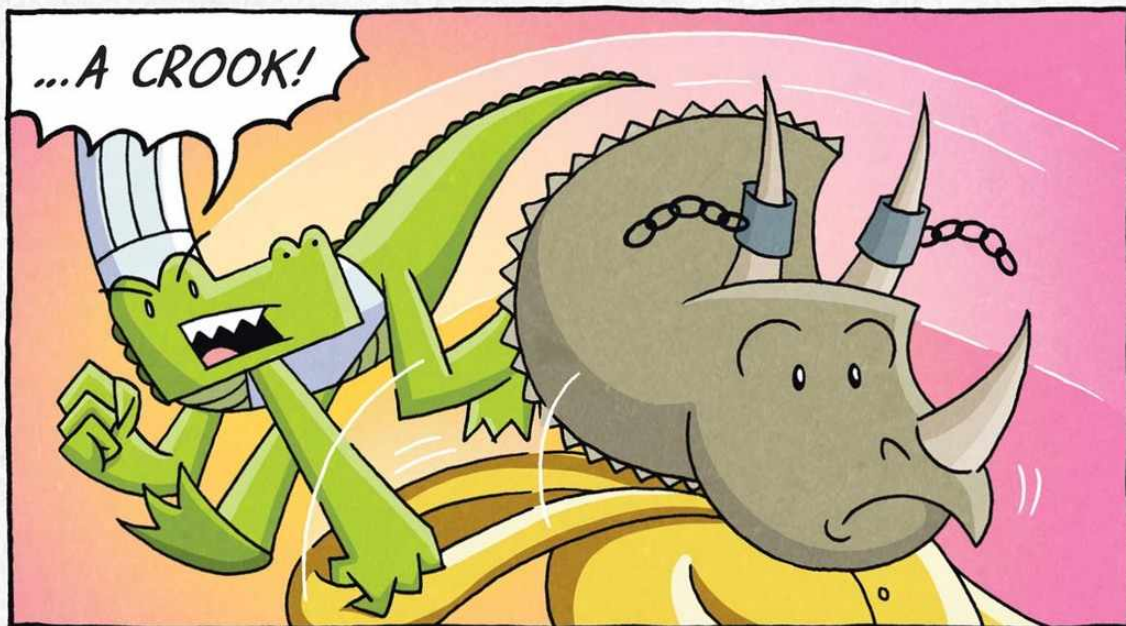
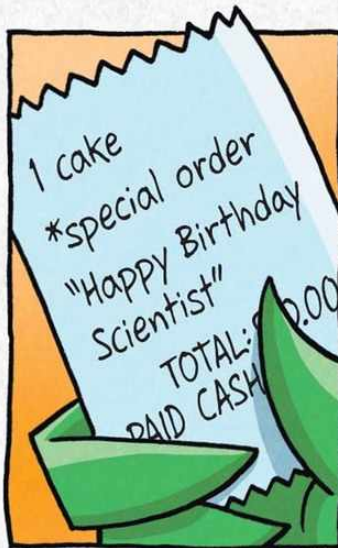


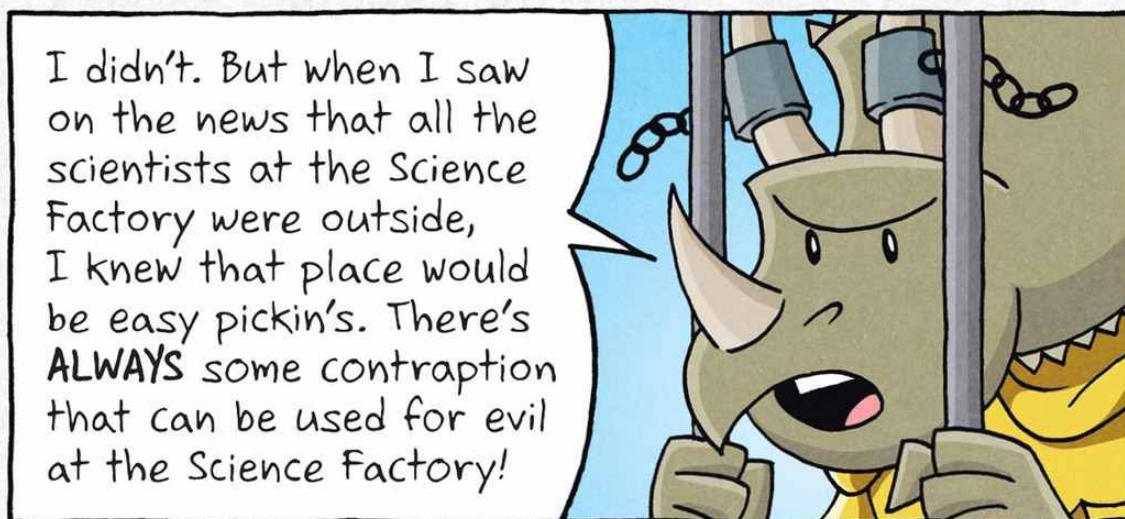
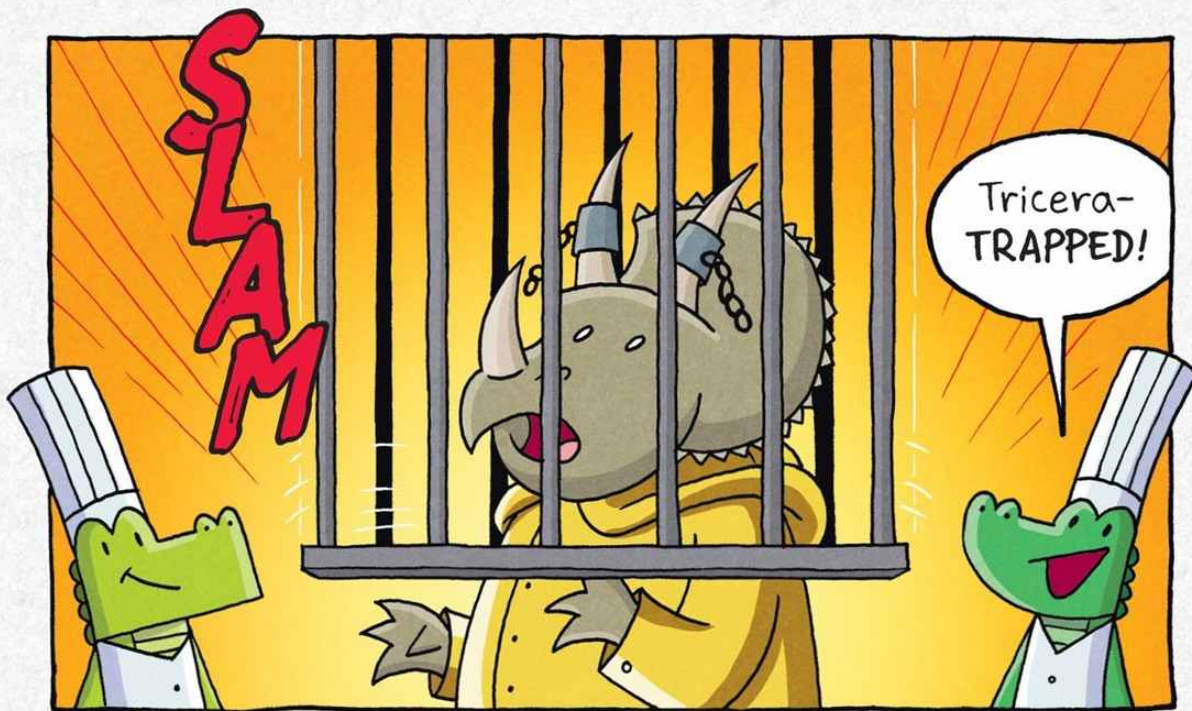
...but I'm not gonna pass up something that's FREE!



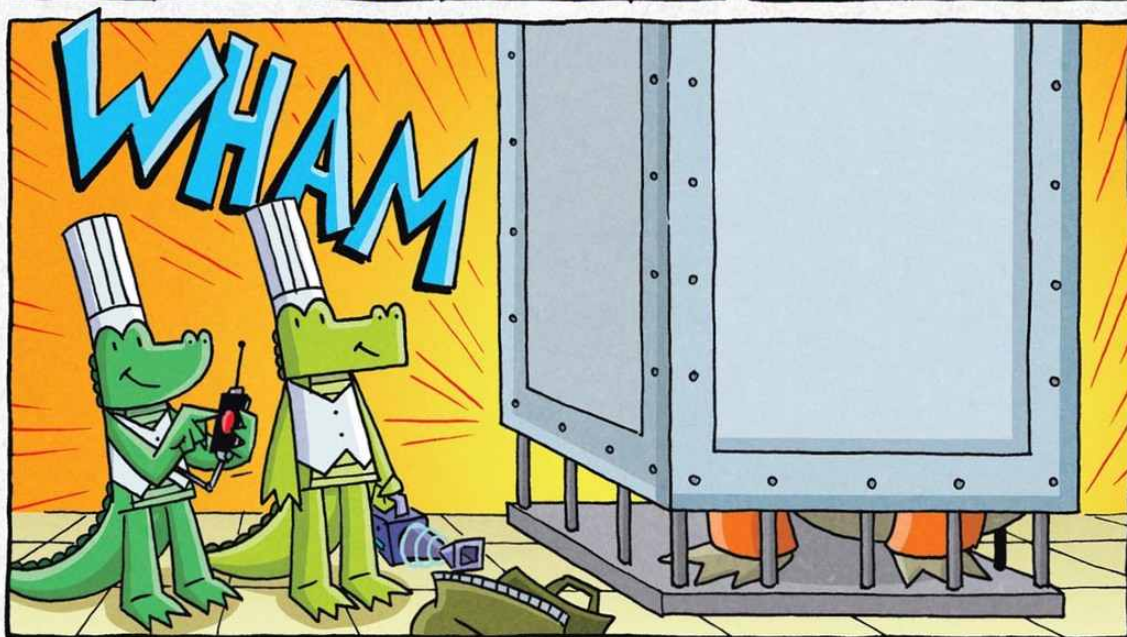
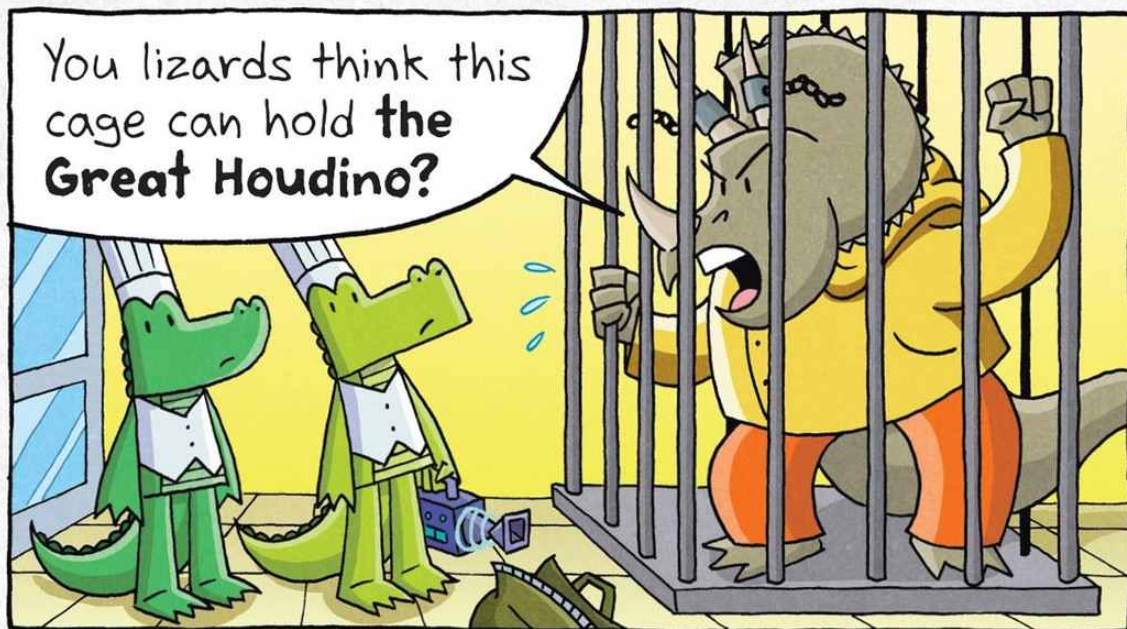


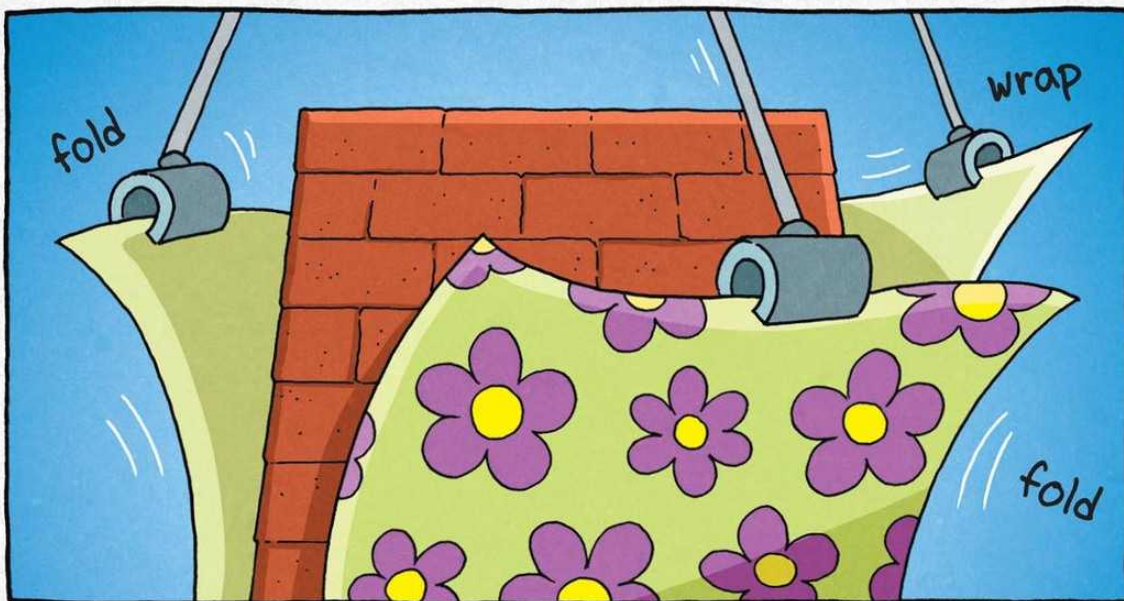
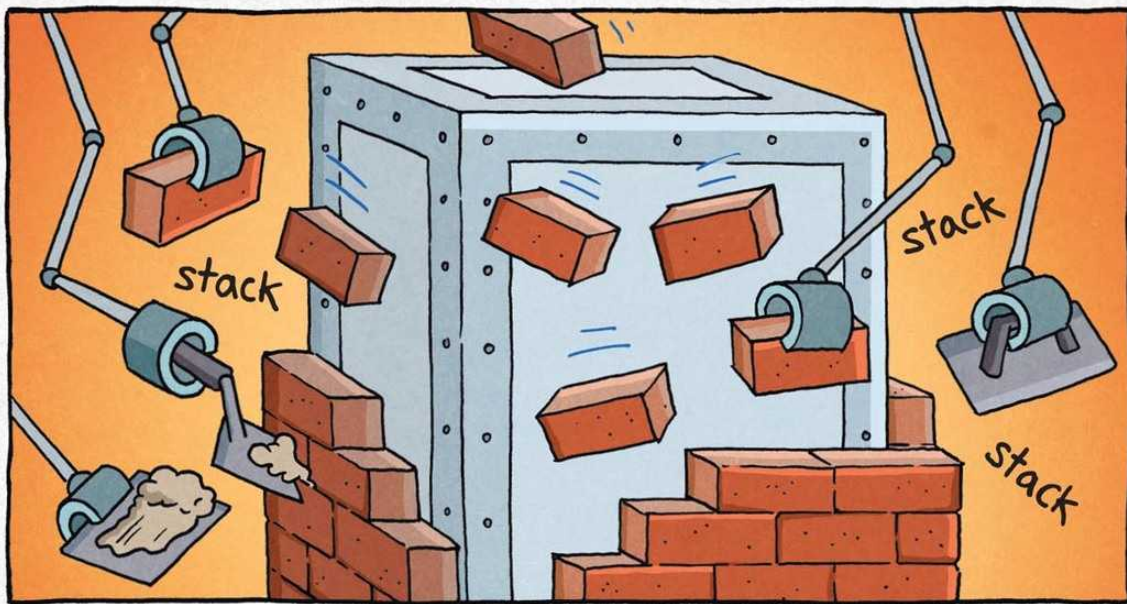






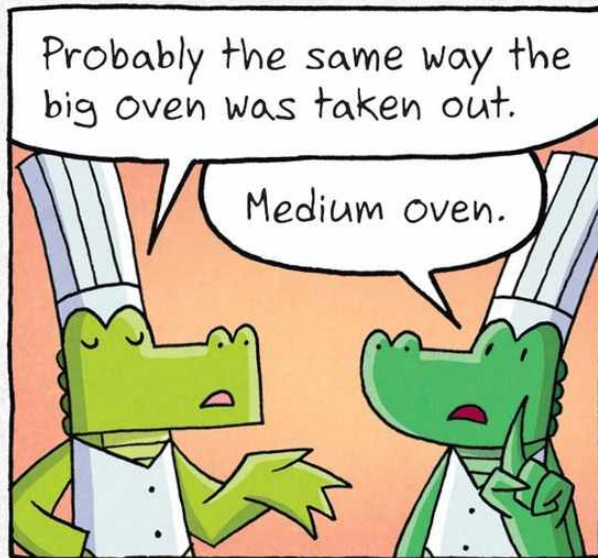








How are we gonna get him outta the store?



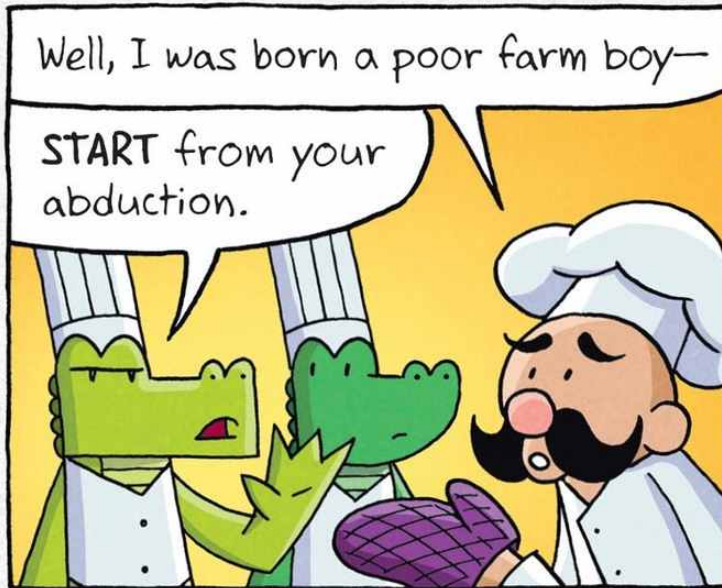
Probably the same way the big oven was taken out.

Medium oven.



WAIT! We never found out who kidnapped Chef Mustachio! Or *WHY!*

That's the reason we were here in the first place!



He was the most **UNSAVORY** character...though maybe he'd be all right with a sharp cheese and some prosciutto...



He was...crumbling... half-eaten...



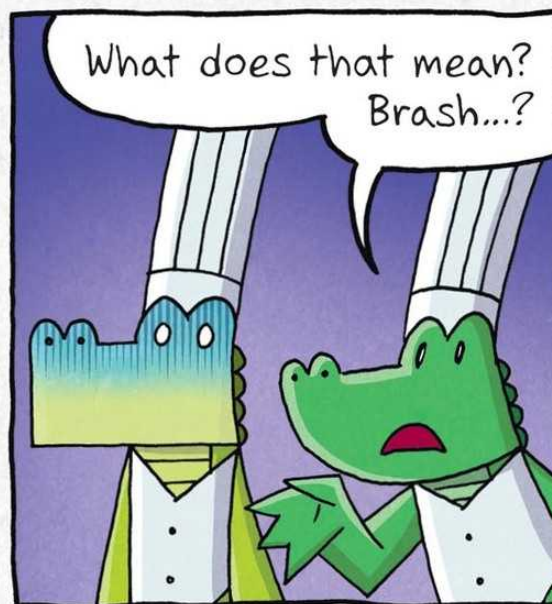
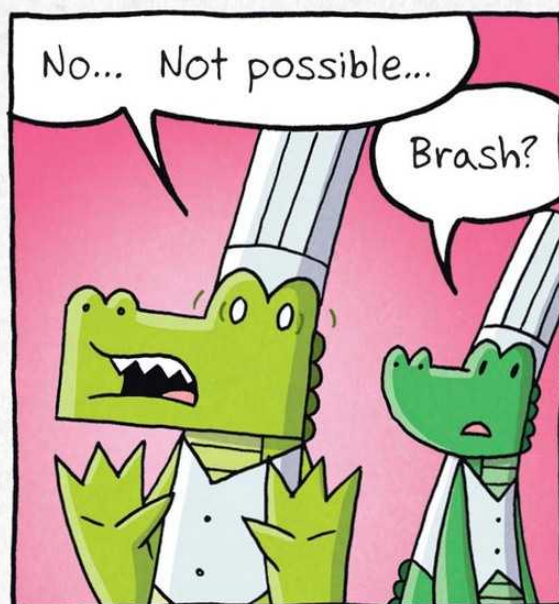
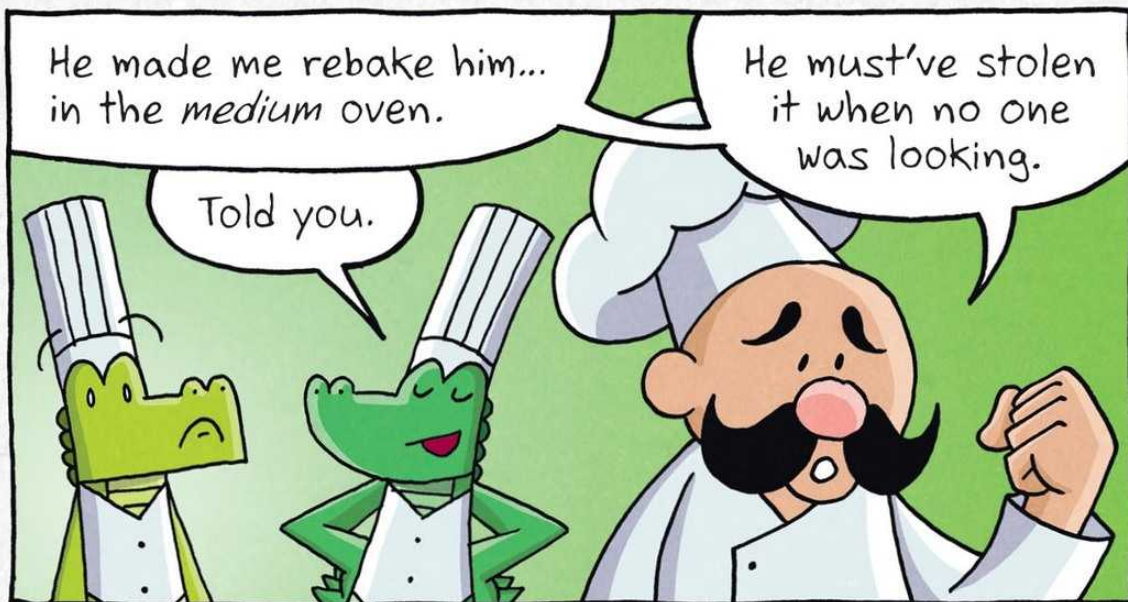
YOU'RE NOT MAKING ANY SENSE, MAN!

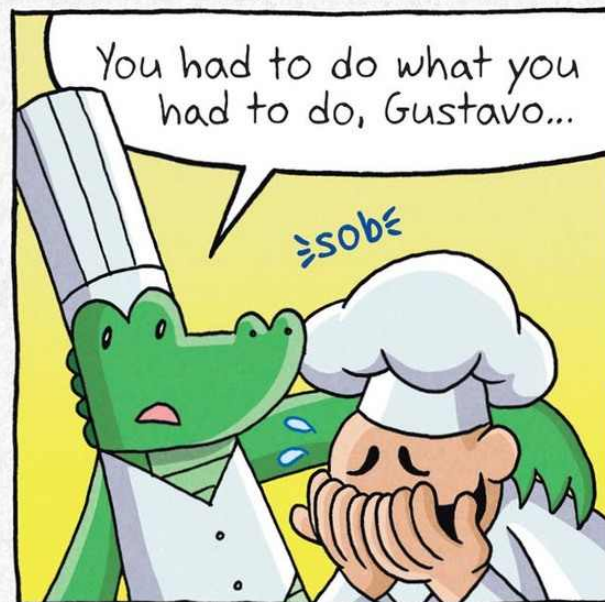
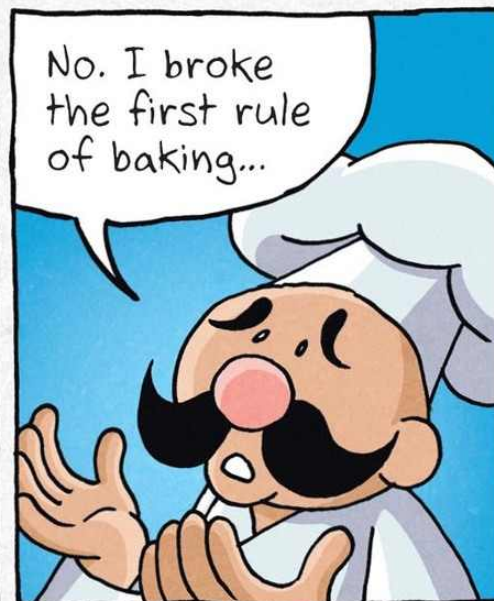
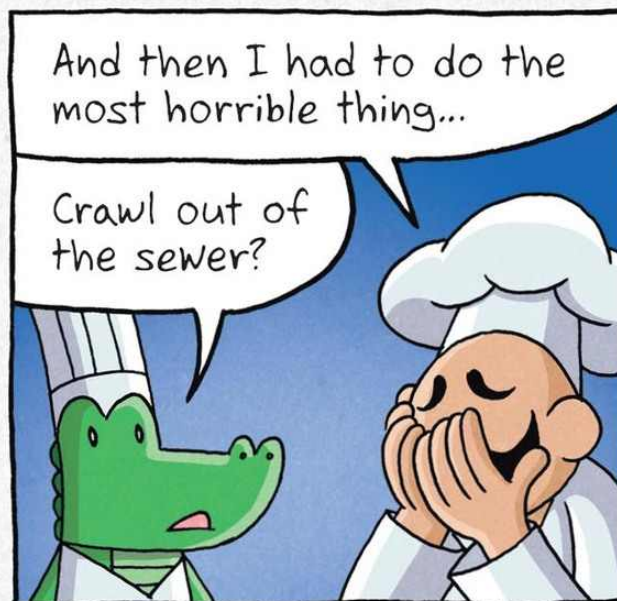


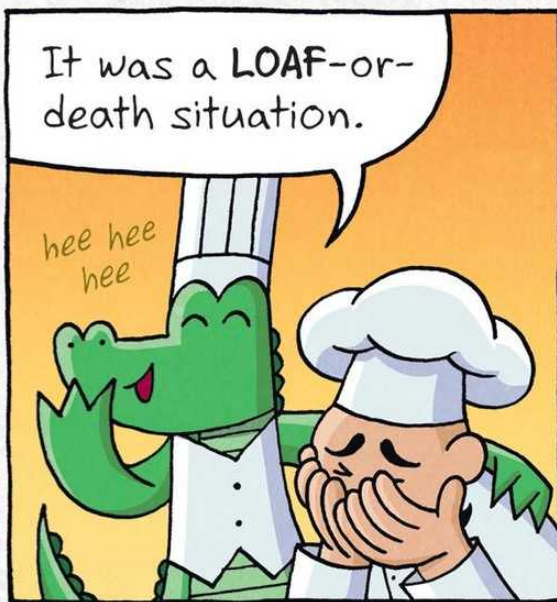
He forced me to develop a new type of dough. A *super* dough. A **hybrid** of cracker, cake, cookie, and bread.

A **HYBREAD**.









His name was Daryl. He was S.U.I.T.'s top agent!
I learned so much from him in our time together.



Our assignment was supposed to be easy as pie.

Daryl was going to retire. It was his last mission.



But no one expected it to be his *last* last mission.

We were cracking down on a cracker company that
was disposing of **nuclear waste** by baking it into
their **saltines**!



We cracked the case...



...but there was an incident with a cat.

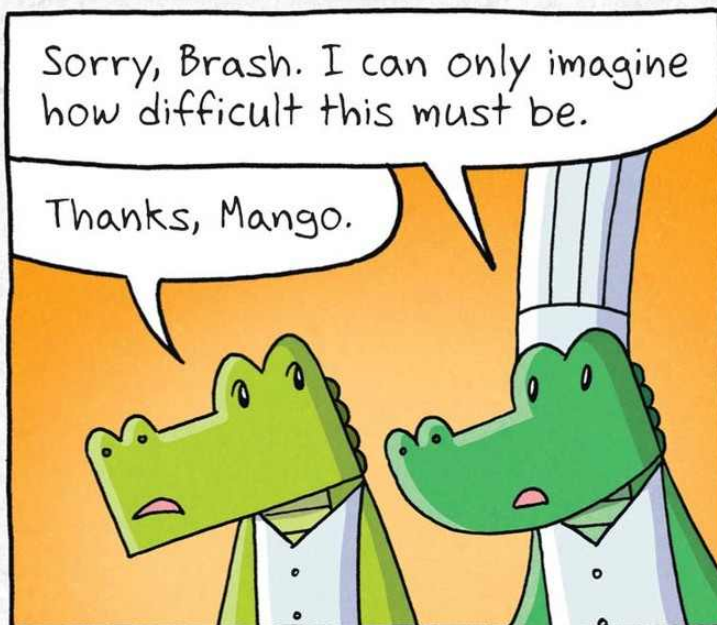


Daryl fell into the radioactive dough...

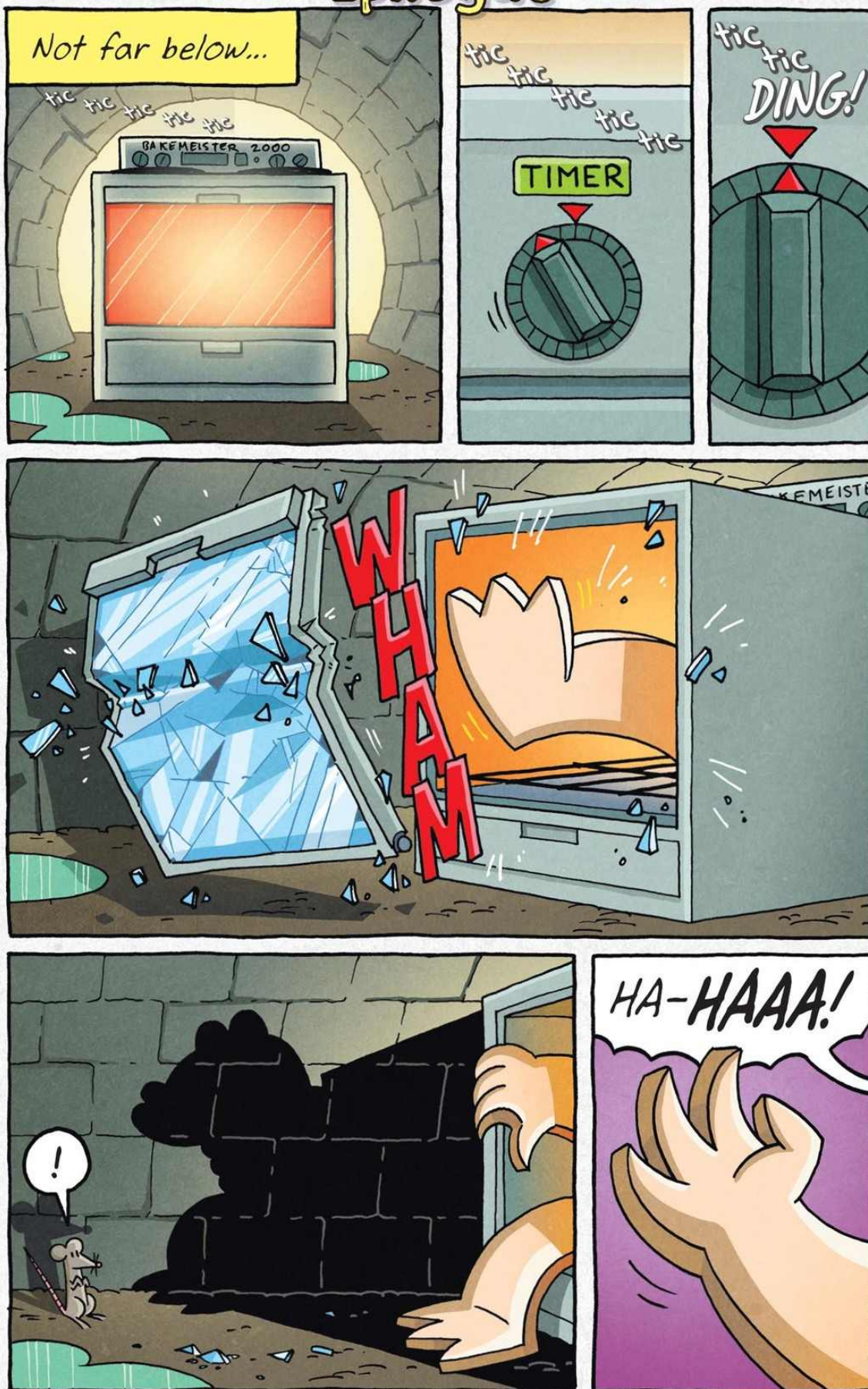


...and was never seen again.





Epilogue

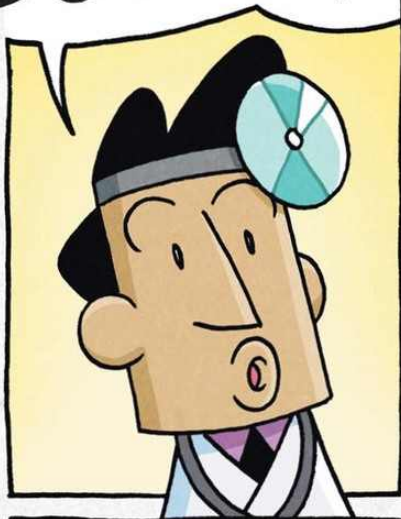




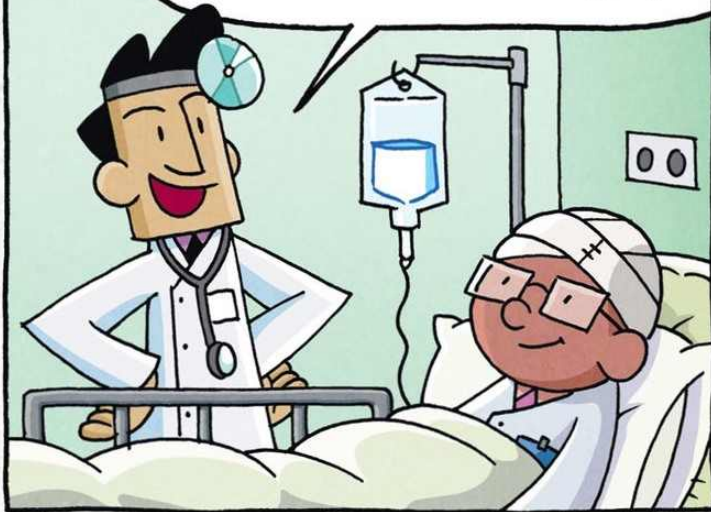


Noooooooooooo

OOOOOOh, boy!



That was **SOME** surgery!

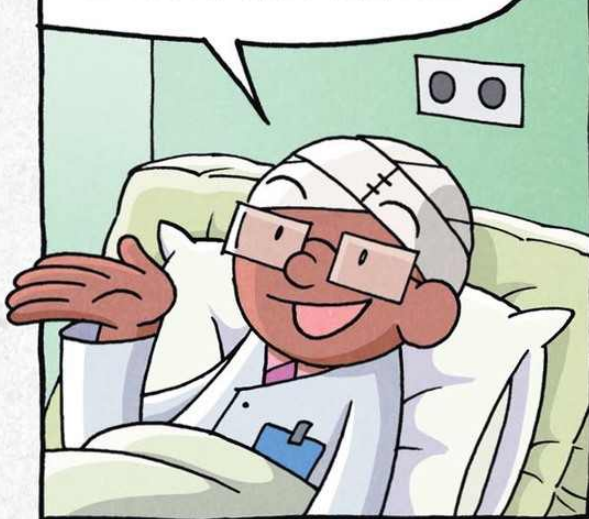


Not quite newsworthy, thankfully, but still a success.



Thanks, Dr. Hardbones.

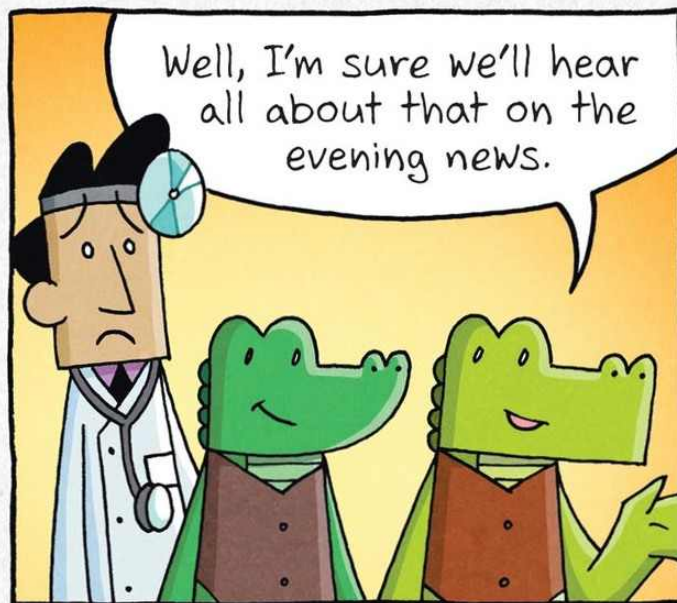
I feel *much* better!



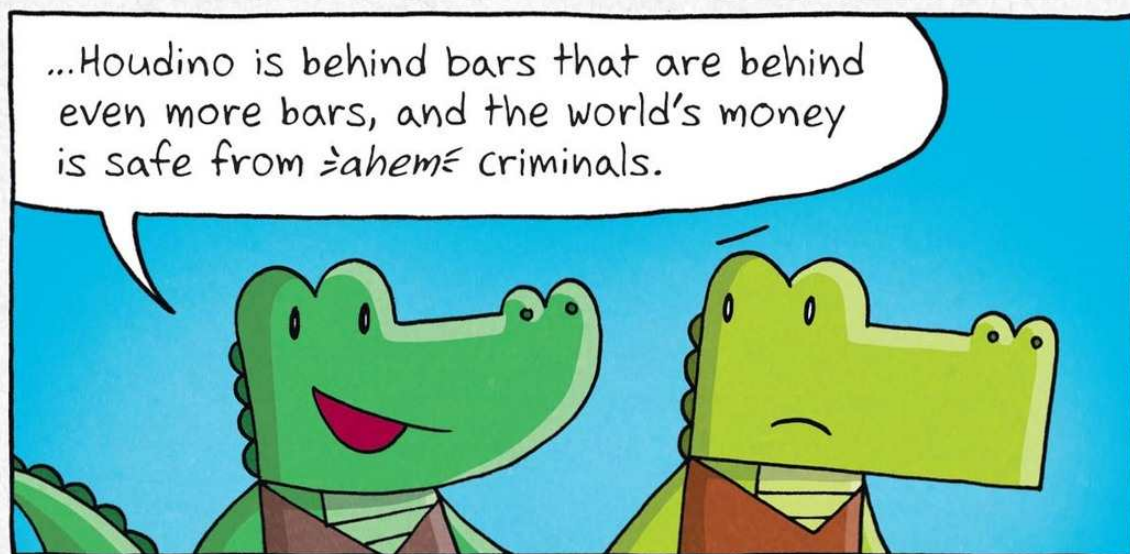
And even... **SMARTER!**



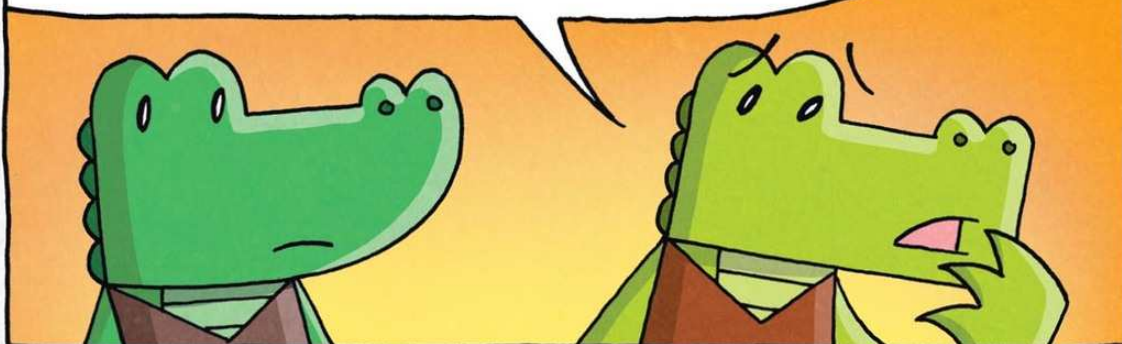




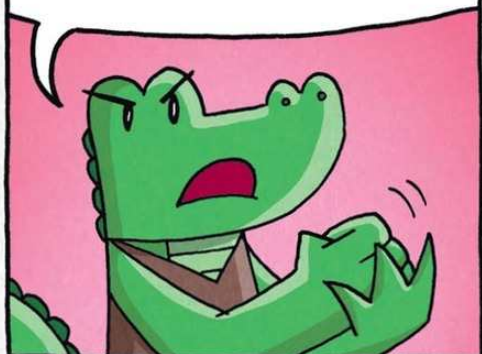




Even if Gustavo didn't use the super dough,
as a former agent of S.U.I.T., Crackerdile
is still a force to be reckoned with.



Listen—we're **MANGO**
and **BRASH**. We're
INVESTIGATORS!



When Crackerdile comes for
us, we'll be **bready** for him!



We'll get that
cracker in a jam!

He'll be
toast!

We'll... We'll...

We'll bring that
crust to justice?



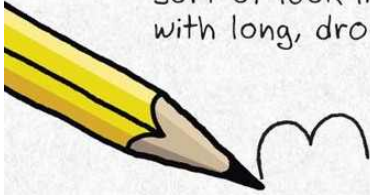
HA!
Good one!

THE END...for now!

INVESTIGATORS

How to draw MANGO & BRASH

1. Draw two arches that sort of look like a bird with long, droopy wings.



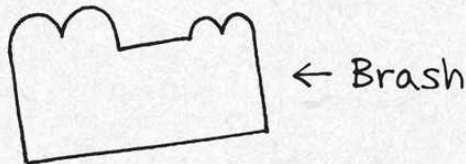
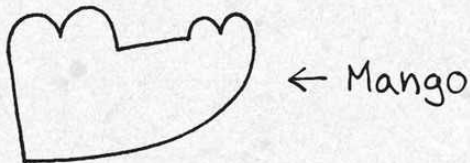
2. Add a short line for the top of the snout.



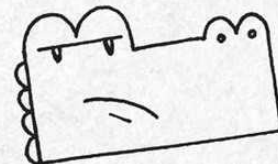
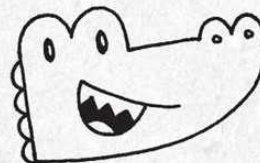
3. Draw two smaller arches for the nose.



4. Make a line at the back of the head, and for **Mango** draw a curved snout connecting his neck to his nose. If you're drawing **Brash**, give him a rectangular snout.

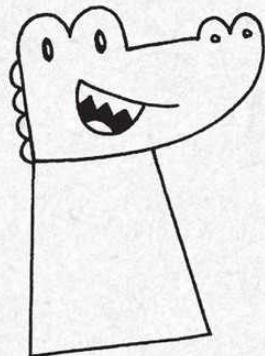


5. Add details like eyes, nostrils, and neck ridges. Give them expressions with their mouths and eyebrows!

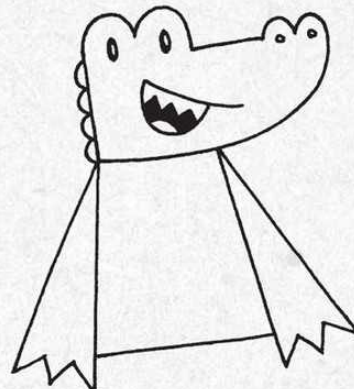


6. Mango and Brash have identical bodies. Let's draw Mango's, because Brash looks grumpy!

Draw a slightly crooked box shape for the torso.



7. Next, add arms, with little triangles at the ends for fingers. The Investigators usually have three, or four if we can see their thumbs.



8. Draw legs and feet, similar to the arms, with three triangles for toes.



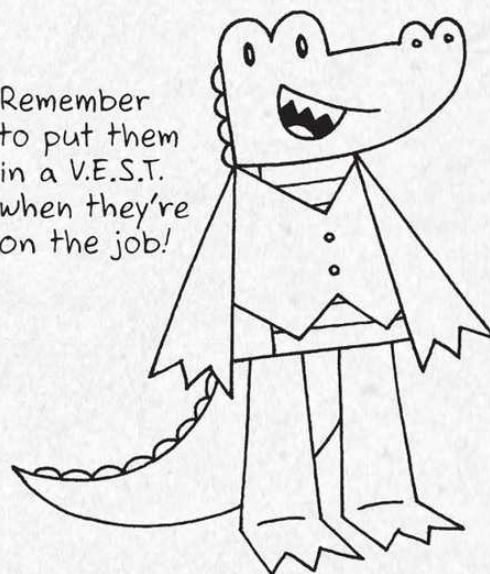
9. Add a tail.



10. Almost done! Your Gator will need belly stripes and tail ridges.



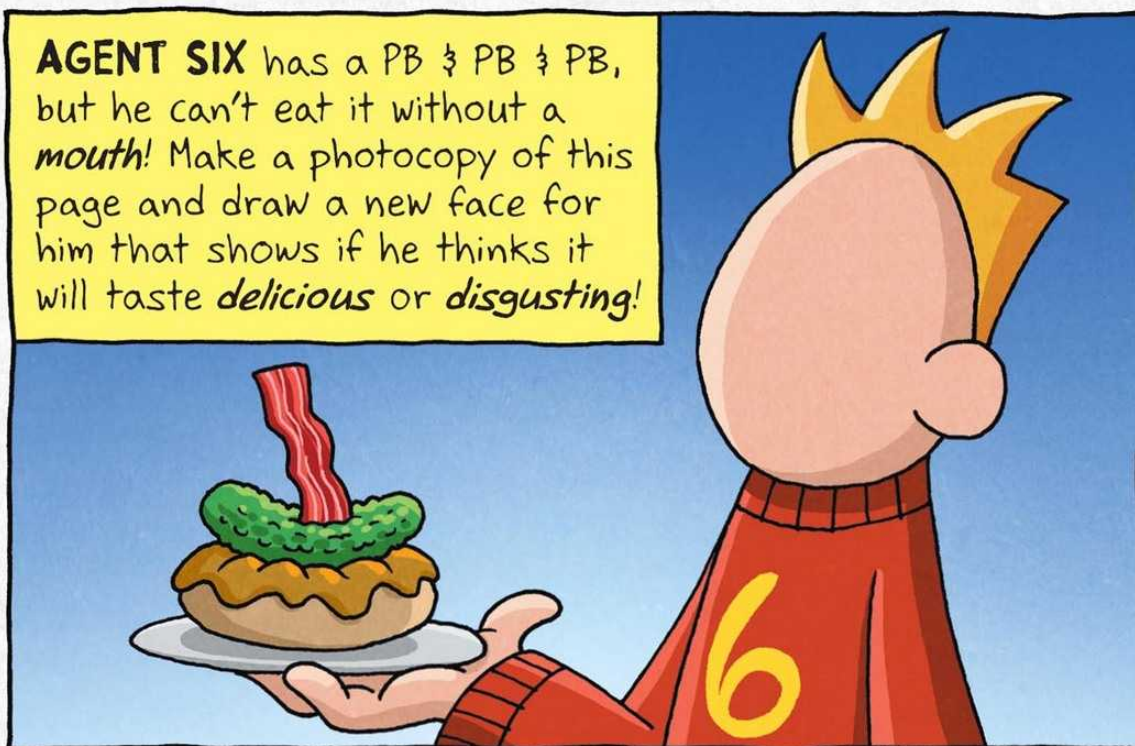
11. Remember to put them in a V.E.S.T. when they're on the job!



12. Last, give them some gadgets and color them in. Mango is dark green and Brash is light green. What kind of spy gear do YOU think they should have?



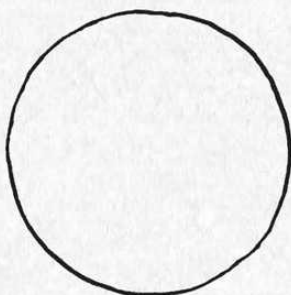
AGENT SIX has a PB & PB & PB, but he can't eat it without a *mouth*! Make a photocopy of this page and draw a new face for him that shows if he thinks it will taste *delicious* or *disgusting*!



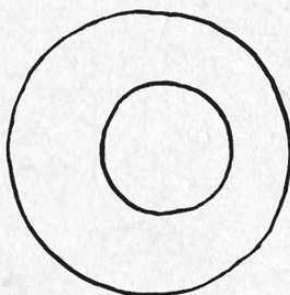
How to draw C-ORB*

*Computerized Ocular Remote Butler

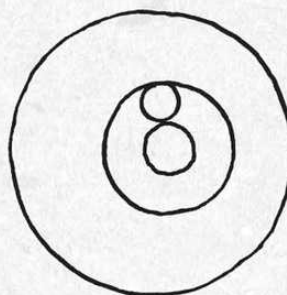
1. Draw a circle.



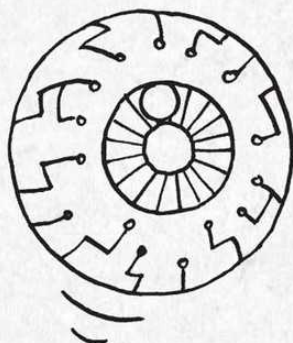
2. Draw another circle.



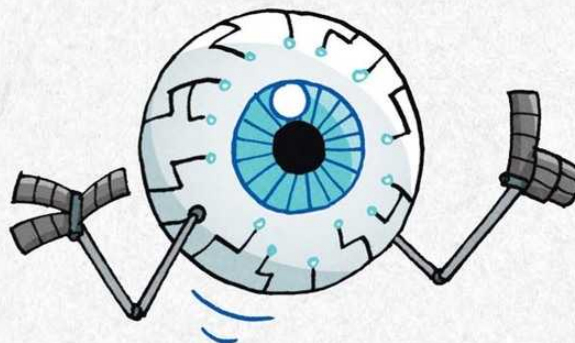
3. Draw two more circles!



4. Draw details like circuitry and iris lines. Add little swooshes to indicate C-ORB is floating.

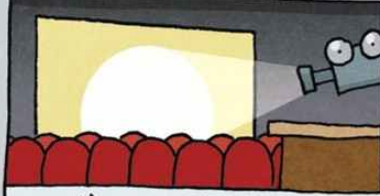


5. Give C-ORB arms and color if you like. Use different colors to change C-ORB's mood!

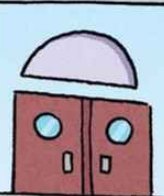


From the files of S.U.I.T.

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Movie Theater



Library



Computer Mainframe



Situation Room



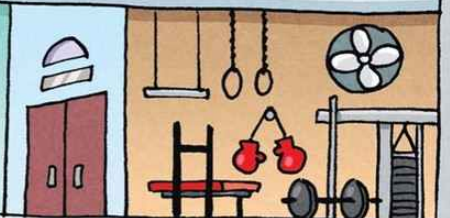
Food Court



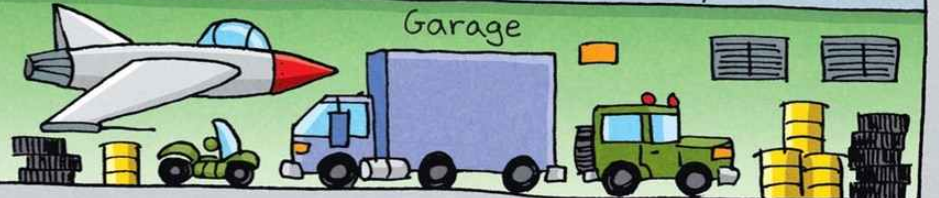
A.R.M.S. Division



Pool



Gymnasium



Garage

Classified

MANGO & BRASH *will return!*

Investi
GATORS

Investi
GATORS

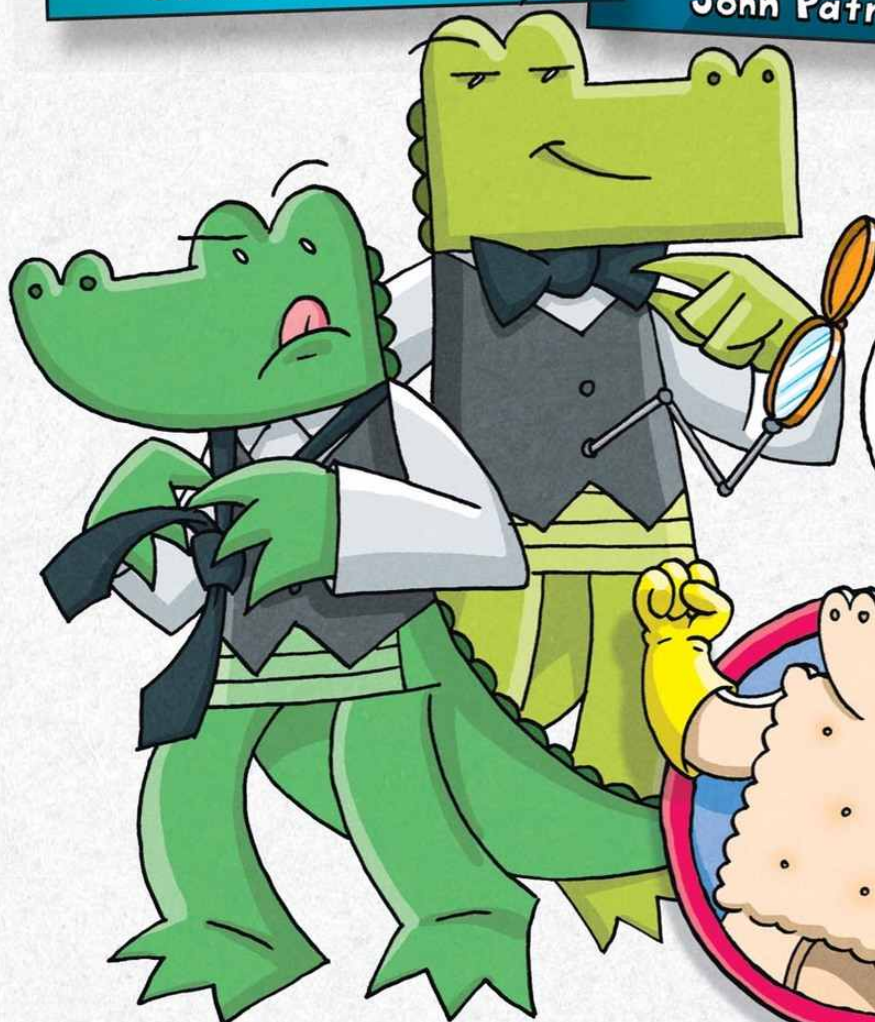
CLASSIFIED - TOP SECRET



John Patrick Green



John Patrick Green



As will I,
CRACKERDILE!
And I will have
my revenge!



More laughter and
adventure from

:01

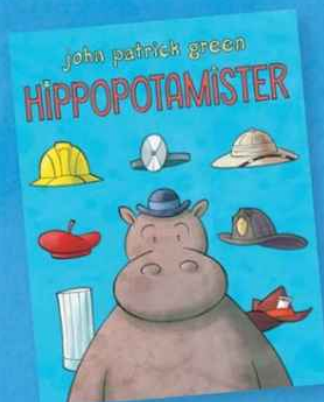
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by Vera Brosgol



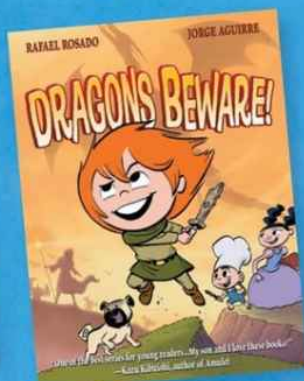
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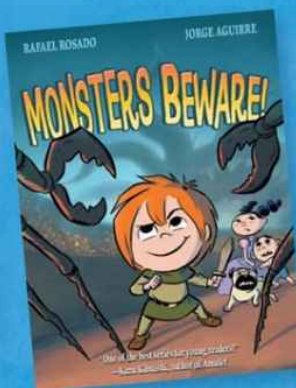
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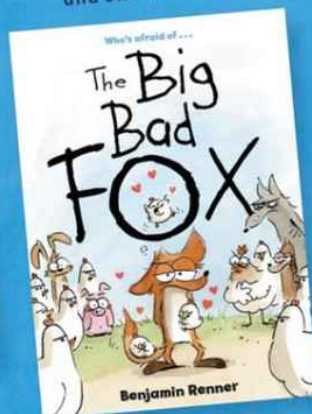
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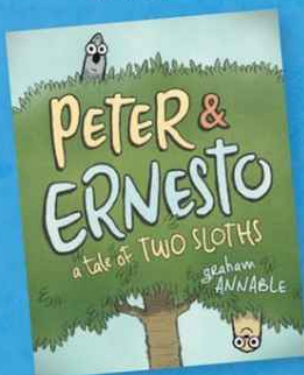
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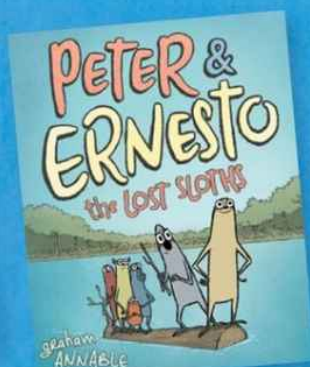
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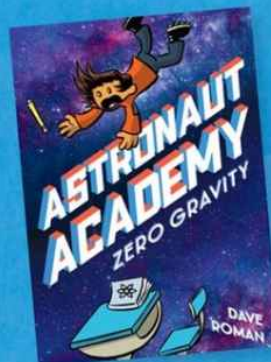
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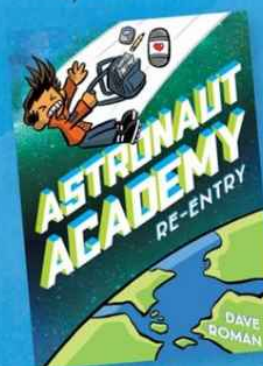
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A Tale of Two Sloths
by Graham Annable



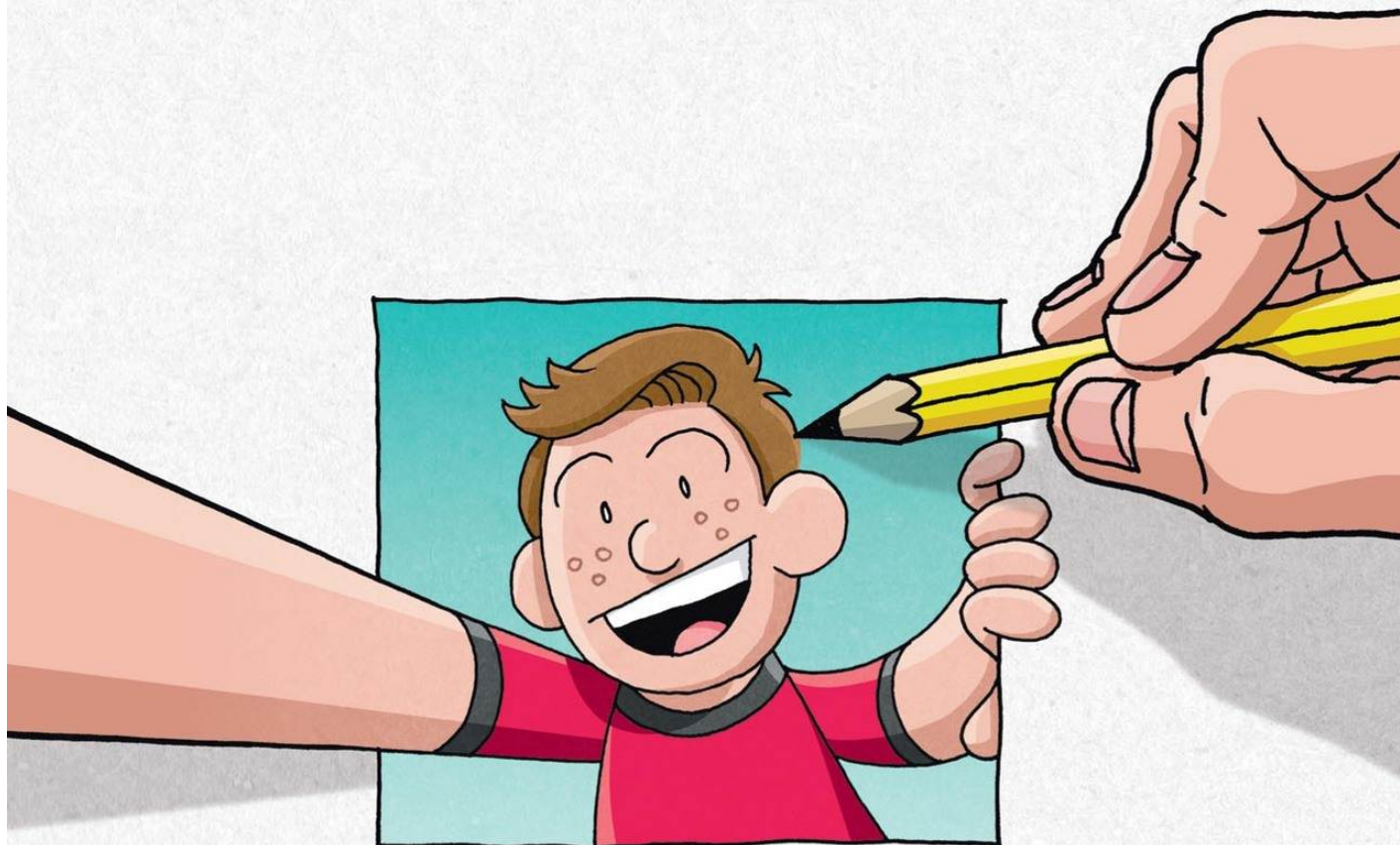
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The Lost Sloths
by Graham Annable



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Zero Gravity
by Dave Roman



Astronaut Academy:
Re-entry
by Dave Roman



Investi GATORS



written and illustrated by
John Patrick Green

with color by Aaron Polk



First Second
New York

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sewer-loving agents of S.U.I.T.* and
scourge of supervillains everywhere!



With their Very Exciting Spy Technology
and toilet-based travel techniques, the
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COMING SOON:



*Special Undercover Investigation Teams

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